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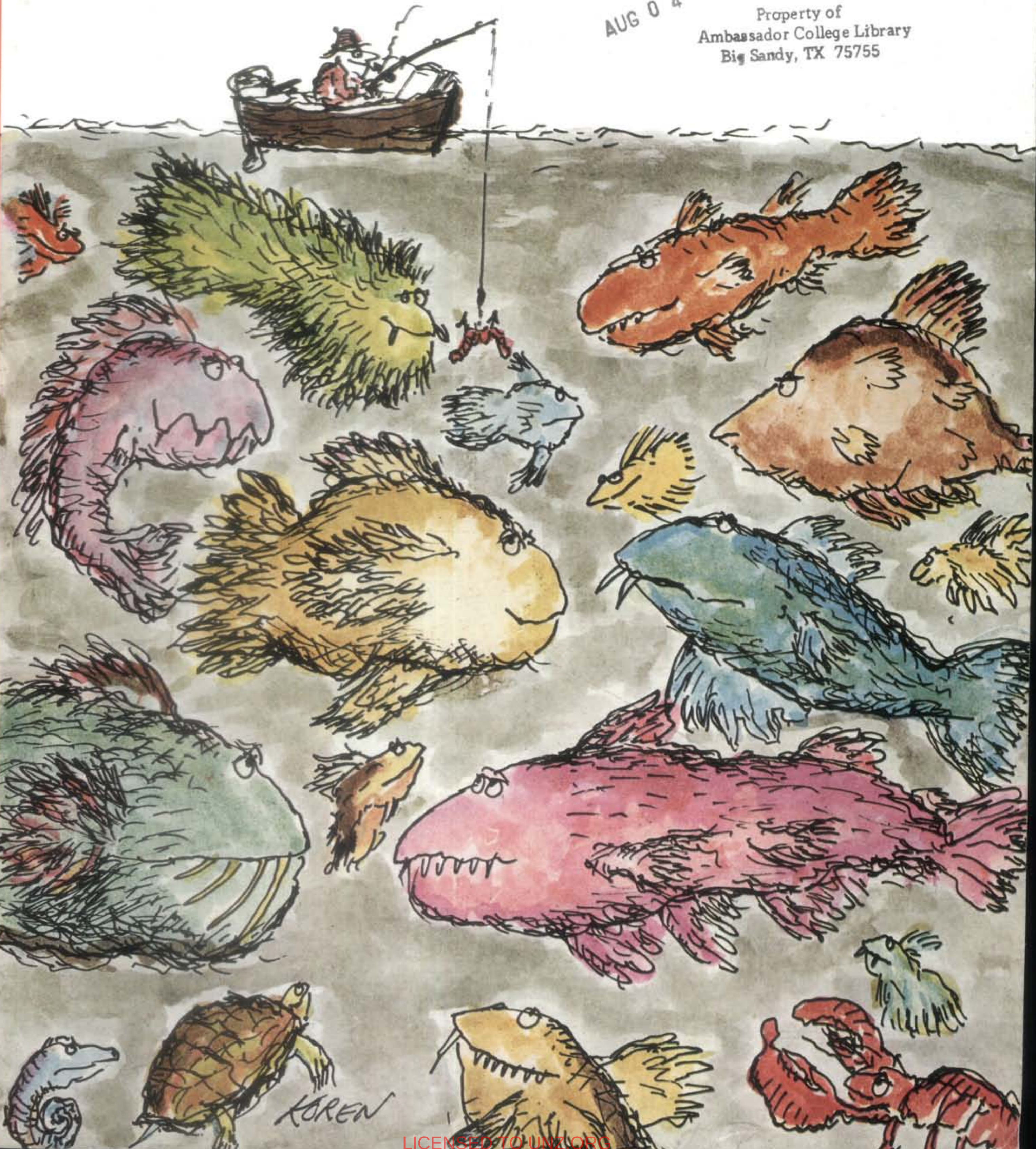

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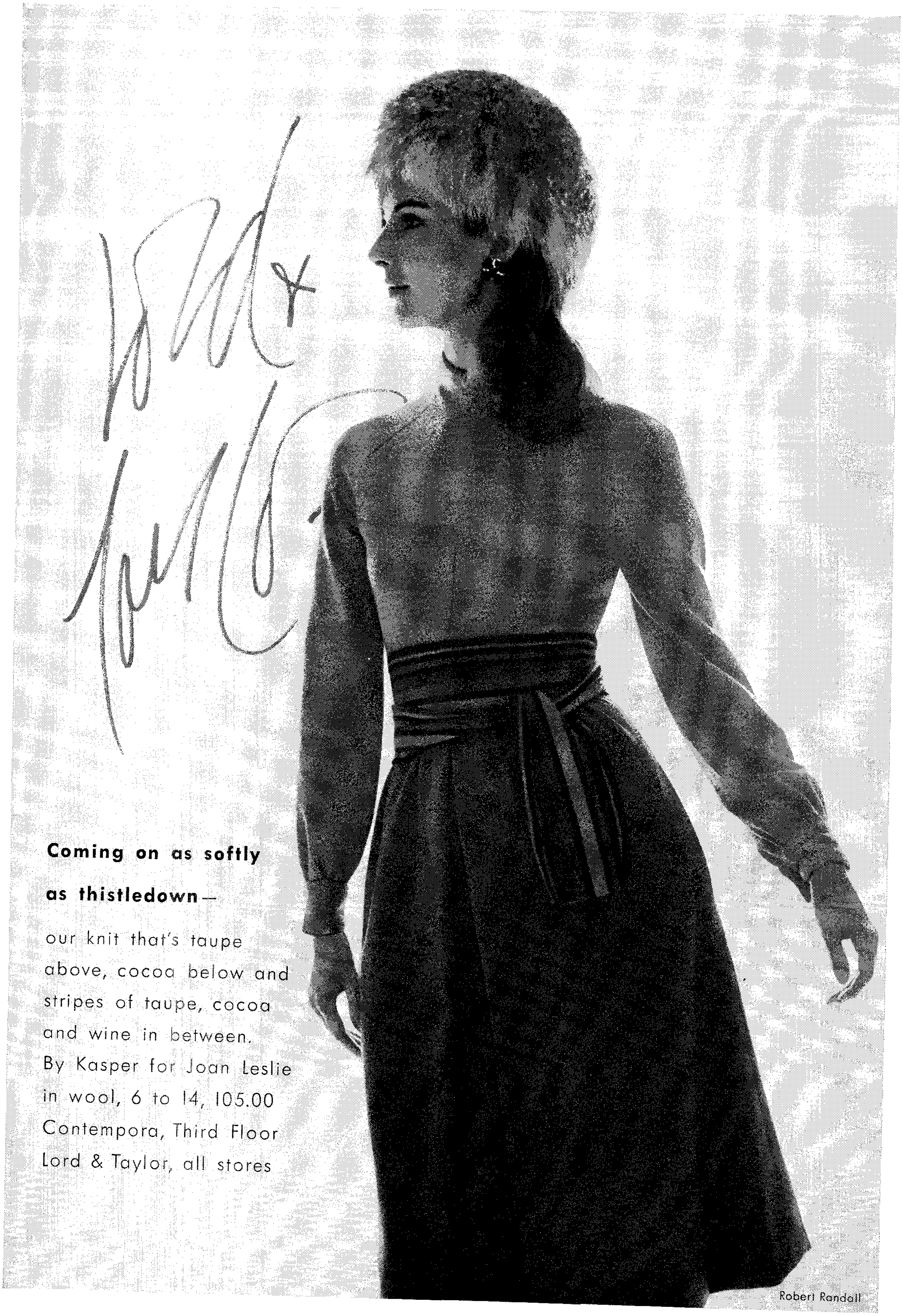

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Festival of Black Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 27-29: Afro-American Studio for Acting and Speech. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 30: New Heritage Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Sept. 3-5: Negro Ensemble Workshop Theatre Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Mondays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. *Mondays are free. Closes Monday, Sept. 13.*)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Pamella Bellwood in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St. W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Anthony Quayle and Donal Donnelly in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MUSICALS

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.*)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of the theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but

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DRAWINGS: *Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, Alan Dunn, Edward Frascino, Ross Bateup, Charles E. Martin, Donald Reilly, Charles Saxon, Whitney Darrow, Jr., David Langdon, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, George Booth, Henry Martin, J. B. Handelsman*

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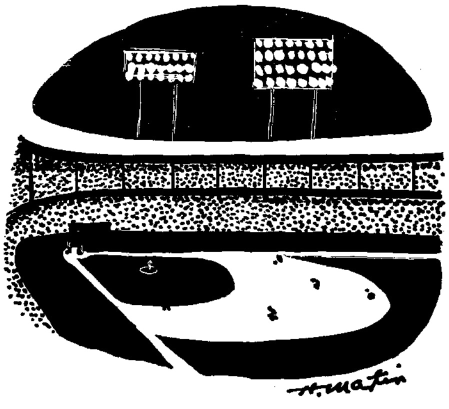
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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who cares? With Penny Singleton (substituting for Ruby Keeler, who will return on Monday, Aug. 30), Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots. An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He scrambled up by the stones, water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and, glancing at Haines and Stephen, crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** How Anne's more rigid requisitions might have been taken is of little consequence. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Lady Russell's had no success at all—could not be put up with—were not to be borne. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. After Saturday, Aug. 28, no performances until Wednesday matinée, Sept. 15, when the show will reopen at the Longacre, 48th St., W., 246-5639.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **TOUCH:** A little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO BY TWO:** Richard Rodgers' account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 11.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of a special two-week summer season—Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 2: "Bugaku," "Donizetti Variations," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8: "Symphony in C" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8: "Serenade," "In the Night," "Donizetti Variations," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Leo Kottke, a simple lad, is very good on guitar—both six- and twelve-string—and he can sing, too. Persuasions shares the bill with him. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, the Flying Burrito Brothers—who are not *burritos*, are not brothers, and have not been observed to fly—will arrive from the country. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. A variety of musicians, mostly of high calibre, come and go. Thursdays through Sundays, pianist-composer Bobby Timmons leads a trio. On Wednesday, Aug. 25, Walter Davis, Jr., will be at the keyboard. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, pianist-guitarist-singer Hal Waters will draw on one of the most wide-ranging repertoires in town. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. A trio consisting of guitarist Charlie Brown, bassist Bill Takas, and pianist Tom McFall plays through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Stew Cooper duo starts Monday, Aug. 30. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes. Drummer John Lewis heads a trio Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—It was all work and all play for the musicians of an earlier day, and Sammy Price, then as now a ranking pianist, draws on memory from eight to one every night but Sunday, which, seven to midnight, gets Cyril Haynes' piano. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Through Monday, Aug. 30, Hampton Grease Band, a five-man group with a hastily improvised, raw-hamburger sound, will share the stage with an outfit known as Fat Alice from Dallas. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, singer-guitarist Michael Chapman will move in. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers. Coffee, tea, and cider are the beverages.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Aug. 29, Bill Matthews will be playing Villa-Lobos and so forth. Sam Brown will spell him with some solid four-beat stuff. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, Gene Bertoncini and Linc Milliman will come in to do jazz on two guitars. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The J.P.J. quartet, with Budd Johnson, Dill Jones, Oliver Jackson, and Bill Pemberton, finishes on Sunday, Aug. 29. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. Sundays through Tuesdays, the Quartet Noire takes the stand from nine-thirty to two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., *which is east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Pharoah Sanders' mystically oriented sextet performs through Sunday, Aug. 29. Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard—he of the long wind and intricate figures—brings in his fivesome on Thursday, Sept. 2. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—The stalacites are synthetic in this collegiate cave, but the sound is real. A spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being directed (or maybe the word should be "propelled") by a cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, a songstress named Big Maybelle will join the proceedings. Music from nine to two Thursdays through Saturdays. Italian food.

Trude Heller's, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—Breaking its long tradition as a pop headquarters, this Village landmark has begun to acknowledge jazz and such. Through Sunday, Aug. 29, singer Irene Reid, backed by the Joe Thomas quartet, will alternate with a trio led by pianist Reggie Moore. On Tuesday, Aug. 31, Anita O'Day, known for her ice-blue improvisations, will arrive to

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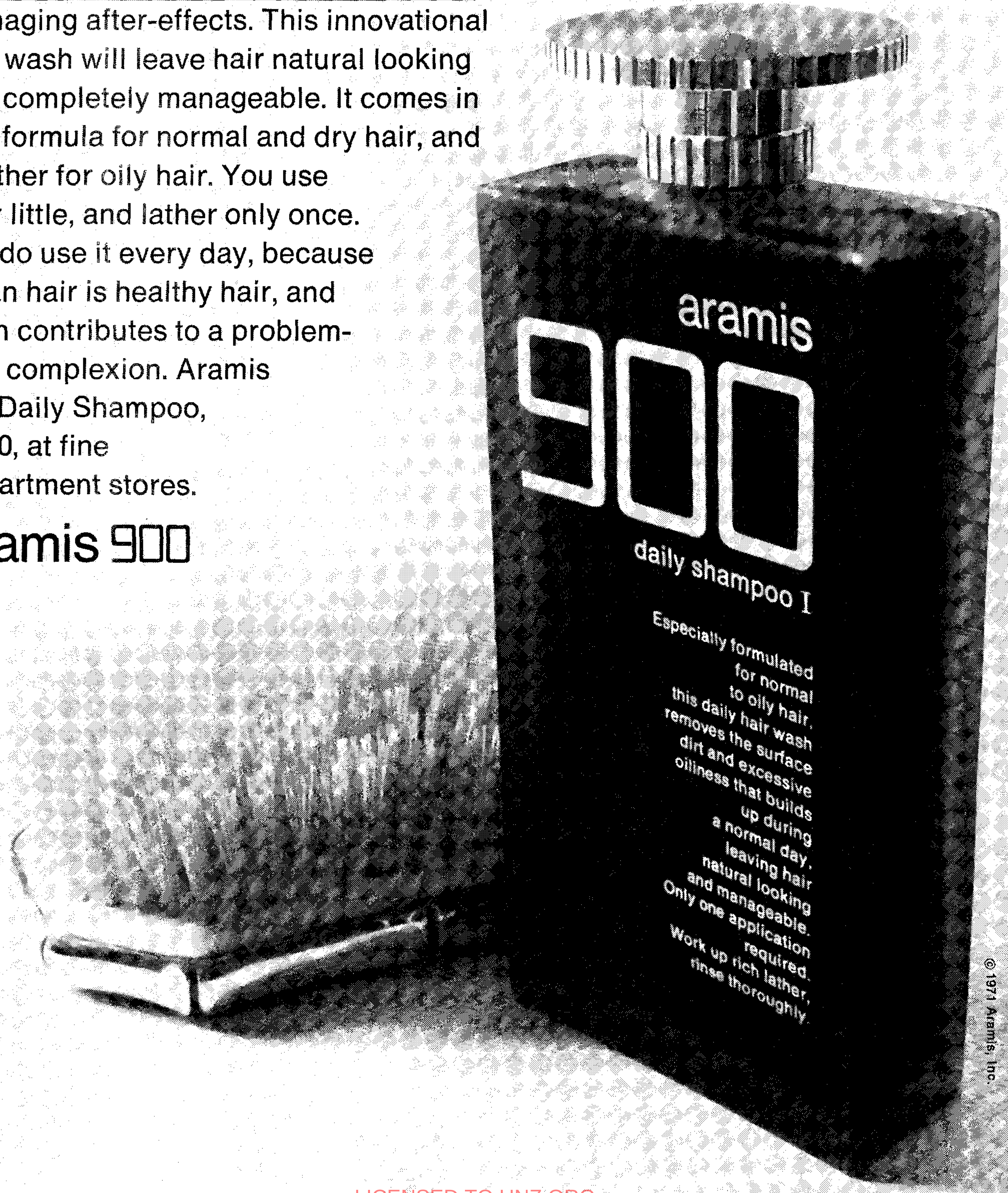
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sing with the Moore group. The draperies sparkle. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Bill Evans, whose piano is made of satin-covered slide rules, is in charge of his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Mondays, when the big room reverberates to Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Bassist Charles Mingus, a real classic, leads his Jazz Workshop until Tuesday, Aug. 31, when Rahsaan Roland Kirk, the man of a thousand (or, anyway, a dozen) reeds, turns up with his sextet. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over yonder—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Aug. 29, Howard Johnson will sit in on tuba and bass sax. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch them. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—East Forty-eighth Street has gone freaky, in several senses, but the show is mainly on the sidewalk. Inside are rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted plants, and other things. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only roast beef is available. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (on the Paramount lot in 1934, for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by human beings: Through Thursday, Sept. 2, singer Prentice Minner; beginning Friday, Sept. 3, a foursome known as the New Direction. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and the like) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (*singing, dancing, oompahing*) are getting their big feet into the troth. Incomprehensible but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's entry for the Olympic decathlon, is again in town, as bland, as schmalzy, as amusing as ever in their calisthenics-*cum*-chorale charade. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday.... ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Tommy Leonetti is whooping and dooping as the tenor lead in this now slightly subdued extravaganza, because these evenings, under the new regime, the comedians are usually second bananas. No silent night, under any circumstances.... ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the height of summer, the Café carries on as though New York was still New York. The manner remains grand, and the music (especially Phil Wayne's threesome, which is on hand Sundays and Mondays) remains urban and urbane. Herb Winner's triad serves on all other nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Saturday, Aug. 28, is closing night for Duke Ellington and the band heard round the world. On Monday, Aug. 30, Peter Lemongello, a singer who has already done Las Vegas, moves in. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce St. Regis Room from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays.... **Adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays.... **Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.... **El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East, almost Way Down Far East, in between Haifa and Jerusalem. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the song is native, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West, and the centerpiece (Avram Grobard) is an easygoing amuser. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.... **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week.... **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays.... **Al Mounia,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and piano in the bar after six. Closed Sundays.... **Mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays.... **Marymary,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the upper level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. With her, she often brings fun-loving Rover Girls and Boys from her own and neighboring Broadway stages. Billy Roy is her accompanist. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. Dance music, too.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays.... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him.... **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays.... **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed. A guitar from the plains of Lusitania performs from seven to twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **Carlton Bar-Restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten.... **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday.... **La Bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Rollings) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.... **Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The head that wears a crown would not uneasy lie in the marbled halls of the Palm Court, where there is leisure-class piano from eight until one, though not on Sundays or Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Sept. 21.... **Feigen,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid, and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through

Tuesday, Aug. 31. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Dan Christensen, Larry Poons, Darby Bannard, and others; through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works and "systems" by recent graduates; through Tuesday, Aug. 31. (Closes at 4.) . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Sept. 15. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Sunday, Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Nine large pointillist landscapes and skyscapes done in the last ten years of his life by Manfred Schwartz (1909-70); through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white photographs, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Over a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Sunday, Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Sunday, Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Nov. 14—Thursday, Sept. 2, at 7:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Harry Theyard, and John Lankston. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, John Alexander, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 25: Neville Marriner conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Paul Ingraham, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26: Elly Ameling with the Pro Arte Chamber Singers, directed by John Nelson; Norman Shetler, piano; and Charles Russo, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JOHN BALDRY AND WILDWEEDS—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

TIM HARDIN—The final concert of the season in the Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Sept. 2, at 7:30.

LED ZEPPELIN—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Wednesday, Aug. 25: William Smith directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Batyah Godfrey, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26: James Levine conducting an all-Brahms program, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27: Franz Allers directing and narrating a performance of Lehár's "The Merry Widow" in concert form, with Colette Boky and Joy Clements, sopranos; John Walker and John Reardon, baritones; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. The final concert of the season by the orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29: The Fifth Dimension. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 30: Poco and Tom Paxton. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 31: Bread. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1: Sandler and Young. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 2: Elton John. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3: Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4: Bill Cosby. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will

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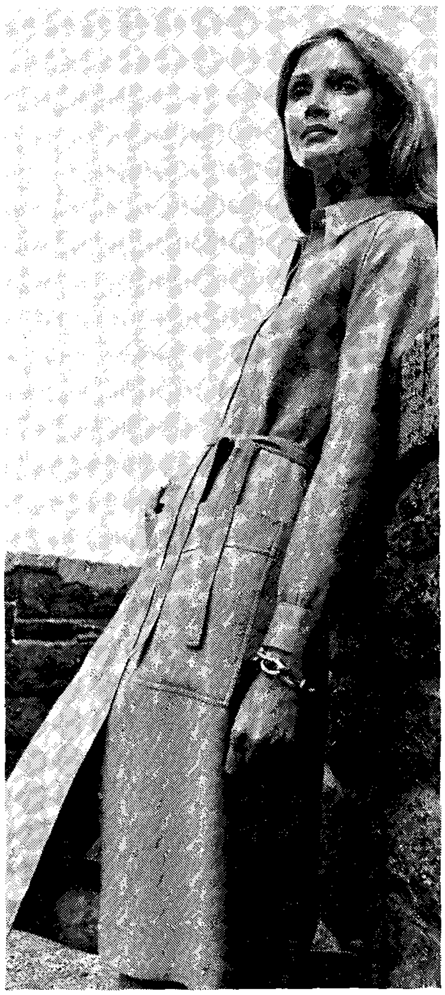

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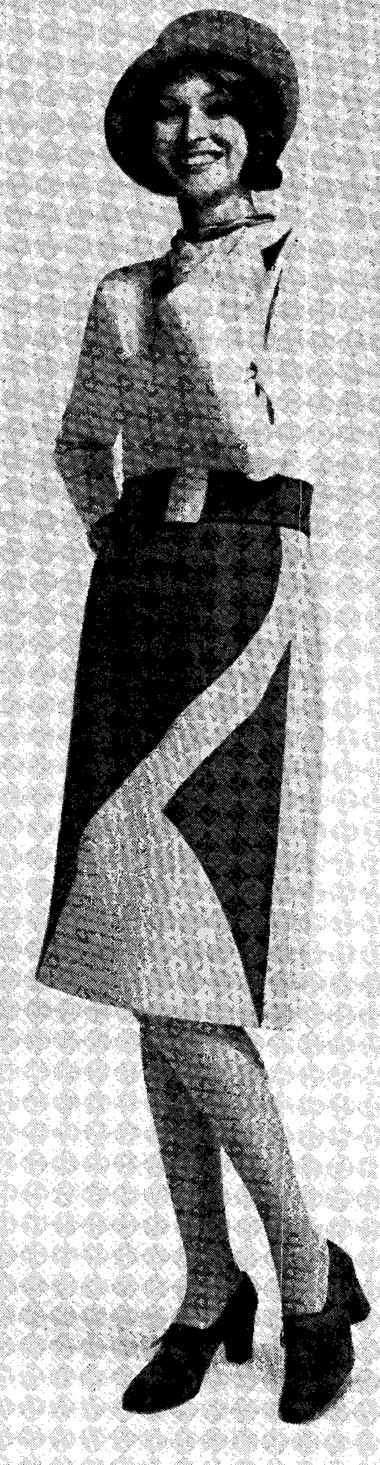

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

close with a program by the Dance Company of the National Center of Afro-American Artists (with Sonja van Beers and Billy Wilson) and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 26, at 3; Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2:05.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 2; and Thursday, Sept. 2, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2.

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 1-4.)

HORSE SHOW—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 25, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28.... BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 30, through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 30, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30, and from the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 29.)... ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Sunday, Sept. 12. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 25-29.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.... ¶ Aug. 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Patricia Gozzi.... ¶ Aug. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Mafioso" (1963), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Alberto Sordi.... ¶ Aug. 28 at 11:30: "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1922), a Russian film, directed by Germaine Dulac; and "Menilmontant" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Dimitri Kirsanov.... ¶ Aug. 28 at 3 and 5:30: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.... ¶ Aug. 29 at 2 and 5:30 and Aug. 30 at 1: "The Shop on Main Street" (1965), a Czechoslovakian film, directed by Ján Kadár, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska.... ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "Quo Vadis?" (1912), directed by Enrico Guazzioni, with Carlo Cattaneo; French and German titles.... ¶ Aug. 31 at 2: "8½" (1964), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée.... ¶ Aug. 31 at 5:30: "Quo Vadis?" (1912).... ¶ Sept. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand and Ingrid Thulin.... ¶ Sept. 2 at 2: "Belle de Jour" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Jean Sorel.... ¶ Sept. 2 at 5:30: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.... ¶ Sept. 2 at 8: "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Duchaussoy. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 26-27: "Eva" (1962), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker.... ¶ Aug. 28-29: "The Detective" (1954), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness and Joan Greenwood. (Showings Thursday through Sunday at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Shakespeare supplied the preposterous scenario for this production of CYMBELINE, which is in the new take-it-apart-and-toss-it-in-the-air manner. The shenanigans tend to wear thin before the play is over, but there is plenty of fun along the way. The acting—by Karen Grassle, Sam Waterston, Christopher Walken, Mark Hammer, Don Plumley, and Alexander Panas, among others—is good. The score is by Galt MacDermot, and his musical setting for "Fear no more the heat o' the sun" makes the most charming scene of the evening. Free performances will be given through Sunday, Aug. 29.... ¶ A one-week return engagement (Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5) of the rock musical TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, with Janelle Allen, Alix Elias, and Alan Weeks, will close out the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. James DePreist (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin) will be conducting in PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8:30.... CROCHERON PARK, Bayside, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:30.... ¶ Aldo Ceccato (with Gina Bachauer, piano) will be conducting in CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:30. ... VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8:30.

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval, which ends Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 7: David Steinberg and Carly Simon.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 7 and 10: Murray the "K" & the Dancing Girls, Five *Satins, Screamin'* Jay Hawkins, the Coasters, Lillian Briggs, the Angels, and Billy Vera & his Blue-Eyed Soul Band.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 7 and 10: Murray the "K" & the Dancing Girls, Little Richard, Sonny Til & the Orioles, the Harptones, Jive Fyve, and Billy Vera & his Blue-Eyed Soul Band. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

BRYANT PARK—Thursday, Aug. 26, at 12:15: Max Kaminsky's band.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 12:15: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

GAELIC PARK—Benefit concerts—Thursday, Aug. 26 (postponed from July 30), at 7: The Grateful Dead.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7: Emerson, Lake & Palmer. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

BOWLING GREEN PARK—Howie Mann's band. (Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 12:15.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			25	26	27	28
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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 31: "The Anderson Tapes."
From Sept. 1: "The Clowns."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Aug. 25: "Shadow of a Doubt."
Aug. 26: "My Uncle."
Aug. 27: "Kwaidan."
Aug. 28: "The Third Man."
Aug. 29: "Horsefeathers."
Aug. 30: "The Plainsman."
Aug. 31: "Little Caesar."
Sept. 1: "Coogan's Bluff."
Sept. 2: "Two Mules for Sister Sara."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 28: "Greetings" and "Jovita."
Aug. 29-31: "The Three Sisters" and "Love Mates."
From Sept. 1: "The Garden of Delights" and "The Milky Way."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Bananas."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Black Jesus."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Doc."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 31: "Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Devils."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Medicine Ball Caravan."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Johnny Got His Gun."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Christa."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 30: "Taking Off."
From Aug. 31: "The Anonymous Venetian."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Romance of a Horsethief."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

Eastside Movie Bazaar, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; *starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.*)
Aug. 25: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
Aug. 26: "Pretty Poison."
Aug. 27: "Two Women."
Aug. 28: "Bus Stop."
Aug. 29-31: "Patton."
Sept. 1: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter."
Sept. 2: "In the Heat of the Night."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 26: "Blue Water, White Death."
From Aug. 27: "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 31: "Pinocchio."
From Sept. 1 (tentative): "$1,000,000 Duck."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 31 (tentative): "Le Mans."
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Love Machine."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omega Man."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Doc."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Aug. 25: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" and "The Collector."
Aug. 26-28: "Rider on the Rain" and "Mickey One."
Aug. 29-Sept. 1: "Medium Cool" and "The Birthday Party."
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 31: "Pinocchio" and "King of the Grizzlies."
From Sept. 1: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Yellow Submarine."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Bananas."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Thermidor."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Christa."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 26: "Black Orpheus" and "Gate of Hell."
Aug. 27-30: "King Kong" and "Beauty and the Beast."
Aug. 31: "Journey Into Fear" and "Odd Man Out."
Sept. 1-2: "The 400 Blows" and "Forbidden Games."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 31: "A Gunfight."
From Sept. 1: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Aug. 26: "Harakiri" and "The Sword of Doom."
Aug. 27-28: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" and "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels."
Aug. 29-31: "Samurai Assassin" and "Shinobu no Mono."
From Sept. 1: "Yojimbo" and "Sanjuro."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Soul to Soul."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Pinocchio."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Red Tent."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 31: "The Anderson Tapes."
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Summer of '42."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Make a Face."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Hoa Binh."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Deep End."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Bananas."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 31: "Klute."
From Sept. 1: "Le Mans."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" and "A Hard Day's Night."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 25: "The Householder" and "The Lady with the Dog."
Aug. 26: "Alphaville" and "Horror of Dracula."
Aug. 27: "Horror of Dracula" and "The Day of the Triffids."
Aug. 28: "The Day of the Triffids" and "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes."
Aug. 29: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" and "The Incredible Shrinking Man."
Aug. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" and "The Mummy."
Aug. 31: "The Mummy" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Sept. 1: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "Kwaidan."
Sept. 2: "Kwaidan" and "The Day the Earth Stood Still."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 31: "Performance" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
From Sept. 1: "The Secret of Santa Vittorio" and "Charly."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 25: "The Birthday Party" and "Nothing but the Best."
Aug. 26: "Live for Life" and "The Two of Us."
Aug. 27: "Two Women" and "Open City."
Aug. 28: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Brief Encounter."
Aug. 29: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Yanco."
Aug. 30: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Rembrandt."
Aug. 31: "Dear John" and "A Stranger Knocks."
Sept. 1: "Room at the Top" and "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning."
Sept. 2: "Judgment at Nuremberg."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 31: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."
From Sept. 1: "The Projectionist" and "Tristana."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 26.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Art and Ziegfeld; through Aug. 31.)

The Anonymous Venetian—With Tony Musante and Florinda Bolkan, directed by Enrico Maria Salerno. (Beekman; starting Aug. 31.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 27-30.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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became frozen and arbitrary. (Thalia; Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)

Black Jesus—With Woody Strode, directed by Valerio Zurlini. (Murray Hill.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Elgin; through Aug. 26.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Juliet 1; through Aug. 26.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Thalia; Aug. 28.)

Bus Stop (1956)—See this not for the William Inge play, shrewdly widened by George Axelrod, but for Marilyn Monroe and Eileen Heckart. Don Murray plays a dimly ardent cowboy. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 28.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 25.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Charly (1968)—With Cliff Robertson and Claire Bloom, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Symphony; starting Sept. 1.)

Christa—With Birte Tove, directed by Jack O'Connell. (Ciné Malibu and Greenwich.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Art; starting Sept. 1.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp, no actor, captures Samantha Eggar, quite some actress, and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel. William Wyler, not in his best form, directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Coogan's Bluff (1968)—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 1.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Kips Bay.)

The Day of the Triffids (1963)—The Triffids are meteor-incited plants that eat meat. Meaty mankind has mostly been blinded by the meteors: Janette Scott and Kieron Moore are nervy scientists who find a way out. Not bad, considering that half of England has to be imagined as blundering around on a few low-budget sets. (New Yorker; Aug. 27-28.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise, who edited "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane," directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (New Yorker; Sept. 2.)

Dear John (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

Deep End—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, makes a half-way-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). The film is supposed to be set in London. It looks like Munich. (Paris.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 25.)

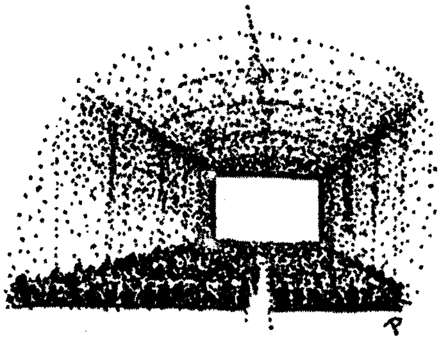
Doc—Frank Perry directs a screenplay by Pete Hamill, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin as a Wyatt Earp who looks like Baudelaire, and Faye Dunaway as Doc's whore (she can't exactly seem blowsy, nor can an expensive film bring itself to make her look as grubby as the script wants of her). The film tries to be about everything: the drive of American history, the American need for heroes (as shown in Westerners who are clearly meant to represent politicians), the fraudulence and hope of the frontier spirit. Well acted, but sometimes afflicted by an organ-loft cast of mind. (34th St. East and 86th St. East.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. A classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 1-2.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 1-2.)

The Garden of Delights—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Cinema Village; starting Sept. 1.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin; through Aug. 26.)



The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk houseparty who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 28.)

A Gunfight—Kirk Douglas vs. Johnny Cash. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 31.)

Harakiri (1963)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—With Alan Arkin, directed by Robert Ellis Miller. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Sept. 1.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

Hoa Binh—Raoul Coutard's view of Vietnam as seen by an eleven-year-old boy. Heartbreaking. Coutard has a Vietnamese wife and knows what he's showing. (Lincoln Art.)

Horror of Dracula (1958)—One of the better Hammer horrors. Peter Cushing looks as oddly ascetic as ever, like a very distinguished headwaiter off his food. (New Yorker; Aug. 26-27.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 29.)

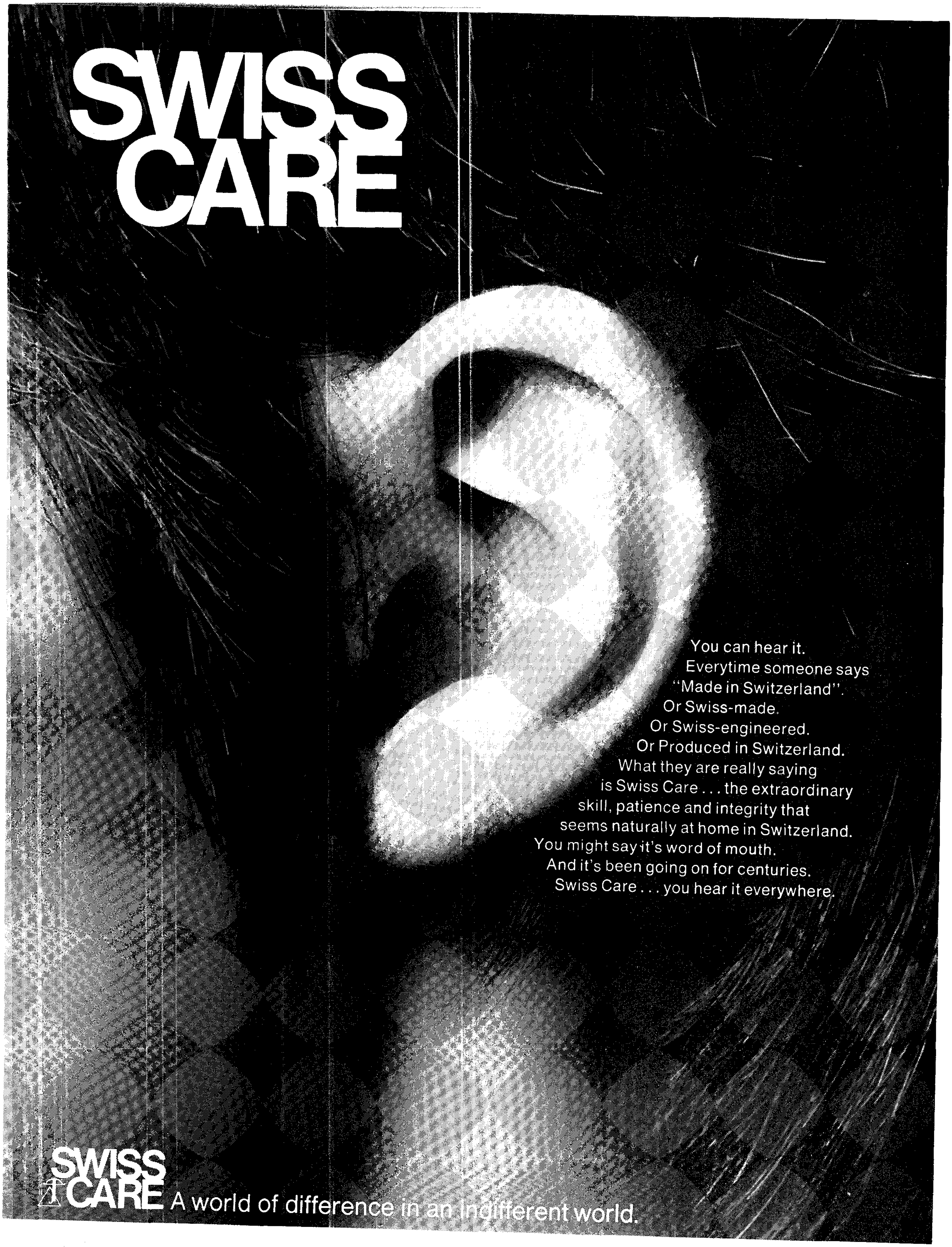
The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (New Yorker; Aug. 25.)

The Incredible Shrinking Man (1957)—Good horror picture for older children, and perfectly standable for parents. A healthy young American getting a tan on the beach is caught in a cloud of radioactive dust and shrinks in height an inch a week. (New Yorker; Aug. 29-30.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Sept. 2.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive bit of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah in a bit. Directed by Don Siegel. (New Yorker; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is



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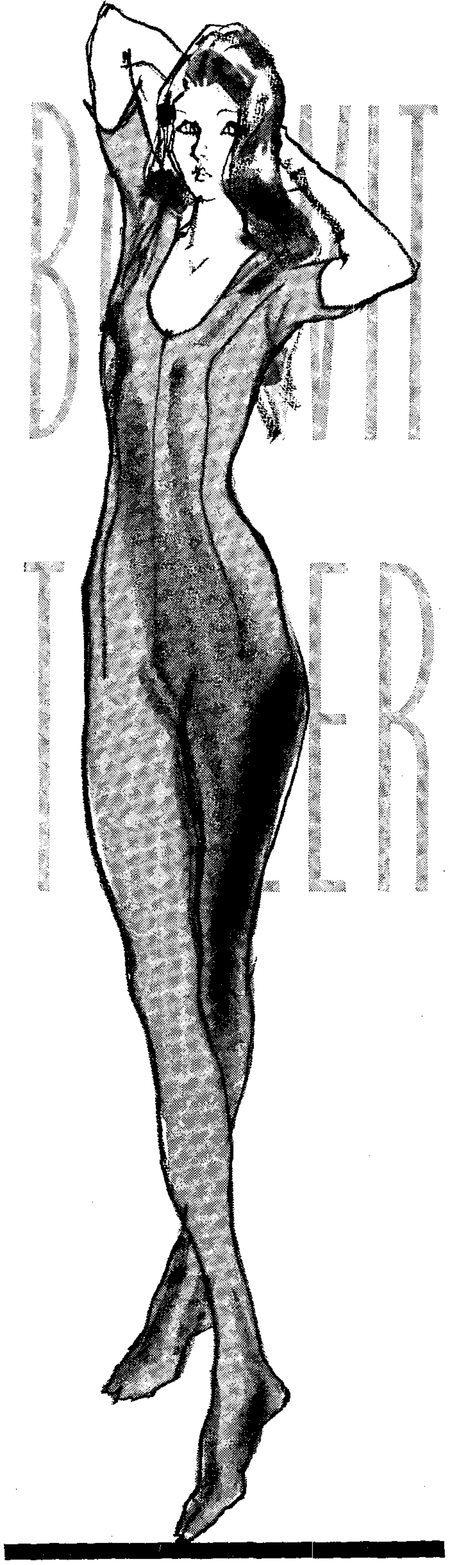


so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles directs Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. The film comes from the Hollywood period of Welles' life, when he was prevented from going into the Army because of flat feet, and rather regretting it. The movie isn't as inadequate as he thinks; his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Elgin; Aug. 31.)

Jovita (1967)—A Polish romance with a freezing twist, made by Janusz Morgenstern. In Polish. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 28.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on). (Thalia; Sept. 2.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin; Aug. 27-30.)

King of the Grizzlies—A Disney quasi-documentary. (Waverly; through Aug. 31.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Regency; through Aug. 31.)

Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 27. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Sept. 1-2.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (New Yorker; Aug. 25.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (U. A. East; through Aug. 31, tentative. . . . ¶ Regency; starting Sept. 1.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death—With Zohra Lampert, directed by John Hancock. (Juliet 1; starting Aug. 27.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

The Love Machine—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law. Enough said. (Orpheum.)

Love Mates—A Swedish film, directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. (Cinema Village; Aug. 29-31.)

Make a Face—Directed by, and with, Karen Sperling. The young—rich, sullen, autobiographical, and heavily analyzed—now expensively expressing themselves in celluloid. Preserve us all, though not the film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. Know-all and floundering. (Sutton.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Coronet.)

Medicine Ball Caravan—Rock musicians on tour in America and England, filmed by François Reichenbach. (Plaza.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)

Mickey One (1965)—An over-freighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art-cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art-cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly overcriticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 26-28.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Cinema Village; starting Sept. 1.)

$1,000,000 Duck—From Disney: Dean Jones, Sandy Duncan, and a duck that lays gold eggs. (Juliet 2; starting Sept. 1, tentative.)

The Mummy (1959)—A four-thousand-year-old Egyptian mummy revives himself and gets into a pet about the people who burgled his tomb. Goodish English horror stuff, with Peter Cushing and Yvonne Furneaux. (New Yorker; Aug. 30-31.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Midtown; through Aug. 31.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Midtown; through Aug. 31.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 26.)

Nothing but the Best (1964)—At the start, a bitchy comedy about a social climber (Alan Bates) and the fallen aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) who trains him in British social graces. When it turns serious and melodramatic, it loses all its charm. Clive Donner directed, from Frederic Raphael's script. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Elgin; Aug. 31.)

The Omega Man—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive we wouldn't advise it. (Loew's Ciné.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 27.)

Patton (1970)—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 29-31.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Symphony; through Aug. 31.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss

Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Trans-Lux East; through Aug. 31.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild. . . . ¶ Juliet 2 and Waverly; through Aug. 31.)

The Plainsman (1936)—Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, Anthony Quinn in a Cecil B. De Mille Western. It has no distinction and a lot of proud looking down of unrelenting noses. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 26.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (Midtown; starting Sept. 1.)

The Red Tent—The old-guard Russian director Mikhail Kalatozov, who made the marvellous "The Cranes Are Flying," here sinks into the mud of international co-productions in a dopey adventure story about General Nobile stuck in the Arctic in 1928. Peter Finch, Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale. The cliff-hanging about the rescue is an agony to small children. (Music Hall.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 26-28.)

Romance of a Horsethief—With Yul Brynner and Eli Wallach, directed by Abraham Polonsky. (Tower East.)

Room at the Top (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the break-through English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (Thalia; Sept. 1.)

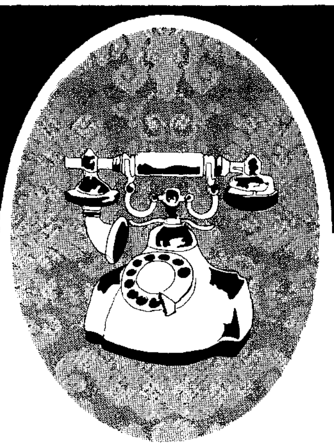
Samurai Assassin (1965)—The great Toshiro Mifune, in a sombre and powerful study of a Japanese warrior too ambitious for his own good. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Aug. 29-31.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Sept. 1.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Overdirected (by Karel Reisz) and with too many set pieces, this study of working-class energies and frustrations has the advantages of Albert Finney as the hero and a fine cast that includes Rachel Roberts, Norman Rossington, and Shirley Anne Field. Alan Sillitoe adapted his own novel. (Thalia; Sept. 1.)

The Secret of Santa Vittorio (1969)—Anna Magnani beats Anthony Quinn with a rolling pin while a lot of Italians make their funny Italian sounds, waving their funny Italian arms—in the way they do only in American movies. Stanley Kramer directed this anti-Nazi *opéra bouffe*. (Symphony; starting Sept. 1.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—A Hitchcock *film*



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noir pitched in a calm world. Joseph Cotten is a widow-murderer, puffing proudly at a cigar while he watches his pursuers, and calling the universe "a foul sty." Hitchcock made this in a period when he was still taking great technical care; of his sort, this film is a good one. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamorized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Shinobu no Mono—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; Aug. 29-31.)

Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (DeMille.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Symphony; through Aug. 31.)

A Stranger Knocks (1965)—Danish melodrama by Johan Jacobsen, set in 1947, with rather maladroitly placed erotic scenes in it that at this distance look a bit more preposterous than before. In Danish. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Thalia; Aug. 28.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Festival.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 1.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Beekman; through Aug. 30.)

Thermidor—A documentary about the turmoils of our time, narrated by Edith Piaf, Ben Gazzara, Irene Worth, Al Freeman, Jr., and Michael Tolan. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. The quiet American at large again. A thriller of highest class. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 28.)

The Three Sisters (1964)—A delicately faithful, sturdy film made with Chekhov's spirit by Samson Samsonov, already beloved for his film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper." In Russian. (Cinema Village; Aug. 29-31.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Midtown; starting Sept. 1.)

Two Mules for Sister Sara (1970)—Poker-faced Clint Eastwood, and Shirley MacLaine as a spunky whore disguised as a nun. If there's anyone who wants to know how long it takes Eastwood to penetrate her disguise, that could explain why the picture was made. (It takes a long time.) Don Siegel directed. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 2.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Waverly; starting Sept. 1.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon. Sad, even shattering, but far from depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Eastside Movie Bazaar and Thalia; Aug. 27.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Thalia; Aug. 29.)

'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes (1963)—Not as cut and dried as most low-budget sci-fi thrillers; some novel ideas help to sustain interest in this Roger Corman movie, though eventually it goes the tired old moralizing route, and scientific "transgression" results in doom. A solemnly serious Ray Milland is the scientist whose experiments result in the X-ray vision that torments him; Don Rickles helps to redeem the stereotyped role of the carny man who exploits him. (New Yorker; Aug. 28-29.)

Yanco (1964)—An unassuming and affecting picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Thalia; Aug. 29.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Waverly; starting Sept. 1.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Sept. 1.)

Zatoichi—Two films in the series starring Shintaro Katsu as the blind swordsman: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" and "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels." In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Aug. 27-28.)

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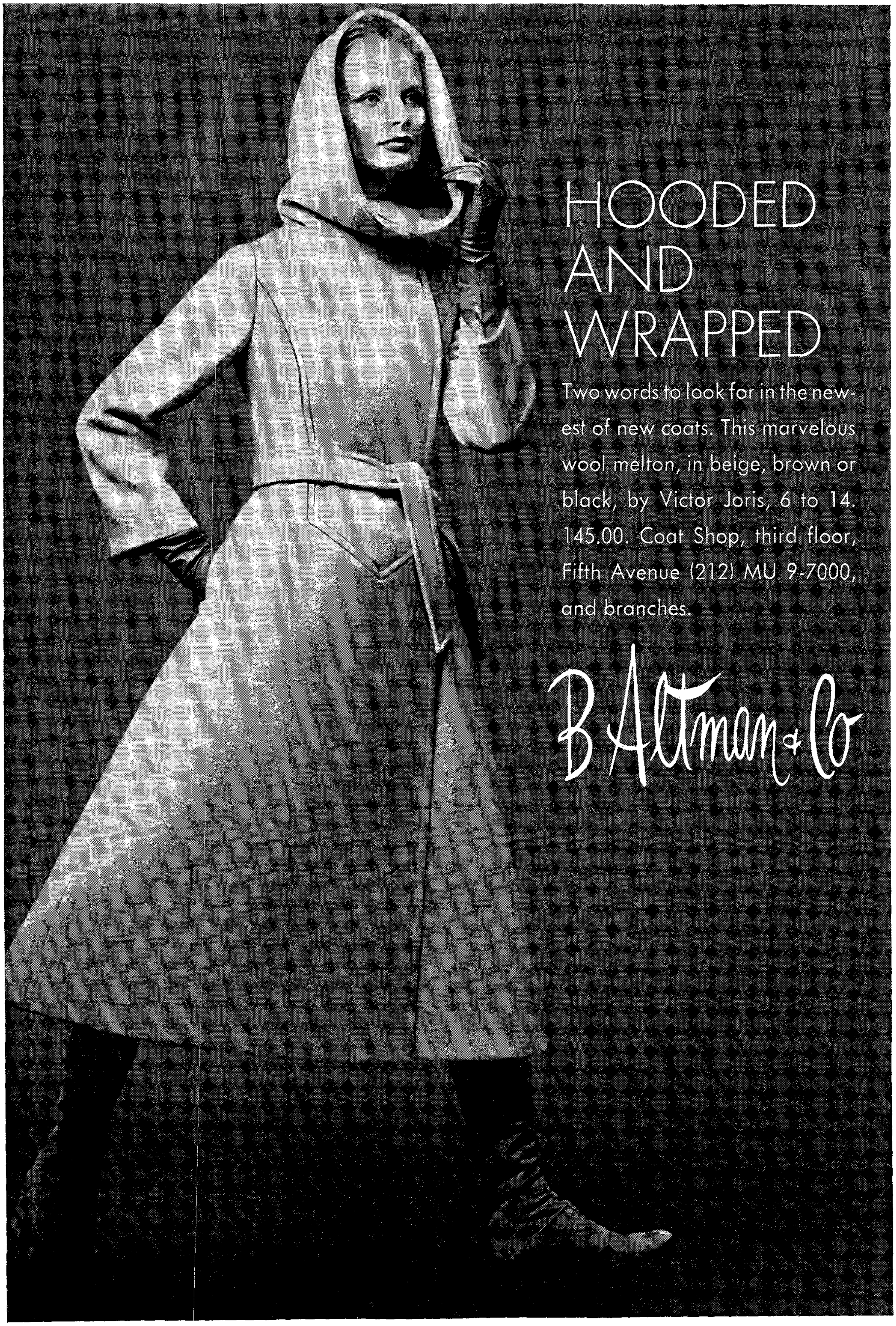
*July issue of NADA



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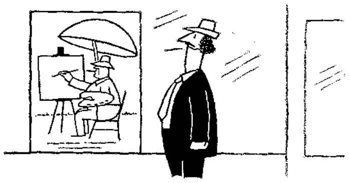
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from an artist friend: "Every afternoon, when I take my constitutional, I pass the University Place branch of the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company and see in the window a poster that shows a plump elderly man, got up to look like Winston Churchill, and reeking of retirement, sitting outdoors under an umbrella at an easel, painting. The text on the photograph says, 'Do Something Now So You Can Do Nothing Later.' I suppose working at an easel is a banker's idea of doing nothing, and maybe that's only fair, because *my* idea of doing nothing is sitting at a walnut desk figuring out debentures, checking interest rates, foreclosing mortgages, and all that stuff. But my point is that artists are the hardest-working people I know. They don't keep nine-to-five hours. They're working all the time, from the moment they get up until the moment they go to bed. If they're not painting or sculpturing, they're thinking about their work. I paint, in my mind's eye, almost everything I see. And here comes the eight-hour-a-day banker with his picture of a man painting and calls it *doing nothing*. I wish I had money in that bank, so that I could take it all out and tell the manager why. But this brings up the whole relationship of art and the business world, and I don't want to get started on that."



Videomagnifier

AT Madison Square Garden the other afternoon, a young man named Joshua White, who produces mysteriously incestuous closed-circuit-television shows at rock concerts, was getting his equipment ready for a Stephen Stills concert that was to be held that night. Eight workmen were raising a vertical white screen, measuring about fifteen by twenty feet, to a point some twenty-five feet above one side of the stage. Half a dozen other workmen were lowering a carrousel of twelve loudspeakers to the front of the stage and making adjustments on it. Some more men, many of them wearing the emblemed-T-shirt-and-jeans-and-boots uniform, were fooling around with television cameras in a pit below the stage and, on the stage, with electronic musical equipment and microphones. Several very pretty girls wearing the body-shirt-and-jeans-and-astrological-pendant uniform were going around holding notebooks and pencils or still cameras. Almost everybody looked or sounded frantic. Joshua White seemed to be very serene. He is twenty-eight and wiry, with a flourishing over-all beard. He had on square-toed brown boots, bluejeans, a tan body shirt, and, over it, a khaki safari shirt, and he wore horn-rimmed glasses. He stood at one side of the Garden, leaning against a wall, one leg drawn up under him, and he watched calmly as the workmen got his screen suspended properly and left it swaying gently overhead while they started raising a second screen. The frenzied calls and shouts of the people working on the stage echoed rather hypnotically in the huge, twenty-thousand-seat hall.

"What's the idea of your television shows?" we asked Mr. White.

"The idea is that kids who pay five-fifty for a seat that's two city blocks away from the stage"—he pointed a finger toward the upper rear regions of the Garden—"have a right to see what's going on, and I'm the eyes for these kids. We call what we do Joshua Television. And what we do, in effect, is broadcast the performance visually for the benefit of the people who are right here seeing the performance live. Closed-circuit projection, from the camera to those screens. Those are our Joshua Television T-shirts you see around here, with a picture of me riding the television camera. I look different now, though. I grew a beard and changed my glasses. I looked around me one day and everyone was wearing wire-rimmed glasses, so I dumped mine."

The workmen were positioning the second screen over the other side of the stage. It was the same size as the first one.

"What this is is videomagnification, in color," Mr. White told us. "We have three MTS 360 projectors focussed on the screens from fixed locations, and we use one sixteen-millimetre hand-held camera and several fixed-position cameras. I monitor the pickups from a truck parked behind the stage. What we're doing is amplifying the performing artist visually, just as the sound system amplifies him aurally. The system makes sight as important as sound. It's really a visual version of the p.-a. system. Directing these things is not like directing a television show, where you have to show everything. Here I have to really *feel* what's going on. I loved doing the James Taylor concerts here in the Garden, for example. He sat on the stage and mesmerized the cameras for two hours, tapping his foot and wearing these wonderful white-and-brown shoes. I had closeups of his foot tapping. I had closeups of his hands. We can really show closeups of hands playing a guitar, which is something you never see even if you're close to the stage. One

of the reasons rock and television never got together before is they're both set in their ways. I don't ask for compromises. I'm on the side of the performing artist. I bend the medium around *him* instead of trying to bend him around the medium. That way, he's happy, and the audience has something to look at and they're happy, and nobody gives anybody else any trouble."

One of the body-shirted pretty young women came up to Mr. White and said she was going to Macy's to buy some candles.

"Get some reds and oranges, Mary Jane," Mr. White told her. "I've seen the truck. It needs them."

"*Candles?*" we asked.

"I like working by candlelight," Mr. White said. "It gives us a softer light in the truck. The television medium has become a very cold, mechanical medium. All our equipment—the truck, the cameras, the crews—is rented. All impersonal. I do whatever I can to work in an atmosphere that enables me to *feel* what the concert is. Television has become a very lazy medium, very flat. I do what I can to counteract it. Not that I'm a frustrated television director."

"What are you?" we asked.

"I don't know what to call myself—a stylist, I guess," Mr. White replied. "I used to work in television, but I wasn't satisfied with it. It was too commercial. Too many compromises. Suddenly, in 1967, the psychedelic era hit us, and I found I could make a living doing light shows. I did them for about six months, at the Mineola Playhouse and around town. Then Bill Graham opened Fillmore East, and we went over there. The shows were always basically the same—'The Joshua Light Shows.' We had a twenty-by-thirty-foot screen, almost twice as big as these here. The screen would be behind the performer, like a moving background. We'd project images on the screen—mostly abstractions, sometimes specific images. It was true multimedia. In those days, everything was multimedia. I would have hundreds of effects, some manufactured by us. Flowing liquids. Dozens of slides. A multimedia movie. A film loop of a girl moving her body, for example, that kept repeating itself. It was all arbitrary in the sense that it was never rehearsed. But I was always listening to the music and doing the things for *it*. I was always subservient to the music. The way you would tap your foot, that's what we would do with light. We helped open the Fillmore. Our guys helped hang the lighting system. We were the resident light show there for three years."

"Well, is multimedia *kaput* now?" we asked.

"I'd say that multimedia has taken on perspective," Mr. White said. "Every time someone flashes a light bulb now, everybody doesn't jump up and say 'Wow! That's multimedia!' It's now broken up into several elements."

"And you now?" we asked.

"I'm doing one of the elements—television," said Mr. White.

That night, we returned to the Garden for the concert. The place seemed to be completely filled—all twenty thousand seats. The audience was uniformly bluejeaned and tie-dyed and T-or-body-shirted, and, to a man, or boy, or girl, was the same crowd we used to notice standing in line to see "Love Story." Everybody was passive and quiet and well behaved. The image of Stephen Stills, bluejeaned and red-body-shirted and cowboy-booted, appeared on the two screens as he and his group played "Helplessly Hoping." We sat next to a young man wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the message "Rock 'n Roll Is Here to Stay." During the concert, the audience looked quietly at the screens. Nobody was giving anybody else any trouble.

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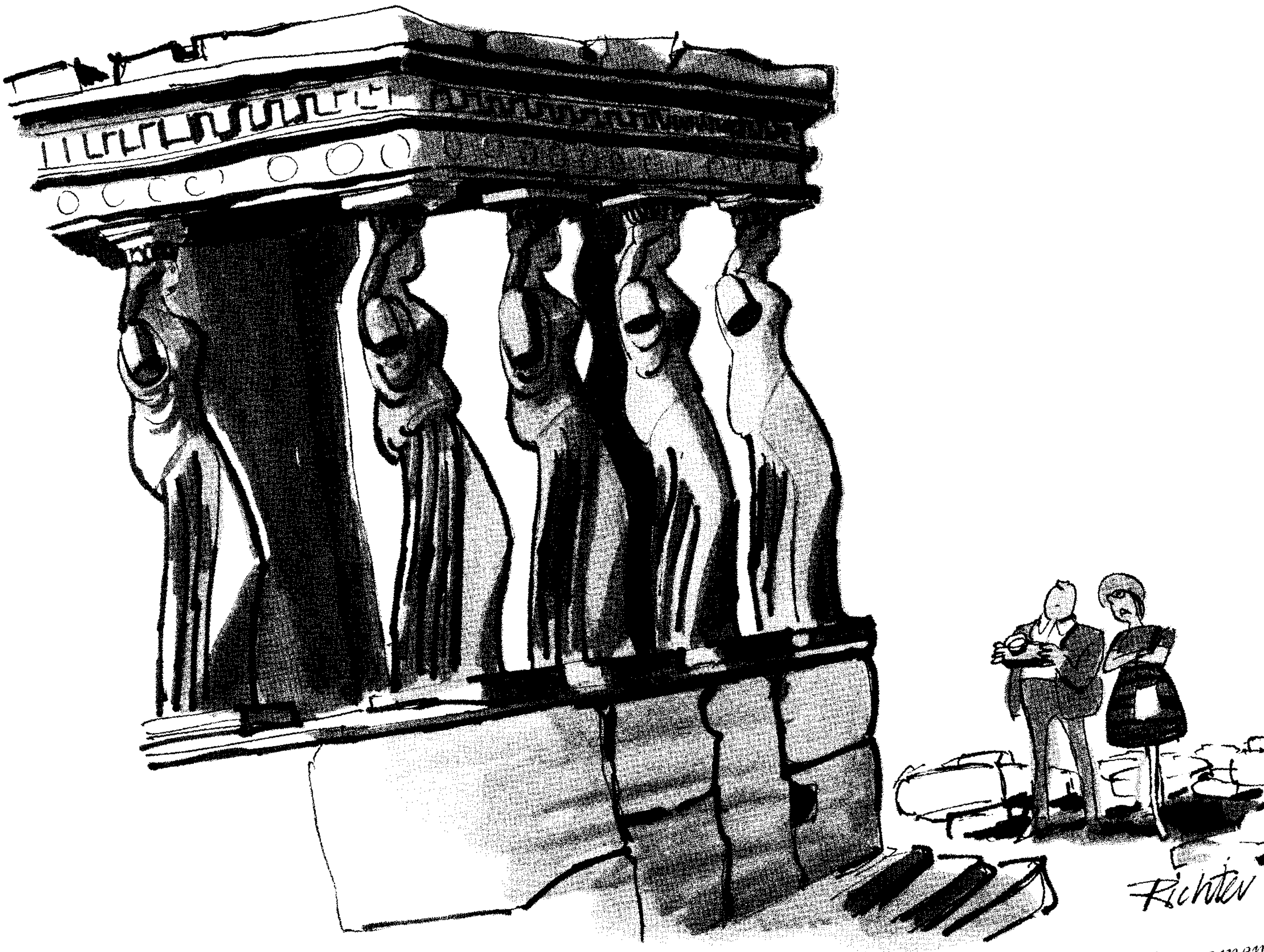
KASSERI Greek-Type Cheese, made in Milwaukee, bears the slogan "Like a Grecian urn, this cheese is rich in Old World flavor."

Liquor Store

> People who did New York always did Times Square. People don't live in Times Square. I shot the laundromat, the luncheonette, the liquor store—interior spaces.
> —*Duane Michals, photographer, quoted in The Talk of the Town, January 16, 1971.*

MIDSUMMER is slow in the liquor business. It is a time when the liquor industry's wholesale distributors close down for two weeks—this year no deliveries were made between July 16th and August 2nd—and when many liquor stores, bars-and-grills, and restaurants run out of one brand of whiskey or another despite their attempts to calculate their needs in advance. It is a time when liquor-store owners, like Bob Reinert, of the Grand Plaza Liquor Store, at 391 Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn, long for the winter months in general ("Cold weather is better for the liquor business; if you're cold, you want something to warm up with," Mr. Reinert says) and for December in particular (forty per cent of all the liquor sold in a year is sold in December). It is a time when Mr. Reinert is willing to talk shop in between waiting on customers.

At eleven on a hot, humid Wednesday morning, Mr. Reinert, an outgoing forty-two-year-old native of Brooklyn, who once played amateur hockey at Madison Square Garden and who has been in the liquor business for fourteen years, is in his store, working the 8 A.M.-to-4 P.M. shift. (His partner, Irving Stoller, will work the 4 P.M.-to-10 P.M. shift that day; the following week they will swap hours.) The Grand Plaza Liquor Store is a one-room rectangle with several thousand bottles of alcohol covering its walls from floor to ceiling. The bottles are arranged neatly and logically: the bourbons, ryes, Scotches, gins, and liqueurs are lined up in separate sections by brand, and by size within brand, on the wall behind the counter and cash register. (There are about twenty brands of bourbon, each of them available in pints, fifths, and quarts, and a similar profusion of Scotches, ryes, and gins.) Bottles and jugs of wine fill the wall opposite the counter—tidy rows of amber, vermillion, and magenta liquid under shiny glass, partly obscured by paper labels, occasionally by straw wrappers. The store is in a middle-middle-class neighborhood whose residents include young couples renovating Park Slope's brownstones and a good number of judges, politicians, and civil servants living in the apartment houses along Grand Army Plaza, a block away. It is in a strategic location, one block from a B.-M.T. station and one block from an I.R.T. station; subway riders on their way home from work make 5 P.M. to 7:30 P.M. the store's most active hours. The Grand Plaza Liquor Store is a twenty-five-minute subway ride from Times Square, but its atmosphere is small-town rather than big-city, as is the case with stores in all of New York's neighborhoods, even



"Well, I can see that nothing has changed for the women."

those just ten minutes from Times Square. In the five years that Mr. Reinert and Mr. Stoller have owned their present store, which annually grosses a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, they have received only three bad checks and have had no robberies.

A slow midmorning hour, then, on a slow midsummer day:

(11:10 A.M. *A thin elderly woman wearing a print dress and a cardigan comes in and asks for a pint of Canadian Club and three one-dollar lottery tickets. She fills out the tickets, drops them in a box on the counter, hands Mr. Reinert seven dollars and seventy-six cents without having to ask how much she owes, and leaves.)*

"I don't know about other places, but the majority of our customers are women," Mr. Reinert says, ringing up the four-seventy-six whiskey sale. "Maybe it's because women do most of the family shopping. Maybe it's because men do more of their drinking in bars and women do more of theirs at home. Around eight o'clock at night, we get a number of single women. You've heard all their stories over and over; still, you know they're lonely, so you try to be nice to them. Did you see me take a sticker off the Canadian Club? There's a sticker on every bottle in the store, with the brand, the sales price, the tax we collected, and the total on it. Now I staple that sticker onto a cash-register slip. I have to keep all those stickers for three years. It used to be seven years. No one's ever asked to see them, but they're all there at the back of the store if somebody does. There are a lot of regulations in this business, and it's best to be prepared."

(11:22 A.M. *A young man in sports clothes breezes in and says, "I want a small bottle of Scotch." "How small?" Mr. Reinert inquires. "A pint." "What kind?" "J. & B." The young man puts a five-dollar bill on the counter. "You got six cents?" Mr. R. asks. The young man gives him six cents. "Thanks," Mr. Reinert says, handing him a dollar and his purchase in a brown paper bag.)*

"Seagram's 7 is the largest-selling bottle in the country, but here it's dead," Mr. Reinert says. "In New York, the blended whiskeys are in trouble. Everything is Scotch, Scotch, Scotch. Our best-selling overseas-bottled Scotch is Dewar's. Our best-selling American-bottled Scotch is B. & L. I sell a couple of cases a week of each. I sell about the same amount of Gordon's gin—the best-selling gin. People listen to advertising and buy labels, but I don't believe you have to buy imported brands of Scotch or gin if you're going to mix them with soda or orange juice. It's unnecessary. With all the controls they have on, there's no really bad liquor on the market. It costs only about sixty-eight cents to make a fifth of whiskey, and the distillers sell the by-products for seventy cents, so the manufacturing cost is less than nothing. In the Bahamas, for two-twenty-five you can get a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label that sells for almost eight dollars here, and the guy's making a profit on it. The federal tax on liquor is ten-fifty a gallon, and the state tax two and a quarter. Alcohol is the most heavily taxed product in the world."

(11:30 A.M. A middle-aged woman wearing a skirt and blouse comes in to congratulate Mr. Reinert on holding a winning OTB ticket and asks him if he needs anything from the supermarket down the block. He says he doesn't, thank you. She goes.)

"A neighbor and friend," Mr. R. explains. "I was born two blocks from the store, and I've always lived around here. One of my customers is my old high-school hockey coach. Some of my former grade-school teachers come in. They don't remember me, and I don't refresh their memories."

(11:44 A.M. A black woman in a blue uniform walks in. "Olde Bourbon?" Mr. Reinert asks as she approaches the counter. "A pint," she replies, nodding. Mr. Reinert rings up a three-twenty sale on the cash register, and the woman departs with the bottle in her handbag.)

"She always buys Olde Bourbon," Mr. R. says. "Sometimes a pint, sometimes a fifth. A lot of people won't buy large bottles, because buying smaller ones helps them with their will power. They think if they buy less they'll drink less. Very few of my customers have a drinking problem—most of them buy a quart or a fifth a week—but a few buy a quart every day, year in and year out. You can't worry about them. They just need it."

(12:02 P.M. A young woman pushing a stroller puts her head in the door and asks Mr. Reinert for some empty cartons. "I don't have any now," he tells her. "Try again later in the day.")

"They always come in for boxes when they're moving," Mr. R. observes benevolently.

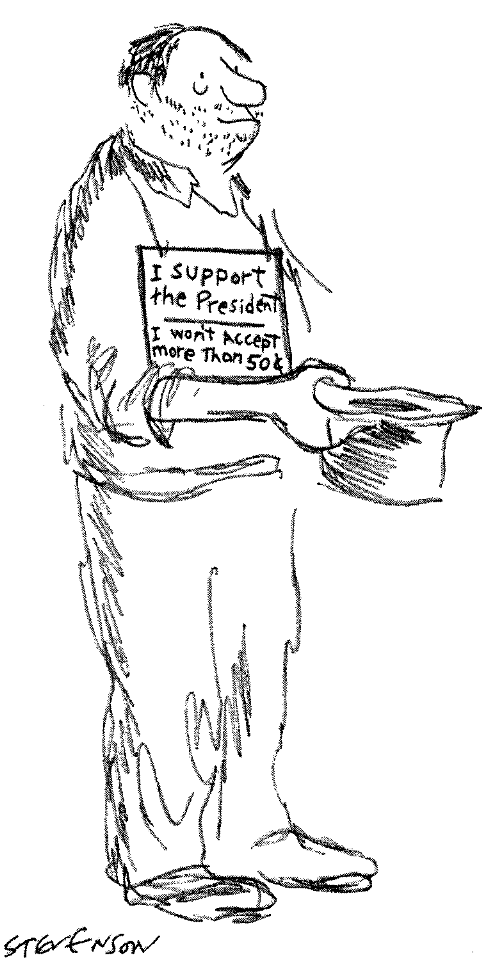
(12:07 P.M. A black man in work clothes—the porter from a building near the liquor store—walks in, asks for a half pint of Old Mr. Boston lemon gin, pays a dollar-twenty-six for it, and slips it into his back pocket.)

"Summer's the white month—gin and vodka," Mr. Reinert says. "I used to drink bourbon myself, but I've switched to gin. You don't feel gin the morning after."

(12:18 P.M. A tanned, prosperous-looking middle-aged couple enter. The man requests a six-pack of Ballantine beer. "What state are you folks from?" Mr. Reinert asks. "Los Angeles," the woman answers. "You can't buy beer in a liquor store in New York State," Mr. R. tells them. "Turn right and walk to the supermarket. They have beer." "Now I've heard everything," the man says to his wife, cheerfully enough.)

"Some tourists are surprised that we're not allowed to sell beer," Mr. Reinert says. "And some are surprised that we're not allowed to sell half gallons of liquor. But those are the state's laws."

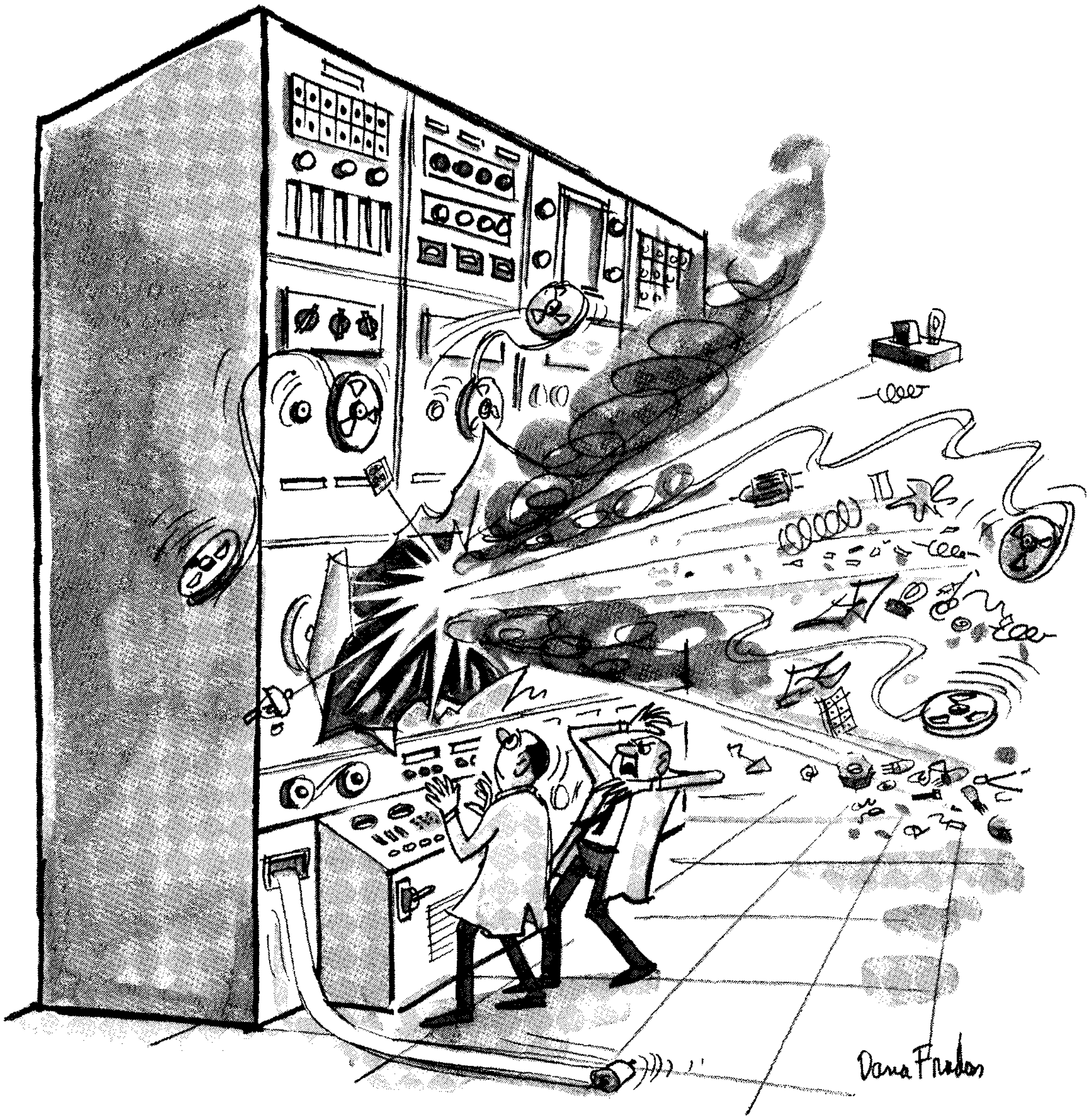
(12:23 P.M. An old man with a walrus mustache, wearing a madras jacket and a cap, and carrying a tree branch under one arm, weaves in, produces seventy-one cents, asks for a pint of Gypsy Rose wine, and weaves out, holding the bottle by the stem.)



"Usually, that wino talks my ear off," Mr. Reinert says. "Today's my lucky day. The winos hang out on the benches at Grand Army Plaza. There used to be a lot of them, but they seem to be dying off—this year there are fewer than there were last year. They're not around in winter, but they always show up on the first warm day of spring, like the swallows coming back to Capistrano. I've asked several of them where they disappear to in the winter. They don't answer. I told one of them I needed a guy to shovel snow in the winter. That went over like a lead balloon. Most of the winos want a quarter pint or a half pint of cheap wine—Swiss Up or Wild Irish Rose—for about thirty cents. I don't carry those, because you get five winos in here saying to each other 'I paid my nickel, where's yours?' and you'll drive your women customers who buy a fifth of whiskey clear out the door. There's a liquor store a couple of blocks down the street that caters to the winos. It has a different type of trade."

(12:40 P.M. A young woman smoking a cigarette and carrying two shopping bags picks up a dollar-eleven bottle of sangria from a box on the counter, puts it in one of her shopping bags, pays, and leaves, humming the theme from "Limelight" between puffs.)

"I make twelve to fifteen per cent on a fifth or a quart of whiskey, and thirty to thirty-five per cent on a bottle of wine, foreign or domestic," Mr. Reinert says. "There's more profit in wine, but the wine buyers sometimes drive liquor-store owners up the wall. A month ago, a fellow from the apartment house next door went to Canada, drank some Hungarian wine up there, and came back and ordered a case of it. When I'm ordering wine from a wine distributor, I have to order a minimum of three cases—some wine distributors, like Manischewitz, won't deliver any order under five cases—so I tied up sixty or seventy dollars on three cases to get him his one case. The fellow hasn't shown up since. I had better luck with a girl who came in the other day for a case of Beaujolais *blanc*. Some wines, like her Beaujolais, are handled by whiskey distributors, so I was able to order just one case, and she came back for it promptly. You can add on a single case of wine when you're ordering a case of whiskey from a whiskey distributor. You can also add on a single bottle of liqueur, if you need only one, when you're ordering a case of whiskey. I deal with half a dozen whiskey distributors—Empire; Park & Tilford; Austin, Nichols—which all carry the major brands. Then, I deal with those that are the exclusive distributors of certain products. Peel Richards is the exclusive distributor of some of the National Distillers products—Old Grand-Dad, Old Taylor, Bellows, and Gilbey's gin. Julius Wile is the exclusive importer of B. & B. I order certain items specially for my regular customers—quart bottles of Canadian Lord Calvert for one man, Aalborg akvavit for another. One lady used to come in faithfully for Tico sherry and white crème de cacao, which I special-ordered for her. Suddenly, about a year ago, she stopped coming in—I think she moved away—and I still have a few bottles of Tico sherry and white crème de cacao on the shelves. I guess someone will come in and buy them eventually. The saying in the business is 'If it hangs around long enough, you'll sell it.' "



"Damn you, Winkle, did you have to go and ask it which came first—the chicken or the egg?"

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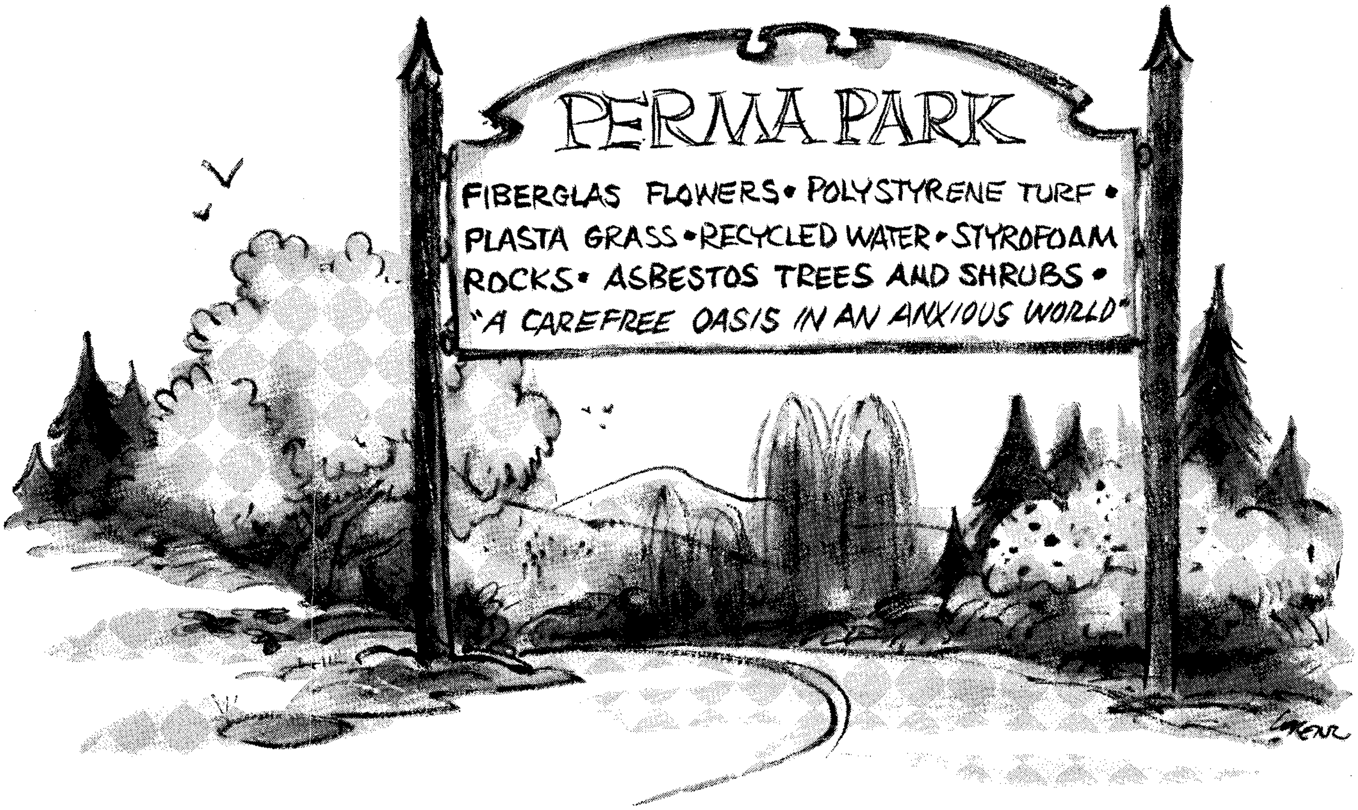
Vital Center

A WASHINGTON friend reports that he was mighty pleased with himself the other day when he received an invitation from the Department of State that read, "The Delegation of the United States of America to the Resumed Plenipotentiary Conference on Definitive Arrangements for the International Telecommunications Satellite Consortium requests the pleasure of your company at a reception."

Defender

OF the people who cherish this beleaguered city and who struggle, always against increasing odds, to preserve the most precious evidence of its great past, none is more ardent or more indefatigable than Mrs. Margot Gayle, out of whose kitchen in an old apartment house on West Ninth Street half a dozen organizations have leaped, Hercules-like, into vigorous, combative being. Mrs. Gayle, an architectural historian and free-lance public-relations counsellor, is a handsome woman with dark-red hair, dark eyes, and a voice as persuasive in flow and intensity as it is in utterance. "Margot could sell a battleship to a Quaker," one of her friends has said of her. "She has a genius for getting things done, either by herself or by total strangers, who after a few minutes in her company begin to feel grateful for the chance to pitch in and perform any dreary task she happens to assign to them. If Margot told me it was necessary to dig a ditch in the middle of Fifth Avenue, I'd reach out at once for a pick and shovel."

We first encountered Mrs. Gayle some twelve years ago, when she organized a group of Village people for the purpose of getting the clock in the tower of the Jefferson Market Courthouse put back into operation. The success of this sortie prompted her, several years later, to help lead an arduous battle to save the courthouse itself from demolition. A notable specimen of what was known in the nineteenth century as Venetian Gothic, the courthouse, no longer serving the function for which it had been built, could be preserved only if a new use was found for it; luckily, a branch of the Public Library was needed in the neighborhood, and the architect Giorgio Cavaglieri brilliantly solved the problem of turning a charming little palace of justice into a no less charming palace of literature. In 1966, a group of admirers of nineteenth-century architecture and decorative arts met in Mrs. Gayle's kitchen to found the Victorian Society in Amer-


PERMA PARK
FIBERGLAS FLOWERS • POLYSTYRENE TURF •
PLASTA GRASS • RECYCLED WATER • STYROFOAM
ROCKS • ASBESTOS TREES AND SHRUBS •
"A CAREFREE OASIS IN AN ANXIOUS WORLD"

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ica. With Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, founder of the Victorian Society in England, as its guardian angel, and with Henry-Russell Hitchcock, the foremost American architectural historian, as its president, the Victorian Society in America has become a national body, having headquarters in the noble old Athenaeum Building in Philadelphia and local chapters in several cities. Mrs. Gayle is a vice-president of the national body and a vice-chairman of the New York chapter.

In 1967, Mrs. Gayle helped found something known as the Friends of the Alice Austen House, said house being a delightful Victorian cottage that stands on four acres of bosky shorefront in the shadow of the Staten Island end of the Verrazano Bridge. Alice Austen was a gifted photographer, who left several thousand glass negatives at the time of her death, in 1952, and it is hoped that her house can be preserved not only on its merits but also in order to provide an ideal place in which to display specimens of her enchanting handiwork. The Friends of the Alice Austen House continue to pursue their goal; the Mayor, the Parks Commissioner, and hundreds of concerned citizens are on the side of the Friends, but the cottage may yet be bulldozed and the site given over to apartment houses.

Mrs. Gayle's latest kitchen coup is the Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture, which she founded last year, along with Professor Michael Brooks, Annette Fry, and other enthusiasts, and again with a transatlantic laying on of hands by Sir Nikolaus. The Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture are offering a number of walking tours of our local cast-iron district during the summer and fall, and we accompanied Mrs. Gayle and a party of stalwart amateurs on a recent Sunday afternoon, when the district lay drowsy with heat and free of its usual weekday turmoil of trucks and hurrying pedestrians. It looked much as it must have looked a hundred years ago—the heart of the city of Melville and Whitman and George Templeton Strong, who feared even then that New York might soon prove ungovernable and uninhabitable.

The district, now an officially designated historic landmark, has come to be known as SoHo (short for "south of Houston"); it is bounded by Houston Street on the north, by Canal Street on the south, and by Broadway and West Broadway. Among the facts we gathered under Mrs. Gayle's ambulatory tutelage were that New York possesses the greatest concentration of cast-iron buildings in the world; that these buildings are an early form of prefabrication, their modular parts having been cast in foundries and then shipped, sometimes over vast distances, to sites where they were assembled into finished structures; that businessmen ordered buildings out of foundry catalogues, choosing what they liked in the way of fancy pillars, capitals, balconies, and balustrades; and that cast-iron buildings are direct ancestors of our present curtain-wall glass skyscrapers, and in many cases have a higher proportion of glass to framing than contemporary buildings do.

"Architects and scholars come from all over the world to admire these buildings, and yet a few years ago the entire district was in danger of being torn down," Mrs. Gayle said. "It was lucky that the artists and sculptors started moving into the lofts here, because they attracted attention to the buildings and caused people for the first time in generations to see what lay back of the rust and the grime and the general disrepair that hid their beauty. We want SoHo to become a model of rehabilitation for all the other old, down-at-heel business districts that American cities don't know what to do with except destroy. Often, it turns out that these buildings are aesthetically the most valuable heritage a city has. Oh, look at that piece of broken tile in the gutter there! Would you mind picking it up for me? Is there really room for it in your pocket? You're sure you wouldn't mind? How lovely! Now, then, our next stop is the Roosevelt Building, 478 Broadway. Designed by Richard Morris Hunt, in 1874, and such a *playful* old thing!"

RE THE TOWER PROJECT

MANY of our personnel, conscious of the uncertainties of the construction business, have voiced concern relative to their future employment with the Company. What lies ahead on our horizon, they wonder, of the magnitude of the Fred M. and Ida S. Freebold Performing Arts Center, the Tannersfield Freeway Overpass, and other works that have put us in the constructioneering forefront? They recall the cancellation in mid-contract of the Vietnam Parking Lot project, and they ask, "Will the Super-Tall Tower project, too, go down the drain, with a resultant loss of jobs and Company position in the building field?"

The Company believes such will not be the case. While we aren't putting all our "eggs" on one tower and are keeping an eye on the Los Angeles-Honolulu Bridge option and the proposed Lake Michigan Floating Airport, we feel that the Super-Tall Tower has achieved priority status in Washington, and all phases of research and development, land clearance, and counter-resistance are moving forward in expectation of final approval.

As for the Tower critics, they are few in number, and there isn't one of their objections that we haven't answered. Let's look at the record. Their favorite line is "Why build a Super-Tall Tower when money is so urgently needed for cancer and poverty?" With all due respect to the unwell or impoverished person and his or her family, we state our case as follows:

First, Tower construction will create a hundred thousand new jobs, not only in the Babel area and the Greater Southwest but also in other places where the bricks and slime will be made by subcontractors.

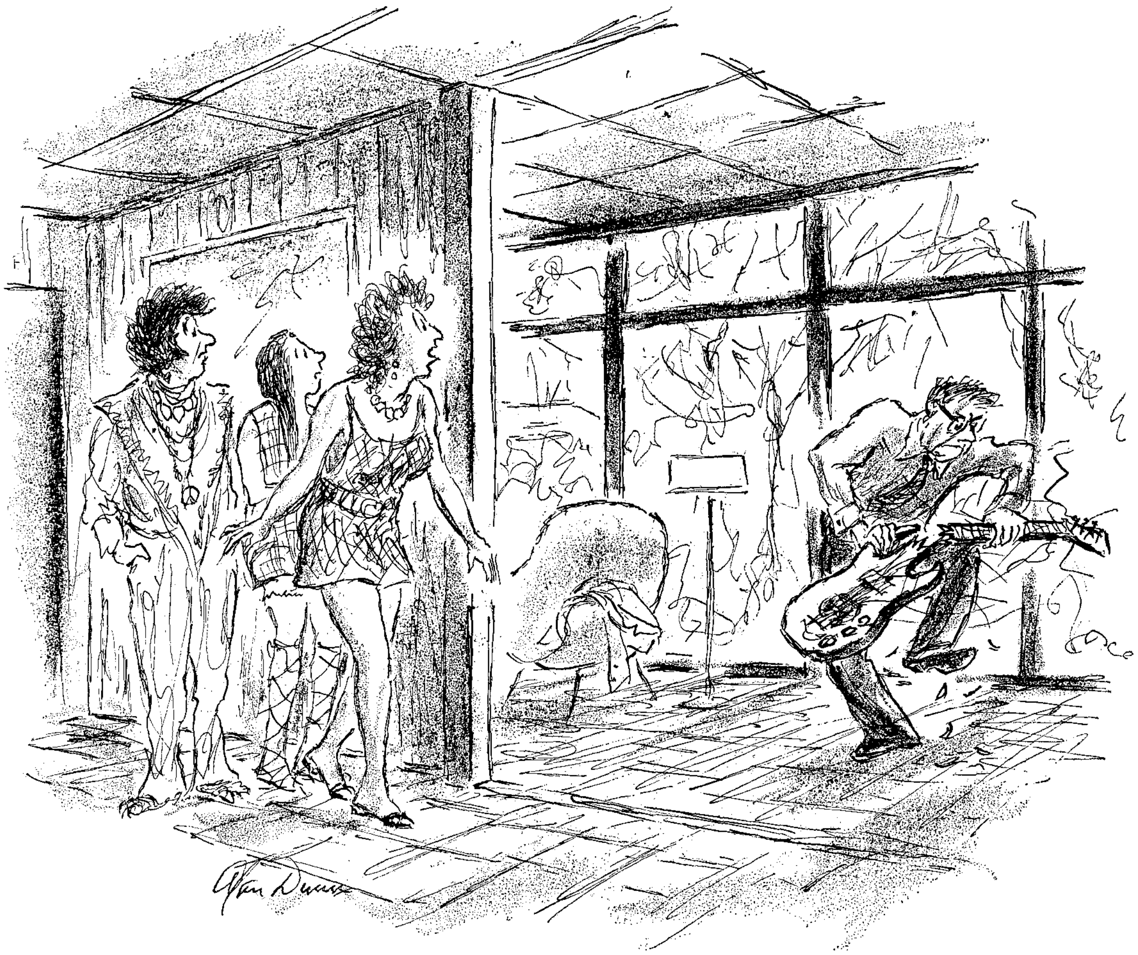
Second, because it will be the world's tallest tower, we will be able to see more from it than from any existing tower.

Third, we have reason to believe the Chinese are well along in the development of *their* tower. If we don't wish to abdicate tower leadership to Communist nations, however friendly at the moment, we can't afford to slow down now. To do so would mean the waste of all the money spent on tower research so far and would set back American tower technology for decades to come. Thus, our national prestige is at stake—not merely national pride but the confidence in our ability to meet the challenges of the future. When a nation looks away from the future and turns inward, it begins to die as a civilization. Man has long dreamed of building a tall tower from which he could look out and see many interesting and unusual things. Most Americans, we believe, share this dream.

Fourth, environmentalist groups have predicted various disastrous effects from the Tower—that the humming noise of its high-speed elevator will be "unbearable" to the passengers and to nearby residents, that its height will confuse migrating birds, that its long shadow will anger the sun, and so forth. The Company's research laboratory has engaged in a crash program that has already achieved a significant degree of hum reduction; at the same time, our engineers are quick to point out that since no elevator now in service can approach the speed and accompanying hum projected for the Tower elevator, there is no viable data on which to base the entire concept of an "unbearable" hum. Such a determination must wait until the completion of the Tower. In any event, the hum may serve to warn off approaching birds. As for the sun, we feel that, with certain sacrifices, this problem can be taken care of.

Finally, Tower critics contend that only a wealthy person could afford to buy a ticket for the elevator ride. This statement, while partly true, is misleading. The Tower plans include provision for a strong ladder to be constructed on the exterior, so that a person of limited means who wished to reach the top could do so if he applied himself diligently over a length of time.

—GARRISON KEILLOR



"Oh dear! When he said he was retiring in order to devote more attention to his family, he meant it!"

THE MUSIC AT LONG VERNEY

DURING the evening of the day after his twenty-first birthday their son said to them, "I might as well tell you now and get it over. I shan't go on with the place, you know. I shan't live here. England's sinking under lovely old houses with lovely old paupers creeping about in them like maggots in nutshells too large for them. Do what you like with it"—his mother arched her neck—"break the entail, let it go to old Gilfred to sit and sozzle in. Anything you please. But count me out. If you'll take my advice, you'll sell it and spend the rest of your days in comfort, for a change."

"Well, thank you for telling us," his father said mildly.

Two years later he was killed in Cyprus.

They were still at Long Verney when the news came. Oliver wrote immediately to tell Gilfred. A memorial service was held in the parish church and Gilfred travelled from Guernsey to attend it, wearing a fur-lined coat, and wept and belched through the ceremony. Age and alcoholism had given him a baroque magnificence. A very white toe protruded from his left boot. It distressed Gilfred to see how Oliver and Sibyl had aged. After dinner, to cheer them up, he told stories about the manageress of his residential hotel. "Shan't marry her, though," he confided. "Great-Grandfather Pusey settled in Dublin and married his landlady. But he was a very different fish. Had a walrus moustache and played the guitar."

Oliver shared the Pusey ancestry with Gilfred. This tie of blood designated him as the one to take up the subject of the entail; but Sibyl did it.

"Do you mean to say there was no one between young Noll and me? Not on your side, either? Poor young chap. Silly business, all this keeping the peace among dagos and getting shot at for your pains. No one between him and me? We *are* getting thin on the ground, aren't we? Not like the old days."

"So it will come to you at Oliver's death."

"Come to me? My dear good Sib, what should I do with it? Hand it on to the National Trust? No, you must get me out of it somehow. You've got a lawyer, I suppose. Ask him."

Threatened by inheritance, Gilfred became quite alert and clearheaded. His last words, as they stood waiting for his train, were an assurance that if she and Oliver got it all drawn up and sent him the forms, he'd make a point of signing them.

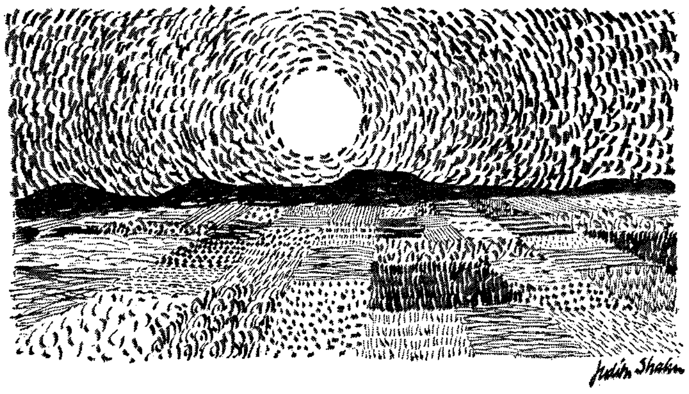
Gilfred signed his renunciation; the entail was cut. Long Verney was now their unqualified own. Oliver was seventy, Sibyl was sixty-eight. At intervals they agreed that they must discuss what to do about it. Discussion between them was almost impossible. They were first cousins, they had known each other from infancy; their tastes, their views, their upbringings were similar. There was no flint in their joint mechanism to spark off a discussion. They agreed that they really must, that they really ought, and left it at that. When anyone else ventured a suggestion, they instantly and as one disagreed with it. The cost of living was going up. The upkeep of Long Verney was a drain on their income. But since Noll's death they were that much richer, and could manage. It was not as if they spent money on doctors or other such expensive tastes. They were healthy and abstemious; their chief pleasure was reading and Oliver was a life member of the London Library.

"They'll never leave till they go out in white stockings," said Jane Elphick to Lionella Crew, who replied, "I don't know that I really want them to leave. They've been there forever. It would be like seeing Long Verney without its chimneys, seeing it without its Furnivals."

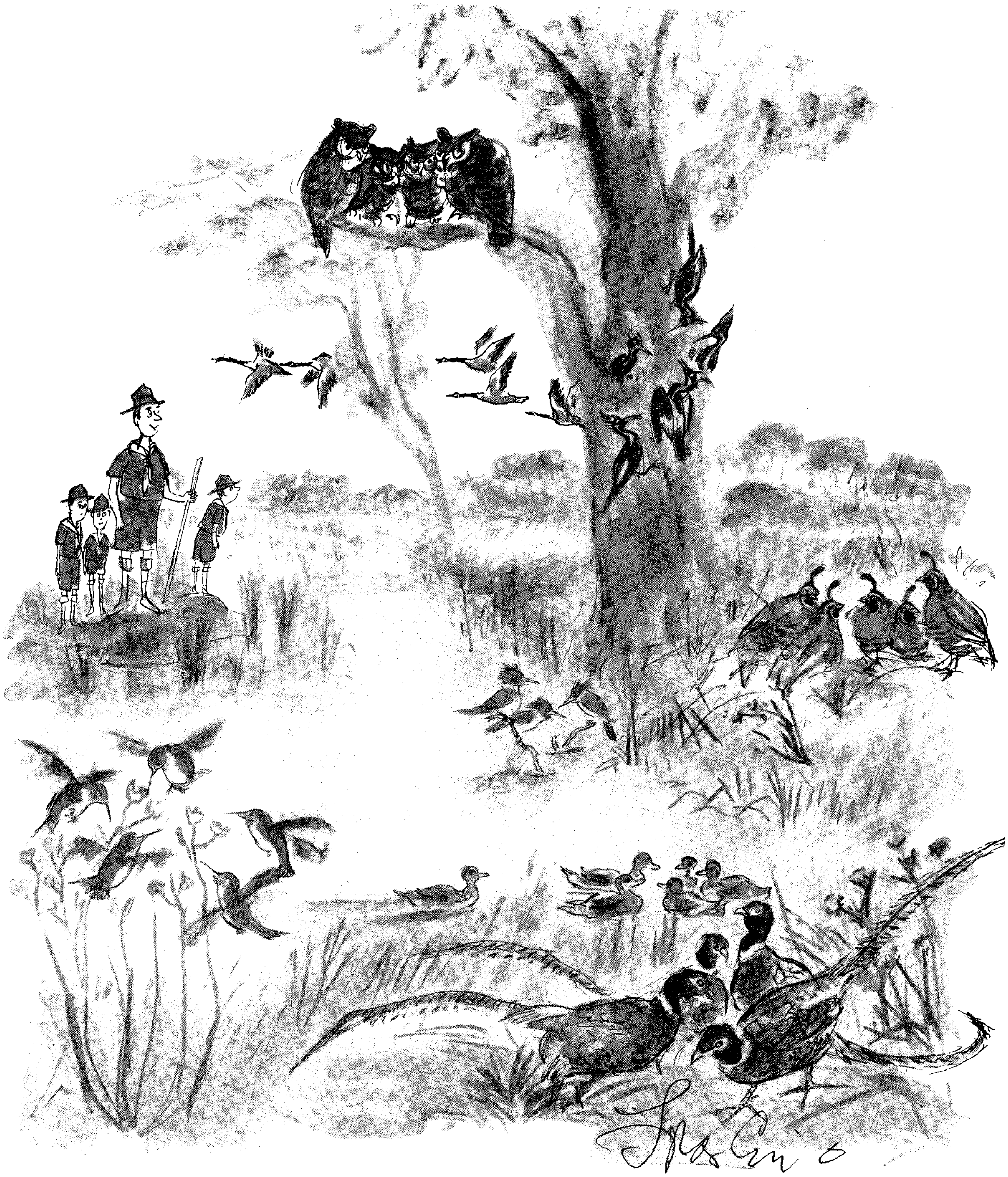
Then Sibyl had the car accident. She had always been a good driver, was still a good driver; but she was unequipped for a generation of bad drivers. Dawn Conkling, daughter of a newly arrived farmer, was unequipped to encounter an antiquated Rolls-Royce appearing in majesty at the summit of a rise in a narrow lane. They met head on. Sibyl's car was so much the heavier that Miss Conkling's car got the worst of it. Sibyl cracked her knee. Miss Conkling broke her nose. Miss Conkling's injury was so much more demonstrative and her feelings so much younger that she brought an action. The magistrates gave the case against her, but they could not give Sibyl back her knee. It stiffened.

While Oliver was acclimatizing his mind to the prospect of talking German at meals to an *au-pair* person, while Jane and Lionella were coming in to cook and make suggestions, Sibyl had privately made up her mind. No, not a hotel. No, certainly not a modern house in the village. The gamekeeper's cottage was empty, had long been empty, needed repairing. The gamekeeper's cottage must be repaired and they would move into it. "But the books?" said Oliver. She had thought of that; while the house was being repaired, the gamekeeper's shed, large and airy because of the stink of former ferrets caged there, could be made over into a library. Part of her, the part which wrote poetry, had always wanted to live in the gamekeeper's cottage, solitary in the North Wood. And Long Verney could be let. Indeed, they would need to let it, to pay for the alterations to the gamekeeper's cottage. No part of Oliver wanted to write poetry, though he enjoyed reading it aloud. But he was fond of trees, he always carried a few acorns in his pocket; he had pleasant recollections of stopping for a cup of tea at the cottage after shooting partridges; it stood on a gravel soil, the only bit of gravel soil on the estate; it would be healthy (old Jennings never had a touch of rheumatism about him); he and Sibyl would still be living in a place of their own; altogether it was an excellent scheme, couldn't be bettered. And how much wiser to find a tenant instead of selling the old place. Less abrupt.

A tenant was found. He was a London man who had been told to live in the country for his health's sake. He made no bones about the rent. His references were impeccable; he seemed literate. He had a wife and a son. His name was Simpson.



THE swallows were gathering, the owls hooting in the first chilly nights, when Oliver and Sibyl settled into the gamekeeper's cottage, burrowing in as if for a hibernation. *The Gamekeeper's Cottage, Credon, near Dit-*



"We used to have a saying, 'Birds of a feather flock together,' but nowadays we call it 'polarization.'"

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tenham, Oxon. was on their new writing paper. Circulars addressed to Long Verney were redirected at the post office, and at first the old address stared through the new one, and as time went on grew inconspicuous, an appurtenance of envelopes. Long Verney was less than two miles away by road, and under a mile if one took the track through woods. But it lay in a hollow and even when the trees were bare could not be seen. On very still and frosty days an aigrette of smoke was visible. It was Sibyl who thought of it more frequently, because it was she who had dictated the move and so was more conscious of it. But in the main she thought of it as a stranger's house, since strangers were living in it.

"They sound quite awful," she said to Lionella Crew. "Quite awful." Her voice was tranquil.

"But haven't you seen them?" said Lionella.

"Oliver saw them. I don't suppose I ever shall. They don't go to church."

"But there they are living in your

grounds—or should I say you are living in theirs? Anyhow, the same grounds. Suppose you met them out walking?"

"They never walk. They're the sort of people who have to go everywhere in a car."

Oliver added that the Simpsons were not the sort of people one would meet in a wood. "No dogs," he added, explanatorily.

No dogs had been a stipulation in the lease, because of the frailty of the gilded Regency staircase. It was said at one time, quite untruly, that rows of slippers lay in the Long Verney hall, as in a mosque.

"I expect you are glad to be tucked in among your trees," said Lionella. "What a rough night it was!"

"It's a revolution! Rebel forces have overthrown the government!"

With their move, Oliver and Sibyl suddenly became a matter for public concern. It was as if they had been brought out into the light of day and revealed as much older, thinner, dimmer, than was supposed; as if Long Verney were an attic in which they had been stored—inventoried, known to be there, hereditary objects on their quiet way to becoming two more family portraits. They were also Oliver Furnival, J.P. and Rector's Warden, Mrs. Furnival, a member of the Parish Council, the Women's Institute, the Gardeners and Beekeepers Association; but they had been all this for so long that it passed unnoticed. Their son's death had briefly illuminated them but nobody wanted to stress it. Sibyl's accident made her momentarily notorious but nobody wanted to stress it. With the move to the gamekeeper's cottage they fell into the public domain; everybody was interested in them, well-wishing and helpful. The curator of the Dittenham Museum stored family papers; the rector's son hung their curtains; Rudge the postman transported Sibyl's house plants in the Royal Mail van; when Mrs. Veale, the charwoman, refused to follow Sibyl to the new house (she had been rejected by the Simpsons, who brought servants of their own, and she looked on this as a deliberate insult), five notables of the Women's Institute offered themselves as replacements. With so much assistance abounding, it had been quite difficult to carry out the move.

The encompassing trees gave a sense of shelter, but in reality their creaking boughs and swooping shadows emphasized the change from a low-lying house to one on a rise of ground. The New Year was blown in by a series of gales. Every house has its particular orchestra. The gamekeeper's cottage was full of drummings and fifings; it acknowledged every change in the wind's quarter. But it was sturdy and tightly built, the drummings and fifings, blusterings and rumblings were companionable and somehow animating.

"It's like being in Sicily," Sibyl commented.

"Sicily?"

"Yes, Sicily. You remember how our holidays in Sicily were like being in another world. It was so different one couldn't imagine being anywhere else."

"Yes, Sibyl, I believe you're right. It's certainly very pleasant being here. Here's another bastard." In his fine sloping calligraphy Oliver wrote: *July ye 7th. Job Hazzle inf. Base.* He was transcribing the Parish Registers, a winter occupation. With this he was combining a personal research into the prevalence of bastardy, which varied interestingly from decade to decade. He hoped to establish that bastards were more frequent in the Puritan epoch. Job Hazzle had not been baseborn in vain.

"1652? They're mounting up nicely, aren't they—poor little creature!" said Sibyl, reading over his shoulder. "I suppose he was one of the Hassalls. You know, that fat family at Lower Duckett."

The keen-sighted gaze of their small grey eyes directed on the parchment page was identical; identical the long straight noses, the narrow heads. They were first cousins, they might have been twins. It was an animal resemblance, as though they were dog and bitch out of the same litter. They shared with those comparable animals the expression of pedigree chasers and killers trained through centuries in obedience—now gentle, undestroying, and of limited intelligence.

"BUT don't you ever see them?" asked Sally Butcher.

"I saw the man," said her host. "He was quite unbelievable. Dead from the feet up. But a harmless old stick."

"I feel rather romantic about them," said Mrs. Simpson. "I hoped they'd call. They belong to that date, you know."

"Mother-of-pearl cardcases, engraved cards, two from the caller's husband, for the Mr. and the Mrs., and one from herself, stay for fifteen minutes," Sally Butcher supplied.

"Quite long enough," said Anthony Simpson.

"Why only one from her, Sally?" inquired her husband.

"Dames don't call on gents."

"Isn't Sally marvellous?" Nicky Butcher turned to Naomi Simpson. "I swear one day she'll write a book."

They were sitting in the Long Verney hall, now converted to a lounge. Sally gazed at the Regency staircase. " 'And did those feet'?" she said.

" 'In ancient time,' " Nicky Butcher finished. "I don't believe there's a poem in the English language Sally can't quote."

A car drove up. In came the Holbeins, exclaiming at the amplitude of the hearth, the linen-fold panelling, the distance from London.

But Naomi was fond of Penny Holbein, who had been kind when her second boy was found to be a Mongolian and had to be put away in a very special and exclusive institution. She lingered in the bedroom, explaining her rather romantic feeling about the Furnivals, her sense of having ousted them, her suspicion that they hadn't called because they had taken offense, her silly inability to make the first move. Did Penny think she could ask them to a meal?

"Not too easy." Penny cocked an eyebrow. "In their own house, you know. What about Anthony? Did he like them?"

"No."

"Well, then—"

Anthony put on a Monteverdi record. He still hadn't found the right music for Long Verney. So far, Handel had fitted in best—but Handel fits anywhere. A great deal of Chopin must have been played in the house at one time. But what house hasn't had Chopin played in it? It ought to be something more home-grown: Arne, perhaps. Best of all, maybe, the counterpart music of the Church of England: Greene, Pelham Humfrey, Battishill. He must find records; if there were none, commission some. He liked the house well enough to intend on a longer lease, so it would be worthwhile taking a little trouble. Music and finance were his interests. He had an exquisite ear for both. Oliver and Sibyl had a gramophone too, with records of Noël Coward and Duke Ellington.

IT was three months before Naomi could win Anthony's consent to an invitation to the Furnivals. It was a week before she could frame an invitation which would sound neighborly while acknowledging that she had never met them—the Long Verney daffodils afforded a link. When no answer came, her feeling that they were rather romantic intensified into a feeling that they had the poetry of the unobtainable. She would have left it there (unobtainables were what she normally expected) had she not learned from Jane Elphick that the Furnivals were at Amélie-les-Bains, where they had gone for a course of treatment for Sibyl's knee. Anthony had struck up a flirtation with Jane Elphick, so the second invitation was written with more confidence, the likelihood of Miss Elphick's company replacing daffodils. For the third man she had hopes of Basil, her creditable son. But the invitation was rejected, with the knee as a reason. "I never know from one day to another what it will let me do."

In actual fact, the knee was so much better that Sibyl was walking about much as usual. She was also writing poetry again, which the stiff knee had made impossible. She could only compose satisfactorily when curled up on her bed.

THE trees were heavy with summer, pigeons cooed all day, and a continuous mild buzz of insects filled the woods with a sound of piety. None of this was new to Oliver and Sibyl, but it was gratifying because it was familiar. Wild strawberries were plentiful in the North Wood because of the dryer soil.

"Not so many nightingales as there used to be," said Oliver. "We can thank Simpson for that."

"Horrid man! But why?"

"One of those companies he's a director of makes weed killer."

"He would. And that silly woman, that wife of his, wishing I could have seen the daffodils. Who told you about the weed killer?"

"Grigson. He's got a nephew who's a chartered accountant."

Here a little and there a little they were learning something about their tenants. Anthony Simpson was hand in glove with the Labour Party. He was not a Jew, but his wife was. They bought nothing locally, they had sent away old Jules the onion man. Their son drove through the village at a hundred miles an hour, wore bracelets, had been sent down from Cambridge for peddling cannabis. They filled the house with ballet dancers, opera singers, photographers, and intellectuals. They were never at home for two weeks running.

As Oliver said, it was a matter for thankfulness, for if they had been modest and tolerable, they might sooner or later have had to be accepted as acquaintances.

The atoning merit of the Simpsons was that they were so often away. This was ascertainably true, for Rudge, being the postman, could be relied on. Oliver and Sibyl consulted Rudge as they consulted their barometer, and shaped their walks accordingly. No Simpson had ever been seen in the woods, no Simpson was likely to be seen there. Even if seen, they need not be met. They were the sort of people who could be heard a mile off. But naturally, one preferred to walk with an easy mind, assured that no Simpsons would start up from behind a beech tree or out of a holly brake. It was the sultry end of summer. The gamekeeper's cottage got rather stuffy toward evening. If one sat reading indoors with open windows, sooner or later it grew too dark to read; when one turned on the light, moths and blundering cockchafers flew in.

"Shall we go for a stroll?"

When Rudge pointed to Set Fair, they strolled more extensively, going beyond the North Wood, following the track downhill, skirting the wet patch where the spring oozed up among rushes and meadowsweet and trickled away to join the River Thames. The spring was a boundary point. Beyond it the track wound through the remnants of Great-Grannie's ambition of an arboretum: startling occurrences of Wellingtonias, thujas, cork trees and evergreen oaks, monkey puzzles, Norway spruces, and Monterey pines. Oliver could just remember her, sitting in a Bath chair with her sketchbook, and her crow of laughter when he pointed out that she had drawn the Wellingtonia too tall. After the arboretum one came to the thickets of rhododendrons, still called the American Garden, and then the track ran into the drive and one saw the house. Sibyl's knee was so much better that she could walk as far as this and back again without feeling any the worse for it. It became a favorite walk—known so long that they seemed to be walking through themselves. They had no sense of trespass. Their woods. Their house. They had no sense of trespass when they came out into the drive and saw the house lit up within; only of trespassers, when they noticed the row of cars drawn up in front of it. They had started their walk later than usual because they wanted to walk by moonlight, and at first sight Oliver took the lighted windows to be reflecting the moon. But only a few of the upper windows shone; it was the row of ground-floor windows, the seven windows of the long drawing room, which were lit up.

"They must have come back. How odd of Rudge!"

"They can't have needed all those cars to come back in. It must be one of their parties."

"Funny kind of party. There's no one there."

For the windows were uncurtained and showed that the room was empty.

As they watched, they saw the color of the illumination change. The electric lights had been switched off. The room was illuminated by candles, glowed instead of shining, was mysterious and withdrawn.

"Come on," said Sibyl. "Since we're here, we'll see what's going on."

"A trifle undignified, perhaps?"

A poem had begun to flicker in Sibyl's mind and she wanted to make sure of it. "Come on."

They walked toward the house, made their way among the cars. The candlelight strengthened in the empty room. Apparently the Simpsons had respected its furnishings, except for adding more chairs and a grand piano. At one end, they had rigged up a low platform on which were four chairs and four music stands.

"Grigson said something about their being musical."

At that moment, people came laughing and talking into the room, sat down. Among them were several people the Furnivals knew; this, for some reason, made everything more improbable and dreamlike. A moment later, three men and a woman, three fiddlers and a cellist, came in, mounted the platform, poised their instruments, glanced at each other . . .

BAY DAYS

I

The clouds were doing unoriginal things
With grandeur yesterday, moving paintings
From here to there, slowly dispersing
Gangs of angels. Today there's nothing,
Nothing but a camera taking nothing.
Summer. Weather. Nothing could be clearer.
It is a perfect day, with no cloud cover.

II

The birds' gradual declension stops.
The darkness takes the longest time to darken.
Sums of stars add to the overhead.
A city of hunches thickens and grows thin,
Appears and disappears across the water,
Depending on the light's strange gift for hanging
Scenery. And then for taking it down.

III

Each night, the outlines of that city form
Films of the ideal, illuminations
Of crumpled battlements whose rising argot
Is faintly heard above the motorboats;
Here, the night philosophers break camp
Down to a single-minded tent of parting.
The fire's out. The animals are gone.

IV

Currents always running, gauged to light
And wind, the depths varying the colors:
A copper milky green, an ink-splash blue
Turned tinsel. A vain castle's sinking
Into its sewerage system. A particle of sail,
Hurrying to meet its particle of sun,
Shakes the whole slack surface into speed.

V

Decisive laboring: the composition
The rain was trying to compose this morning
On what the sun had glossed as marginalia.
References to happiness are obsolete
According to the gloomy view this evening,
Which says existence is the only share
Of joy that's ever in our ardent power.

VI

I tried today to make of the wild roses
An untimely bouquet. Opening, falling,
They never last long—in short, they're dying.
Now I am thinking of taking to drinking
Earlier than usual. Gin. And something.
A potion of petals. They're thorns by evening.
Wild roses in the trash can in the morning.

—Howard Moss

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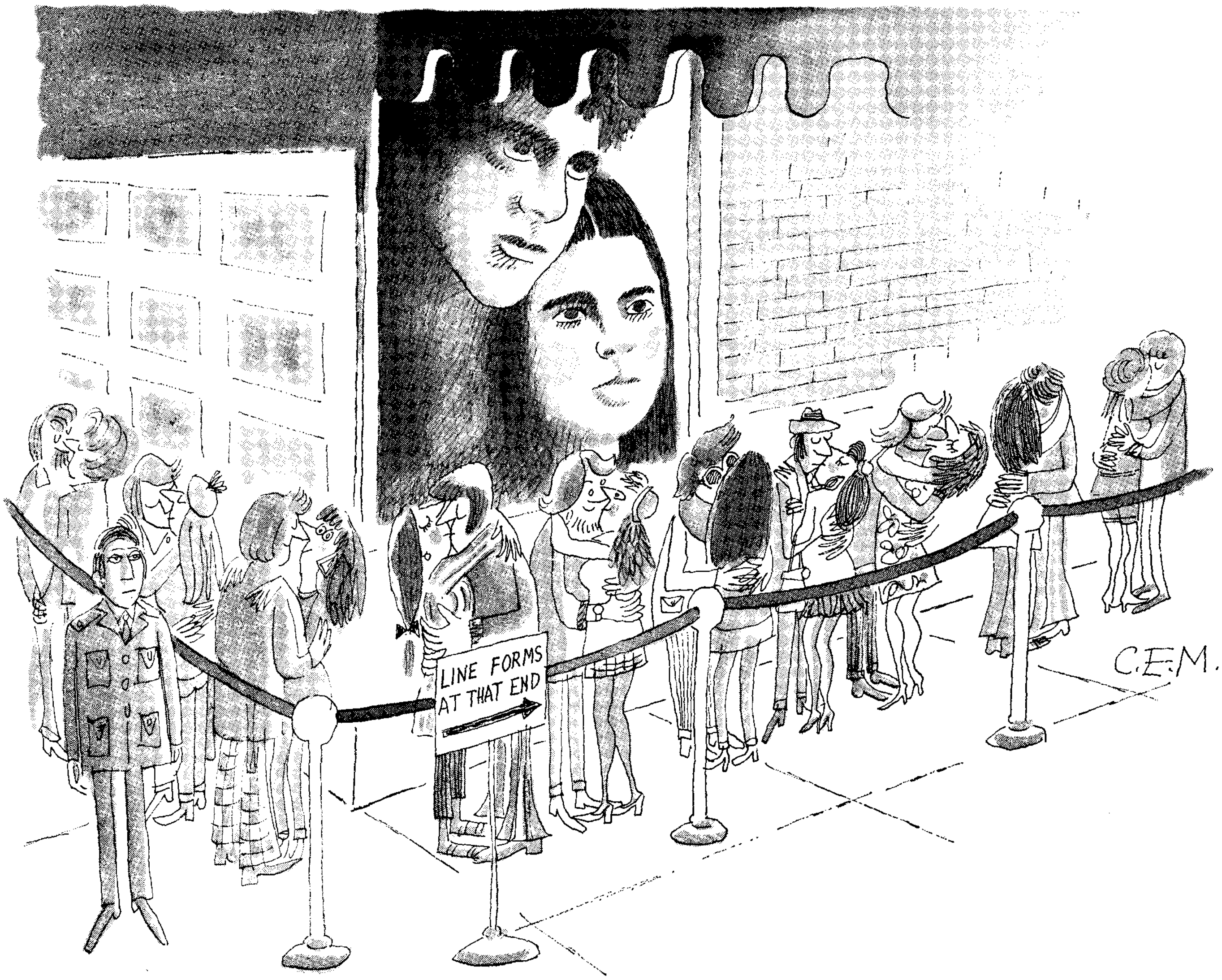

LINE FORMS AT THAT END
C.E.M.

• •

For it had dawned on Anthony Simpson that Haydn—who is always there, whom one always forgets—might be the solution. The few friends had been invited, Naomi's secretary rung up, and that evening he and Naomi had driven down from London, bringing the Maria Teresia Quartet with them.

All but one of the seven long windows had kept its original thin glass. None of them fitted very well, for in the course of time the woodwork had shrunk. Standing outside, Oliver and Sibyl could hear every note of the music. It seemed to be having a great many notes, though not saying much to the purpose with them. But the candlelit room and the listeners, all well attired and many of them young, made a pretty sight. Music to hear, thought Sibyl, but rejected it, as being Shakespeare.

> Music falls on listening faces
> As the rain on children falls,
> Wandering in woodland places
> Where . . .

Calls, sprawls, appalls? The music flourished like a wren and left off. The young man who had been sitting in the window seat, fidgeting, twisting himself round, got up and left the room. Knows his own mind, thought Oliver. The others sat on. The fiddlers did a little tuning, listening to their plucked strings like animals which hunt by ear.

"May I ask what you two are doing here?" The young man had come out of the house. His voice was loud and aggressive.

Oliver's was clear and cold. "We were listening to the music."

Jane Elphick leaped to her feet, threw open the nearest window, leaned out of it. "Basil! It's Mr. and Mrs. Furnival."

"Oh, oh, oh!" Moaning, stumbling over feet, without glancing at Anthony, Naomi ran from the room. After a pause, Anthony got up and followed her. Outside was Naomi, making a fool of herself, Basil scorning Naomi, the Furnivals looking like tramps.

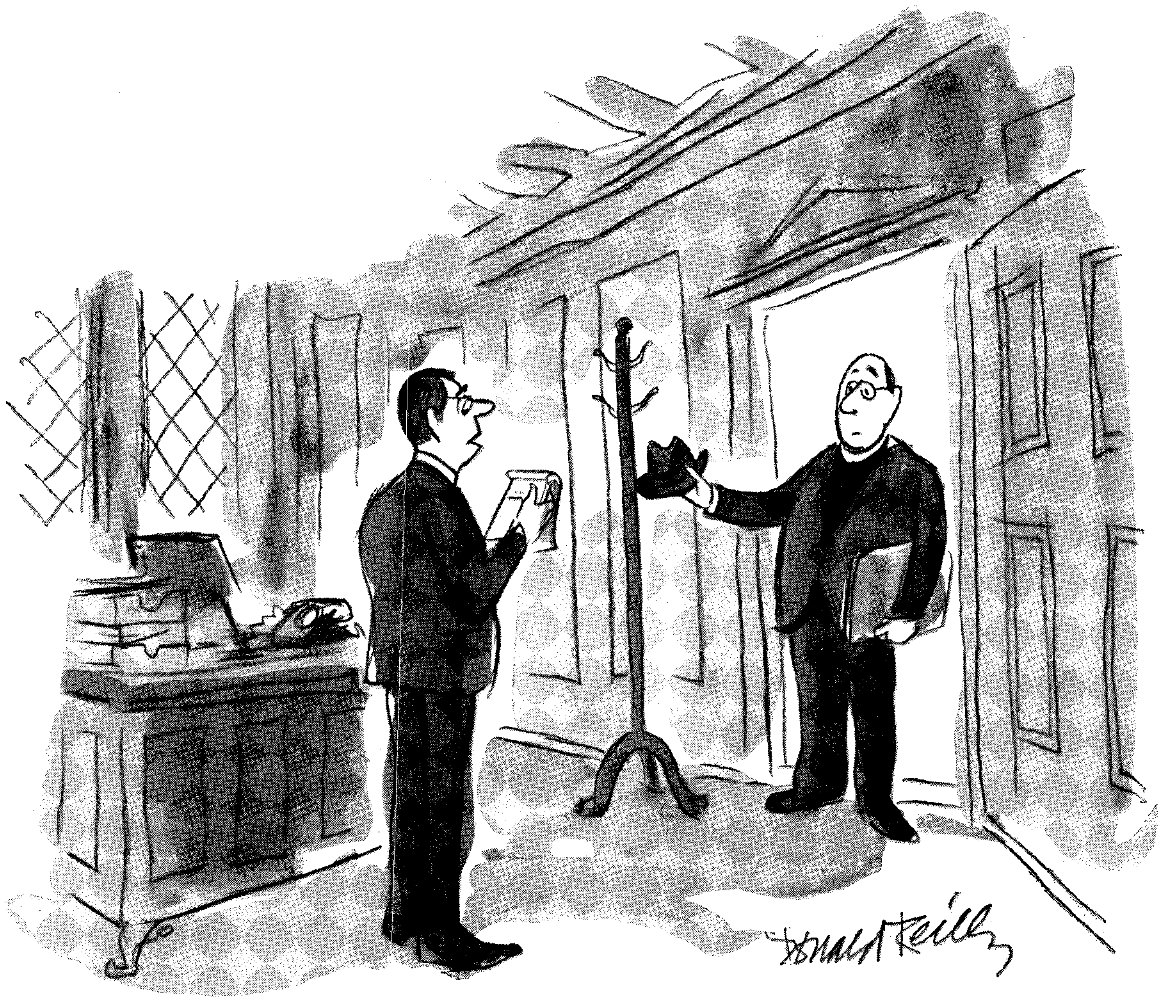
The musicians raised their bows, hesitated, decided to go on, for this was the sort of thing one expects from the rich, and began the minuet.

"I don't know what to say, I don't know how to apologize, I feel so disgraced, so upset, so terribly upset, so inhospitable. The very last thing in the world I wanted to happen. You see, it was all got up at a moment's notice, at the very last moment; otherwise of course I would have asked you—" On she went, making bad worse.

"The best thing you can do, Naomi," said her husband, "is to ask Mr. and Mrs. Furnival to come in for the rest of the quartet. Haydn. Your house is acoustically perfect, Furnival. Basil! Go to bed."

"Oh, will you, will you? Oh, please do! And please may I offer you something to warm you? Some vodka? A little soup? You must have got so cold, standing here."

There was nothing for it. With the poor woman in such a state and saddled with a husband who said "acoustically," they must be civil and go in. They went in, rejected the soup, drank the vodka. With all this going on, the Maria Teresia Quartet broke the minuet after its trio section



"Two messages, Father—the Bishop is quitting to get married and Sister Celeste needs ten thousand dollars' bail money."

• •

and sat looking at the music before them.

"It's painful, isn't it, hanging about in the dominant," Anthony remarked to Jane Elphick.

"Oh, do you think so?"

The musicians thought so and finished the minuet. There was some tentative applause, swelled by social agony into a brisk patter.

The players began the slow movement.

The Furnivals had been put side by side on a sofa. Cushions were offered them but were repudiated. They sat bolt upright in listening attitudes. Their long thin red hands were relaxed. Their long thin legs, too long for the height of the sofa, were sharply bent at the knee. Their shoes were muddy. Each wore a whitey-brown raincoat, identical except for the sexual differentiation of buttons. Sibyl had a handkerchief knotted under her chin, Oliver held an old tweed hat dangling between his knees. It had a few fishing flies stuck in the band.

Their feet, thought Naomi, their poor wet feet. They'll catch cold. They'll die. She could not take her compassionate gaze off them. They were aware of it but gave no sign that they were aware. If only she could put them to bed, run hot baths for them, pour in bath essence, warm her largest towels for them—they would need large towels, they were both so very tall. But it was impossible. They sat in their own house, listening to music, waiting for the music to end, identically dignified, impassive, and ridiculous. One can only hope they are enjoying the candles, thought Jane Elphick. They were church candles, made of beeswax, slow-burning, sweet-smelling, beyond the purse of any but the richest altar—and these Simpsons burned them like so many rushlights.

The slow movement farewelled itself. Oliver flicked a glance at Sibyl. The players attacked the allegro vivace. They're overdoing it, thought Anthony. His evening had been ruined; the joy with which he had listened to the first movement was irreparably past recall. What am I to say, what am I to say? thought Naomi, swept on in the allegro vivace as if in a millrace. And that— And that— Is that! It was finished.

Yes, this time it was really over. The company applauded, the players rose and bowed, everyone began to talk. The Furnivals got up. Sibyl turned to Naomi. "Thank you so much. It was delightful. Now we must be going."

It was the thing Naomi should have thought of and didn't think of. Anthony, however, had thought of it. "You must let me drive you back," he said—a trifle hastily, but he did not want Naomi flustering in. They demurred, then agreed. Anything rather than have a fuss.

Back in the gamekeeper's cottage they revived the fire with some fir cones, looked at the clock, were surprised that it was not later. The music had seemed as if it would go on forever. But the room looked lovely by candlelight.

"On the whole, Oliver, I'm quite glad we went. The music was far above my head and I never like vodka, but I enjoyed our walk and the room looked lovely."

"It didn't seem so cold as it used to, either. And we can't blame Rudge. If they took it into their heads to come back at a moment's notice, how was he to know? Loathsome boy, though. Their son, I suppose. I ought to have knocked him down."

"It's a reason for not seeing them again."

"True, Sibyl, true. How right you always are."

Immune from any consideration of awkwardness, innocent of harm, impermeably self-righteous, they went upstairs to bed.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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The core is dying, civil rights groups demand action, minorities border on rioting and financial requirements demand more from a revolting taxpayer.
—*Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.*

Watch your tongue!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: LAWYER, STATESMAN, AND GOLF NUT

THE other day, while my brain softened slowly to the consistency of an overripe cantaloupe, I sat in my living room and watched a daytime TV quiz program called "The Hollywood Squares." Toward the end of the program, a contestant was asked, "During his White House years, Abraham Lincoln often relaxed from the tensions of his job by playing golf. True or false?" The contestant, a curly-haired U.C.L.A. coed whose large, round, and totally blank eyes remarkably resembled those of Little Orphan Annie, thought for a moment and then agreed with one of the West Coast show-business celebrities who grace the program with their obscure presence that the answer was true.

"Uh-uh, it's false. Lincoln didn't go in for golf," said the quiz master of "The Hollywood Squares."

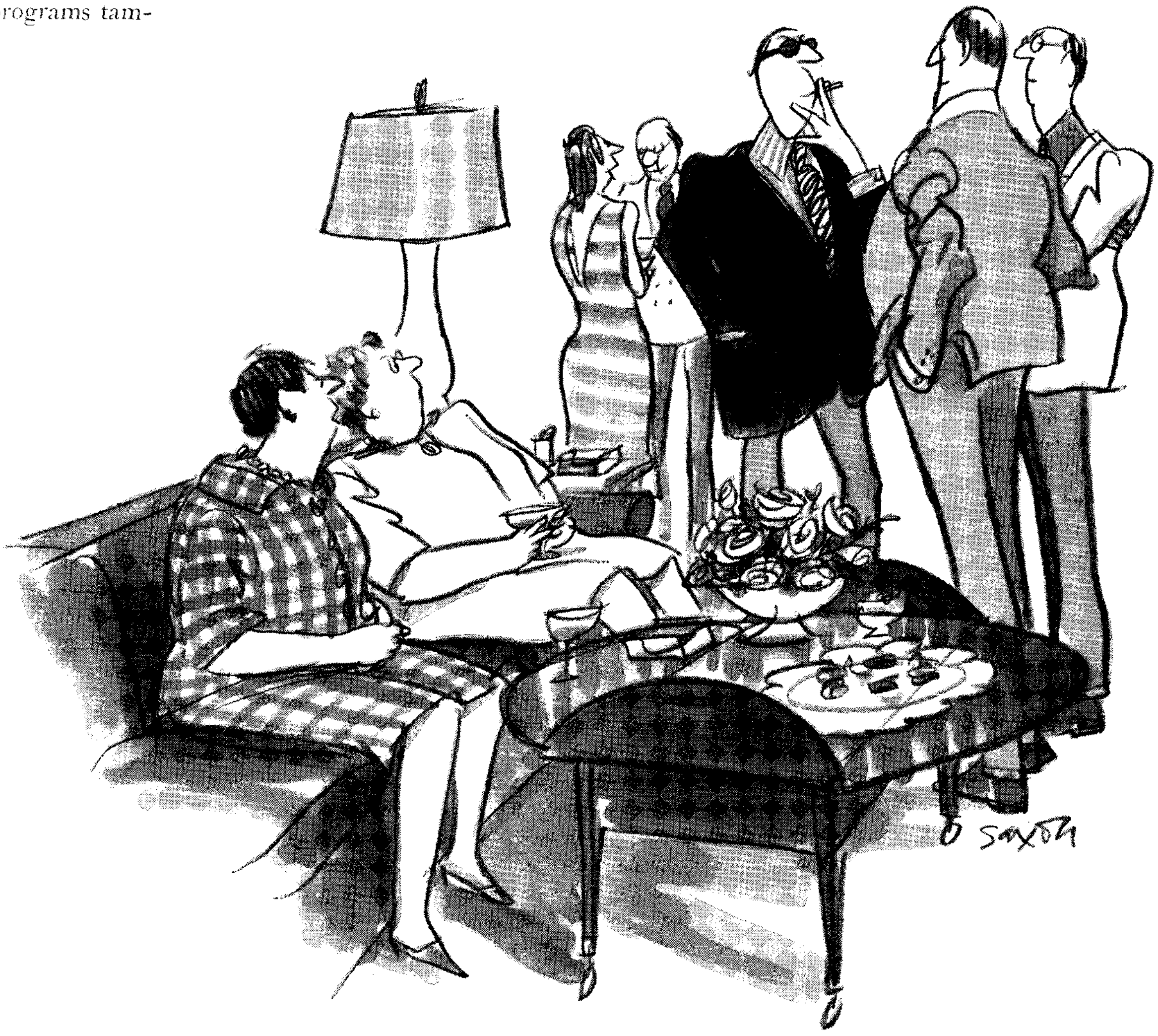
The coed giggled, and I got up and disgustedly switched off my Quasar color set.

Damnation, I thought, the blatant way in which TV quiz programs tamper with the truth almost amounts to a national disgrace. As every serious student of American history knows, Lincoln got out on the links at least five or six times a week. Pacing angrily back and forth about the room, I found myself pondering the paradox that, though Lincoln is said to be our most famous and beloved President, few Americans seem to know anything about the Great Emancipator, other than that he wore a beard, had something to do with the Civil War, and has his picture on five-dollar bills. Thus, in modest hopes of setting straight a few of the essential facts on Lincoln, especially in regard to his lifelong love of sports, I put forward this brief monograph.

TO take up matters at the point where "The Hollywood Squares" so egregiously erred, I don't think it is going too far to say that our sixteenth President was something of a golf nut. Even during the darkest days of the Civil War, scarcely a morning passed that Lincoln wasn't up at dawn to play eighteen holes before breakfast out at the Bull Run Country Club, which is today the site of the Jefferson Memorial. Early risers in Washington often spied him alone out on the course—a shawl drawn about his gaunt shoulders against the post-dawn chill, a stovepipe golf cap set at a sombre angle on the back of his head, his careworn face creased with worry as to whether or not he'd get around that morning within his eleven-stroke handicap. In further proof of Lincoln's enthusiasm for golf, history tells us that he had a nine-hole course specially built on the grounds of the Western White House, at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, to which he repaired on working vacations for a total of some four months out of each year.

I wish in no way to suggest, however, that the lanky chief executive was a golfer of championship calibre, for it is a well-known fact that, despite having taken countless lessons from some of the country's top pros, Lincoln was a hopeless duffer, especially off the tee. Out at Bull Run, for instance, he was forever hooking his drives into the Potomac River. On the other hand, his short game, especially when he turned to his 5-iron, equalled that of any President we've ever had, including Zachary Taylor. As for Lincoln's putting, no less an authority than Carl Sandburg wrote some years ago, "He was a dead shot on anything within two feet of the cup." Moreover, in August of the war-torn summer of 1862, when teamed with Salmon P. Palmer, then the leading money-winner on the tour, Lincoln and his professional partner placed second in the pro-am division of the John Wilkes Booth Desert Classic.

While Lincoln unquestionably lived and breathed for golf, I have some res-



"He keeps flying off in the dead of night to places like South Africa and Kuala Lumpur, but it must be all right, because he's with Standard Oil."

A BAPTIST CHURCH IN MAINE

My childhood's lame-duck Sundays: the bells toll "White,
White" on the June sky, blue as a robin's egg;
they summon to the voice
of God and Lester Figgot, unordained
back-country-road
spawner of sermons and children; his face
by ten o'clock sweats beneath its smile,
his fat hands suffer and bless
the cowed, anemic children who pile
with powdered and hair-slicked parents from old Fords
and Chevies (and Ben Crockett's '47
Kaiser, pink as a new ribbon).

The First Baptist Church
was the only straight way I'd get the word,
Grandfather said. After his stroke,
he sat propped up by the starch in his shirts,
unable to speak.

I wanted to touch
the bell ropes like braided tails;
at each pull,
a monster cow in the steeple
bellowed, her cry slopping over
the close hills and bouncing off the river;
but the bells belonged to the young Gordons,
their father a black-suited deacon
and used-car dealer;
each Sunday, they drove up in a new model.

Driving past at night, twenty years later,
I see how the off-white,
uninspiring spire to my Baptist moment
tries for heaven,
but falls short even of men;
no inner light will fire
this shallow, peeling monument
that gives up and sinks three inches each year,

with its people
backsliders as well, or seceded
to the suaver congregations of our shire town:
that progressive background
of two-car garages, chicken-in-the-basket picnics,

till the last Baptist hillbilly,
eyelids raw from whiskey,
shall appear for the rough hand, the chill immersion,
to find not even the rats at home—
to lie out all night on the moss-veined
doorstep, crying
for the misplaced, obsolescent damned.

—David Walker

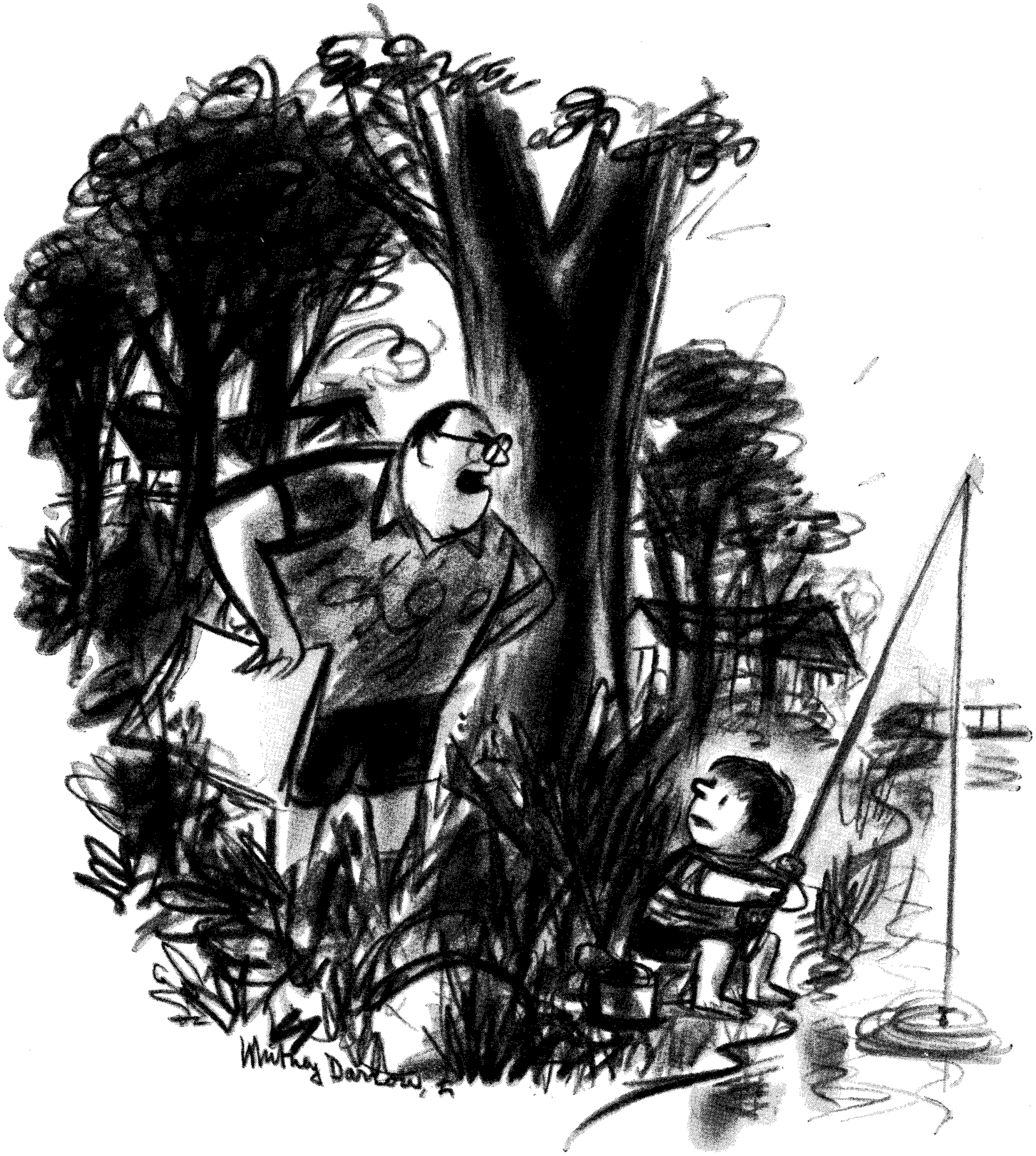
• •

ervations about Henry Steele Commager's theory that the President made his famous address at Gettysburg as brief as it was in order to get in a few holes on the Gettysburg public links later in the afternoon. Still, as Commager has pointed out, when Lincoln climbed down from the train at Gettysburg he was observed to be carrying a bag of clubs slung over his shoulder, and during the historic address itself, which he'd scrawled in pencil on the back of an old miniature-golf scorecard, it was reported that he absentmindedly swung a niblick back and forth in his right hand.

Golf, of course, was but one of several sports that the Great Emancipator enjoyed. As Charles A. and Mary R. Beard noted in "The Rise of American Civilization," Lincoln was a topnotch bowler, a more than capable handball player, and an avid water skier, who could often be seen skimming along the Potomac astern of the Presidential yacht, Merri-Tad. Aboard this same vessel, he frequently went deep-sea fishing and snorkeling on weekend cruises to Chesapeake Bay in the company of such beer-drinking cronies as Jay Gould and Secretary of War Edwin M. (Chi-Chi) Stanton. Also, and perhaps naturally for one of his height and ranginess, Lincoln in his youth was a stand-out basketball player, whose left-handed hook shot and aggressiveness off the backboards were legend around Springfield, Illinois; from 1837 to 1840, he led the semi-pro Springfield Celtics to four consecutive state championships. While in the White House, Lincoln had a backboard and net put up on the porte cochere of the East Wing and often of an afternoon killed time until the cocktail hour by playing one-on-one against friends like General McClellan and Walt Whitman.

Only a handful of Americans today seem to realize that Lincoln was also a red-hot baseball and football fan. Who can forget the famed Mathew Brady photograph of Lincoln that shows him throwing out the first baseball of the 1863 season, before the opening-day game at Julia Ward Howe Stadium between the Washington Senators and the Vicksburg Pilots (now the Milwaukee Brewers)? In those days, of course, the Washington Senators were actually members of the United States Senate, and that 1863 opener still stands in the record books as the longest opener in baseball history—a five-and-a-half-hour marathon that was won by the Senators in the bottom half of the twenty-second inning, when Andrew Johnson broke up a 4–4 tie by doubling to the right-field corner to score Thaddeus (Rabbit) Stevens from first base. And Lincoln, even though he was worried sick about his image (the latest Harris poll had shown that 67.8% of the American people disapproved of his beard), stayed on hand *for the entire game*—a fact that certainly puts the lie to the claim of such carping critics as Bruce Catton and Howard Cosell that he merely *pretended* to be a baseball fan in order to win votes from followers of what Arthur Daley has recently dubbed "the national pastime."

Lincoln's love of football is also a matter of historical record. On January 1, 1864, for example, when close to a half a million draft rioters massed outside of the White House, Lincoln coolly remained seated by a ticker-tape machine in the Blue Room, following the play-by-play progress of the Cotton Bowl Game, which, because of the war, was played that year in Elmira, New York. After Rice had defeated L.S.U., 56–7, Lincoln sent a congratulatory telegram to the Owls in their locker room as well as an invitation to



"Are you aware, sir, that you are infringing on my riparian rights?"

• •

a White House dinner in honor of America's grand old man of deep-sea fishing, Herman (Pop) Melville.

LIKE most Presidents, Lincoln found himself with a good deal of time on his hands during his White House years. Later, however, as the exigencies of winding down the Civil War deepened, he was forced to cut his golfing to three mornings per week and to give up handball and water skiing altogether. Nobly, almost pathetically, he tried to keep up by reading the sports pages and, at bedtime, the sporting memoirs of other great outdoorsy statesmen, including Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, and Ivan the Terrible (Part II). At almost every Washington banquet, ball, and cocktail party (he never permitted the Presidency to interfere with his busy social schedule), Lincoln could be seen off in a corner with his golfing cronies and other "he-men," where they swapped the latest scores and inside sports gossip.

It is perhaps proper to conclude here with the words spoken by President Lincoln on the evening of November 26, 1864, at a Georgetown stag dinner given by Secretary Stanton to celebrate General Sherman's march to the Augusta National Golf Course—words that still ring tellingly down the years. Raising his sixth Chivas Regal-and-water to the convivial assemblage, the Great Emancipator said, "If you can't play a sport, *be* one!"

—THOMAS MEEHAN

A WEEK'S JOURNAL

CRUISING SPEED—II

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3RD. I am on the road early, because I must be at the University of Bridgeport by 11 A.M. for a debate with Dick Gregory. I am concerned that Rowley's walker won't return him in time, but she does, and he goes straightway, excitedly, into the car. Bill (the driver who alternates with Jerry) has brought the mail from the office, and I resolve to work on it until we reach Westport, which will give me fifteen minutes to think about Dick Gregory. I wrote last week that there might well be imperative military reasons for the bombing strike in North Vietnam, and that certainly there had been no breach of our truce terms, inasmuch as the enemy's going to the negotiating table in Paris had not amounted, after thirty months, to anything more than their going to the negotiating table in Paris. "Dear Sir: You're not only a wordmonger but a warmonger as well. Only a totally insane person would recommend a continuation of the bombing and murdering of the N. Vietnamese, and I know you're not insane because you can use multi-syllable words. Why do you want to kill humans?? Sincerely . . ." I should *hope* sincerely. I scratch "na" on the letter, which means "not answered" and happens to only about ten per cent of my mail.

I arrive, as requested, at noon, and shake hands with a vaguely disconcerted committee, which passes along the rumor that bad weather may delay the flight of Dick Gregory, who is bound from Cleveland to Hartford, whence he will be driven to Bridgeport. I am whisked off to meet Dr. James Halsey, the chancellor, who is recovering from a heart attack and is permitted only today, after sixteen days' confinement, to receive a visitor—in the upstairs library at his home. He is proud of his Behemoth university (nine thousand students, having at the close of the Second World War registered only a few hundred). I go off to lunch with fifty or so deans, sponsors, and alumni while reports file in, each of them gloomier than the last, concerning the movements of Dick Gregory, and then, before the dessert is served, the chairman tells me that it has been arranged for a helicopter to meet Gregory at the airport in Hartford, but that even so he cannot be less than one hour late, leaving me with the burden of holding the attention of the crowd, which has come to witness a perfervid contest between a black revolutionary and an Ivy League conservative, and I experience the little ache that comes from knowing how infinitely disappointing it is to an audience to be deprived of the other member of a scheduled debate. (It has happened to me twice.) Would I undertake to deliver an address, about thirty minutes long, to be followed by questions from the floor until the arrival of Dick Gregory? The rule in such situations, which in variation often take place, is the obvious one: You agree to do what you can. I specify two conditions, the first that I be instantly relieved (we have not yet been served the dessert course) and given an office where I might put together a thirty-minute talk (I know that that will involve simply shortening one of my current speeches, but that it will take concentration); and (condition the second) that in the event the helicopter brings Dick Gregory in ahead of schedule—that is, before I am done with my thirty-minute talk—he be kept away from the gymnasium until I am finished. I know that if half or three-quarters of the way through an analytical talk Gregory were to stride in, I could not hope to hold the attention of the audience, and to extemporize an emergency ending, like the organist who suddenly interrupts the fugue to launch into the wedding march because she sees that the procession has started, would be psychologically incapacitating. Agreed. And a half hour later I am taken from the study in which I have been isolated, but the chairman discovers that he is fifteen minutes early. (It is very, very bad to arrive fifteen minutes early at the hall where you are to speak, because you are at that moment nervous, even irritable, and there isn't anything that you can do, or that can be done for you, to alleviate the tension: there isn't ever, anywhere, a little off-stage study where you can simply sit, and fuss with your notes or turn on the television or telephone your secretary.)

So we drive through the park, and I am shown several civic attractions, and then to the gym, teeming with four thousand students and, outside, a long line waiting for standing-room tickets. I walk in and there is the usual ripple of appreciation, diminished by the news, already in circulation, that Gregory will be late (somehow, by the workings of the public psychology, I am vaguely to blame, perhaps only because I will profiteer from his absence by making my points unchallenged), and, in due course, with the promise that my antagonist will soon arrive, I am turned on.

I try a truncated version of the talk I gave the night before, wondering whether I might just discover, in this new version, that it is better communicated short than long. Gymnasiums are tough. The acoustics are always bad, and vocal inflections are difficult. The real pro, sizing up the situation, will adjust his voice accordingly; I *cannot* do so, which is why years ago I instructed my agent to warn my hosts about the absolute necessity of providing me with a sensitive acoustical system—and they try, they always do, but it seldom works so as to make communicable, to all the corners of the auditorium, soft-stated rhetoric. We move on to the question period, everybody wondering anxiously, I foremost among them, when, when will Gregory arrive? Suddenly, the presence is made felt, before even he steps into the hall, and now there he is, a hundred yards away, exciting the audience as though Winston Churchill had walked in to answer a three-hour tirade by Clement Attlee. "In sharp contrast," the Bridgeport *Telegram* wrote the next day, "and leaving no doubt where the students' sympathy lay, a long and loud ovation accompanied the delayed entrance of Mr. Gregory, who wore a blue wide-lapelled, double-breasted blazer, dove-gray bell-bottom pants, a thick beard, and close-cropped hair." The applause deafening, he reaches the dais and leans over gracefully to greet me—our first meeting since he was my guest-adversary on "Firing Line" four years ago. "How are you, brother," he shakes my hand, vaulting over me in an uninterrupted motion to occupy his seat pending the hurried introduction of him, after which he bounds up to the microphone, holding it lovingly, professionally, at the indicated level. ("In perhaps intentional contrast to

Mr. Buckley's urban sophistication and aristocratic tones, Mr. Gregory came on with easy, tough assurance, using earthy humor and the artless language of the streets. 'Black folks have put a lot of hope in the U.S. Constitution,' he said, 'but it never done 'em any good. We never had a free society in America,' he maintained, 'and this was the one country where they laid foundations for a free society. Welfare? Don't tell me about welfare. The tax breaks for rich people: that's welfare in this country. I didn't start being on relief until I started making big money and paying for nothing. Rich people can write off their meals. Poor people can't,' he said. Almost every remark Mr. Gregory made was followed by cheers, shouts of 'Right on, brother!' from groups of blacks, and applause.")

The theme of the debate was "Revolution or Evolution?" and concerning the depressing state of affairs in America Mr. Gregory was strictly nonpartisan, indicting Republicans and Democrats alike.

> "I hear a lot of people talking about revolution and repression these days [the extraordinarily accurate newspaper report went on]. They blame Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell for the repression. Well, you can blame those three for a lot of things, but repression is not one of them. If you want to find who to put the blame on for repression, it's *you*," he said pointing a finger at the audience. "LBJ would have brought repression down on you, if you tried revolution; Kennedy would have brought repression down, too. You must understand that repression does more harm to the repressor than the repressed," he added. He compared the problems of this society to a teakettle that has begun to boil and whistle while the people in the room who had put it on the stove are too engrossed in a conversation to notice it. "Well so it goes 'Weeeeee!' and Mitchell, he's there in the corner, in the top bunk, and he doesn't like coffee anyhow, so he sends a couple of aides to plug the teakettle up," he went on, his features lighting up, the comedian now more to the fore than the activist. "And you don't hear no noise. For a couple of minutes," he pauses for a second. "That's repression," he concludes.... Using again another metaphor to illustrate the plight of American minorities, he said the civil rights problem is like a pregnancy. "America's pregnancy is just about over," he warned, "and when this baby is going to drop, it's going to drop, even if it means the death of the mother and the baby."

DAVID LANGDON

"I must say, Chilton, you're making me feel pretty guilty about house calls."

The program now requires the emptying of the gym (almost two hours have gone by) and the resumption of hostilities in a lounge into which only a few hundred students can fit, and thither we repair, to answer questions addressed alternately—one to Gregory, one to Buckley. At exactly four, I finish an answer by announcing that, as I have informed the chairman of the ceremonies, I simply have to leave.

The next day, writing a column about him, I say:

> It is sad to see Dick Gregory, the comedian turned evangelist, signing (along with Ossie Davis) a money-raising letter in behalf of the Black Panthers, so I was glad of the opportunity (recently, at the University of Bridgeport) to discover what exactly are his views on the Panthers, and for that matter on things in general, several years having gone by since I first came across him.
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> My attitude toward him may be colored by his having on one occasion leaned over and whispered to me [it was after the "Firing Line" taping] that he had advised his wife and friends that I was a "beautiful cat." I have aspired to many things, but was never so ambitious as to dream that I would be called that by Dick Gregory. In turn I told him how moving I had found his book, an autobiography titled—unfortunately, I think—"Nigger." And so we have proceeded to listen to one another: and what I hear is in one sense disheartening, in another sense not.
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> Mr. Gregory is a force in America. Particularly on the college campuses, where he comes on very strong, very strong indeed. He has spoken at 300 campuses during the last ten months, and is beginning now a tour of Canada, where he likes to begin by complimenting the audiences, which are so eager to think ill of America, on how well they treat their own Negroes. Big Applause. Then he says: "All 12 of them." [Gregory had told me this during the chairman's introduction, before we began the question period.] Gregory, as I say, is a professional comedian, with a comedian's sense of timing, and although he nowadays does only one or two nightclub appearances per year he keeps in shape, he tells me, by working up a good roll (as they say in vaudeville) for the first 15 minutes of his speeches. The jokes are highly political, tendentious, like the ones that made Mort Sahl famous. There are (generally speaking) three classes of enemies. The Southerner, the rich man, and the bureaucrat. It is Mr. Gregory's contention that America is run for the benefit of the rich man, an interesting point and, if so, a large chapter in the history of masochism, inasmuch as the very rich are taxed at the rate of 77 cents on the dollar.
>
> On the matter of the Black Panthers Mr. Gregory was very serious. What he said was that the Black Panthers had come along, even as at different times in recent American history other groups had come along, beginning with the NAACP, through CORE, and SNCC. That the Black Panthers give special solace to a large number of Negroes who, were it not for the Panthers, would engage in violence. He gave as an example an hysterical woman who, although a stranger, reached him by telephone insisting that a white policeman was seeking her out, intending to gun her down. Gregory gave her the number of Black Panther Hq., and the BP's sent over a bodyguard. He stayed with the woman, who after two or three days quieted down.
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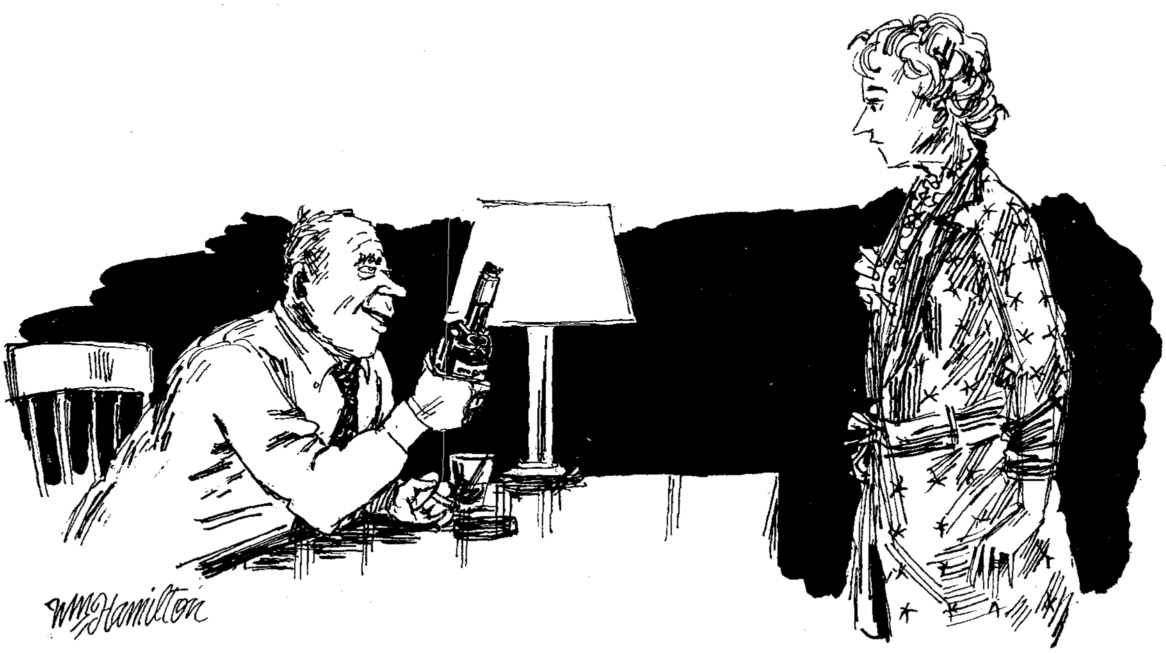
> I ventured that such a treatment of



"Remember back in '45 when I put this bottle away for some big moment? Well, tonight I've decided better a little moment than no moment at all."

• •

the Panthers is the current version of the cliché of the twenties, that after all Mussolini had made the trains run on time: that what is remarkable about the Panthers isn't the machismo of their sense of concern for their people but the poisonous rhetoric with which they seek to infect the interracial dialogue: the racism which Mr. Gregory, in other contexts, deplores.

Undoubtedly there are Negroes who believe so strongly that America is racist that they deduce from that reality the necessity to hate the white race. Mr. Gregory informed the audience that two examples of our racism were (1) our incarceration of the Japanese population during the war, while leaving the Germans alone; and (2) our dropping of the atom bomb on Japanese, while refraining from doing any such thing against the Germans. I pointed out that the California Japanese were removed because there was panic (unjustified) over the prospect of Japanese landings on the coast of California, and that after all the same man who superintended the operation, Earl Warren, twelve years later ordered the integration of the schools, and can hardly be thought of as a racist; and that we could hardly have used the atom bomb on Germany, inasmuch as we didn't have one until after the Germans were licked; and that anyway, we had killed five times as many Germans in raids on Dresden as we did Japanese at Hiroshima. Mr. Gregory smiled and, who knows, listened: and if he reads these words, I wish him to know that they come from a well-wisher who, to be sure, wishes he'd get his facts straight, and give the BP's a wide berth.

We arrive from Bridgeport at Thirty-seventh Street, my brother's offices; Jim is there, wrapping things up (or maybe he is dictating political matter, I don't think to ask), but my appointment is with Dean Reasoner, a partner in the family company and its principal lawyer, whom I had asked to meet with Peter Starr and me, in anticipation of a board meeting of the Starr Broadcasting Group, Inc., the next day.

Peter is the president and I am the chairman of the board. Peter was born on Pearl Harbor day, came to work for me at age twelve as cabin boy and crew on my sailboat, and worked for me every summer thereafter until, on graduating from Georgetown, he took a job as assistant salesman for the little radio station *National Review* had bought in Omaha, Nebraska, on which we managed to lose money, even though we had intended that it should make up the losses incurred by the magazine. Within five months, Peter persuaded me with a battery of letters analyzing the operation of the station to make him manager, the youngest, it transpired, in the country. A few months later, he announced (at age twenty-three) that he intended to buy a station in South Dakota, on his own, in the event that *National Review* did not want to buy it. The directors voted there and then, in the light of their unhappy experience with Omaha, to divest themselves of Omaha; and Peter and I together borrowed the money to buy it and South Dakota. Two years later, our corporation went public, at which point we also owned stations in Kansas City, Houston, Little Rock, New Orleans, and Memphis.

Dean Reasoner happily combines legal rectitude with superhuman ingenuity, and we give him now what to others would be a circle-squaring problem—namely, how to accomplish x without diminishing the rights of y. In his measured way, he nudges us in the right direction. He has the faculty, where legal problems are concerned, of releasing, say every fifteen minutes or so, a gossamer blanket over your impetuosities. You wrestle under it, finally poking your head through, at which point he lets drop the next one; and you repeat the process. Four or five layers later, you have reached the surface. The technique is to face the one complexity at a time, and he is skilled at withholding the incremental complexity, so that by the time it comes you are refreshed and ready to crack it. An hour or two of this kind of thing and you are airborne, by contrast with the quicksand into which so many lawyers solemnly and exultantly plunge you when you approach them with your problems.

Peter and I leave Thirty-seventh Street and move with palindromic assurance to Seventy-third Street. We have dinner with Pat, in the lovely little red-orange library she created, where we hang the irresistible portrait of Carmen de Lavallade by her husband, Geoffrey Holder, her mulatto-made-primitive face cocked slightly, poignantly, eyes glancing down, a bouquet of flowers nestling in her hands; flanked on the right by Calliyannis's striking portrait of his fourteen-year-old son, in broad diagonal brushstrokes, Goya colors; and, opposite, a peaceful, endearing Corbellini, a dozen children watching a puppet show, inquisitively, shyly, suspensefully. In between, three by de Botton (my favorite): a guitar-player, his chord-hand in skeletal reds, blues, and oranges, as if his fingers had fused with the vibrant strings; an impression of Good Friday, with eerie browns and yellows; and an impression of the city of Toledo, seen at night, the orange shell small and central, a yellow, sullen moon, dark, mysterious browns—of all of my paintings, my favorite. We eat and talk, the phonograph plays harpsichord music, the portable table is covered with lace and candles (Pat does not Compromise), and Peter reverts to the joys and sorrows of the Starr Broadcasting Group. My family apart, I am as fond of Peter as of any human being. Indeed, I feel for him that special affection I reserve for anyone who has made me a million dollars. He is still in his twenties, and I can experience the excitement he feels at having created what he has created, and I envy him the convenient standard by which he can judge his successes—the balance sheet, so miserably unavailable to the influence merchants. After dinner, I make a determined move to my little study upstairs. I must spend a few hours reading over the material Aggie has got together for me, because tomorrow morning at nine I am to be at the Waldorf-Astoria in order to debate with Ramsey Clark before the annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. Poor manufacturers, what a day: Clark and me in the morning, Goldwater at lunch, Nixon at dinner. At 1 A.M., I tread softly into the bedroom and turn off Pat's television set, and she mumbles reproachfully that she is carefully listening to the eleven-o'clock news, which terminated one hour and thirty-five minutes ago, thank God. I wish the news were always over.

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CBarsotti

FRIDAY. At first it was ten o'clock, then nine o'clock, then would I be there for breakfast at eight? Frances told them I would be writing my column at eight, which is what I *should* have been doing at eight. Instead, I was reading the New York *Times*, by which I am enslaved, and so I get there at nine exactly, only to find, as so often is the case, that I could have got there at nine-thirty just as well. It is the fashion, after one definitely and firmly gives up lecturing—and only then—to write a valedictory essay of practical advice to lecture hosts. It was done (hilariously), twenty years ago, by Bernard DeVoto, and later by Dylan Thomas (also hilariously, except that he was not able to avoid, or else did not try to do so, the usual anti-American business). When I do mine, I shall suggest that a little room be set aside in which a host or a host's representative will padlock the speaker—to dispose of any anxiety about his whereabouts—and that ten seconds before he is required onstage, the room be unlocked. As it stands this morning, I am deposited in a public antechamber by a kind and attentive gentleman, and in due course Mr. Ramsey Clark is brought in, and I greet him. I had never met him—or even seen him on television—but last night I read reviews of his book "Crime in America" and one or two chapters from it. He is currently the principal human political enthusiasm of Dr. Robert Hutchins, who, it is reported, wants Clark to run for President, to be elected, and, one supposes, thereupon to enact Mr. Hutchins' new Constitution. Eric Sevareid comes in—he will be the moderator—and he is looking awful. He tells us he is suffering from the flu. Ushers, usherettes, and dignitaries flow back and forth, and eventually the hour strikes, and we are led out into the Grand Ballroom. The last time I was onstage there was a month ago, walking in behind Jim and his elated staff, the ballroom a madhouse, which finally quieted down long enough to hear his short victory statement. Then I *knew* he was dazed, because I heard my shy, modest brother uttering the words "I am the voice of the new politics." I teased him later by sending him, framed, the headline in the New York *Post* the day after the election—"BUCKLEY: 'I AM THE NEW POLITICS' "—getting back from him a winced note of pain at this lapidary record of what looked like a lapse into rodomontade. ("Who does Jimmy think he is?" I had scrawled over the headline, to my sister Priscilla. "La nouvelle politique, c'est goddam well moi!" Thus showing that Jim must *never* trade vainglories with me.)

We sit down, and Eric Sevareid delivers introductory remarks, lengthy, wise, moderate, elegant—he is a very good writer—on the theme "Dissent Within a Lawful Society." He introduces Ramsey Clark, who begins his fifteen-minute statement. One observes *very* intently an unknown speaker with whom one is debating, not unlike—I cannot resist the analogy—the matador observing the bull: his approach to the subject of course, his command of the subject, the character of his appeal to the audience, or to one part of the audience; and, very closely, one looks for his particular *querencia*, which is the Spanish word, so useful, for the area, quite arbitrary, that every bull chooses, toward which, when wounded, he returns, to make his last stand. Clark's is the epistemological liberalism of John Stuart Mill, the notion that as long as any dissent exists it is unsafe to assume that a society has got to the truth of a question. I have fought in that *querencia* often enough, and am familiar with defensive and offensive techniques. Clark is at once homespun and mellifluous, and, every now and then, just a little grandiose; for example, "Dissent has been the principal catalyst in the alchemy of truth," which sentence, substituting, as it does, "in the alchemy of" for the simpler "of," suffers not only from straitened grandiloquence but from an edgy syntactical ineptitude, because if he was determined to use "in the alchemy of," he should have said "in the alchemy of truth-seeking," right? On the homespun front, he asks, "Why was Roger Bacon called the 'father of science'? We remember the story. [That is good oratorical practice, flattering the ignorant and admitting the learned into one's company.] He was in the monastery; they were writing a new encyclopedia. The question was the number of teeth in a horse's mouth; a bitter debate went on for several days, and there were three theories—thirty-two, thirty-four, and thirty-seven. Everybody had firm documentation for his position. Some went back to St. Augustine, some to various papal encyclicals. Roger Bacon, not a particularly energetic person and somewhat of a dreamer, was looking out the window, and he saw a horse, and had the temerity to suggest that they go count the number of teeth in the horse's mouth—and that, of course, is the day that he was excommunicated from the Church, and that is why he is called the 'father of science,' because he would seek the truth." I did not recall that Bacon had ever been in a monastery, doubted strongly that he was ever a Catholic, was under the impression that no encyclopedia was ventured until the century after his death, and knew very well that he was the greatest establishmentarian toady of his time, but wasn't sure enough of myself, so I didn't make a note to challenge Clark on the point—and anyway, he who lives off the exposure of sciolism will die from the exposure of sciolism. (I was never in my life luckier for having indulged my prudent instincts. I engaged family and friends with the hilarious biographical solecisms of Ramsey Clark while writing these notes, and then—and I simply cannot account for the cause—suddenly, at about four o'clock one morning, I woke up, and the only reason I did so was that Mother Providence was knocking insistently on my door. And the message was: He said *Roger* Bacon, ass, not *Francis* Bacon. Great God! How close I came!) Clark's general approach harmonizes with the Greening Impulse of Charles Reich: "Do you really understand how taxi-drivers feel?" And, again, the formal democratic epistemology of J. S. Mill: "If the idea is wrong, is there any better way to demonstrate it than to really expose it? Is there any better way to make it more dangerous than to repress it?" And the people-to-people peroration: "If we give people the opportunity to speak, then their emotions cannot overflow. If we listen, if we try to learn, if we point out the error of their ways, if there is such error, if we aren't afraid to hear another point of view—and, if we are, we will never meet the challenge of today and tomorrow. To me, the First Amendment is more than a thing that talks about free speech, saying you've got to tolerate the point of view of others; it speaks of the spirit of humanity, the right to think, to be let alone, to breathe, to speak and assemble, and to pray. And, if we don't insist on that for all of our people, we won't have it for any. And, in the vastness of the changes with which we are confronted, we should never forget the words of John Kennedy: 'Those who make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable.' Thank you." Applause.

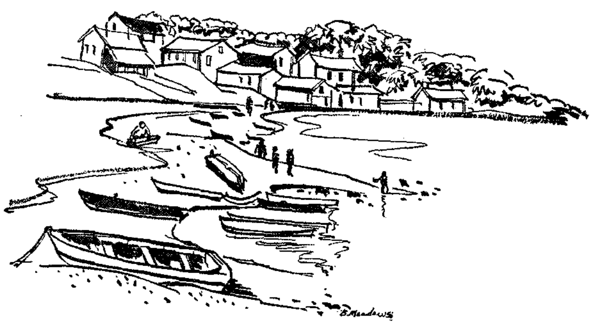
As he sits down, I decide to begin by poking a little fun, drawing on the public feud between Clark and J. Edgar Hoover, ventilated a couple of weeks ago in connection with the publication of Clark's book. What the hell, why not? "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; thank you, Mr. Jellyfish Clark, as he is called down in Washington." Most of the crowd recalls that Hoover said of Clark that as Attorney General he had been a "jellyfish." They are mildly amused, though a little nervous at this sudden rending of the petit-point sweetness. Important to pay Clark, therefore—and right away—his due, lest I needlessly estrange the audience, which I often do: "I do think that the most engaging thing about Mr. Clark is his transparent sincerity; *the most difficult thing* about Mr. Clark is his utter confusion. It is a rather beguiling confusion, because it issues not out of bad but out of very pure motives. He desires an improvement in the lot of man, and we must assume that the discussion today will not tend to divide those who desire such an improvement and those who desire to impede it."

And, with a few more preliminaries, on into the point:

> In his book, Mr. Clark seems always to be saying that that which would happen, were we to open up our ears and permit it to happen, would bring us into a kind of paradise the only alternative to which is the violent revolution with which, in his peroration, Mr. Clark threatened us. There are a lot of things wrong with that analysis. For one thing (and I don't think this is any clearer to Mr. Clark than it was to Oliver Wendell Holmes), what are the consequences of his own epistemology? He says that the principal catalyst—that dissent is the principal catalyst in the alchemy of truth. But I think he would find it very embarrassing if asked to define what "truth" is, or what are the consequences of happening upon it. Surely, if alchemy is an appropriate metaphor to use when you talk about truth, it means that, after you have experienced this dissent, after you have worked your way towards the discovery of truth, you've [finally] got hold of something. What is the point of discovering truth unless you face the logical consequences of branding its opposite as "error"? And if, in fact, you are permitted to acknowledge that something is "error," what do you do about the voices that proclaim error? What is the purpose of seeking truth, if not acting on it? It would be preposterous for America to suggest we have discovered all truths. But it would be ungrateful to suggest we have not discovered some of them. People have died for those truths that we have happened upon in the American experience, and [others] are prepared to die for them once again.

I go on to say that unless dissent is defined so as to exclude, for instance, the prescriptions of such as William Kunstler, dissent will itself be dishonored, and, in the ensuing public confusion, tyranny will threaten. I offer an example of the current confusion:

> I was asked, recently, at Rochester University, what concrete steps I might propose to help the judicial system [along], and I said, "Disbar Kunstler." Mr. Kunstler, who shared the platform with me, was displeased. And I was, of course, roundly booed, and my response was "Don't—don't boo *me*. Boo the rules of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York which admitted Mr. Kunstler to the practice of the law. Either disband those canons, or apply them." And then I read just two or three sentences from Mr. Kunstler's interview in *Playboy* magazine, published the day before. He said, "It is the role of the American left to resist rather than merely protest: to resist illegitimate authority. . . ." "What did you mean," said the [*Playboy*] questioner, "by illegitimate authority?" He [Kunstler] named the authority that ordains the draft, the payment of taxes to support the war in Vietnam, "the domestic and foreign policies of a government that crushes people on every level"—all the things in this society that "tend to degrade and destroy people." Mr. Kunstler was then asked how, specifically, one should go about breaking the law. Well, take the college situation. The students can take over their college by occupying its buildings, counselled counsellor Kunstler. Just plain occupying them? No.

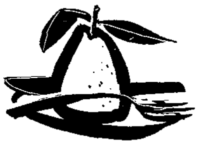


> The students should occupy the buildings pending the administration's capitulation. If the administration refuses to grant the student demands, they move one step further. "Another form resistance could take would be the burning down of a particular college building." [To be sure, after evacuating it.] "You condone arson?" Kunstler was asked. "Yes," said Kunstler. "If a point has been reached in a given situation where the mechanisms of society are not responding to serious grievances," then arson is an appropriate response.
>
> Speaking for myself [I go on, leaving Kunstler], I can count sixty-eight times during the period since my twenty-fifth birthday when, applying the Kunstler code, I would have felt compelled, personally, to put a torch to the White House. And of course Mr. Sevareid is quite right when he says that the Vietnam War is hardly responsible for it all. Mr. Kunstler says, "I would hate to think the war in Vietnam could be the only catalyst for resistance . . . there is so much more that remains to be resisted: the oppression of black people . . . poverty, the unequal distribution of wealth," and so forth. And yet, the Bar of the City of New York does nothing. . . . And such indecisions reach down through the vibrations of public life and affect the whole structure of authority and the whole gravity of the legal and philosophical codes that are the understructure of the society. We are losing even the force of public sanction.

Mr. Clark, in his rejoinder, says, "Well, there is some advantage in speaking second, isn't there? I have no *real* rebuttal, really. I feel this way—that, if I am transparent, I want to be transparent. It's very hard to see the truth. I enjoy the banter of engaging in personalities, but I really think this country has issues. If we are to solve them, we have to address ourselves to them. We can. But if we only engage in personalities we won't. [Polemically skillful. A form of paraleipsis. 'If *we only* engage in personalities': very effective.] I think we are going to have to look at dissent for what it is, and try to understand it." Applause.

A few questions from the floor, and it is over.

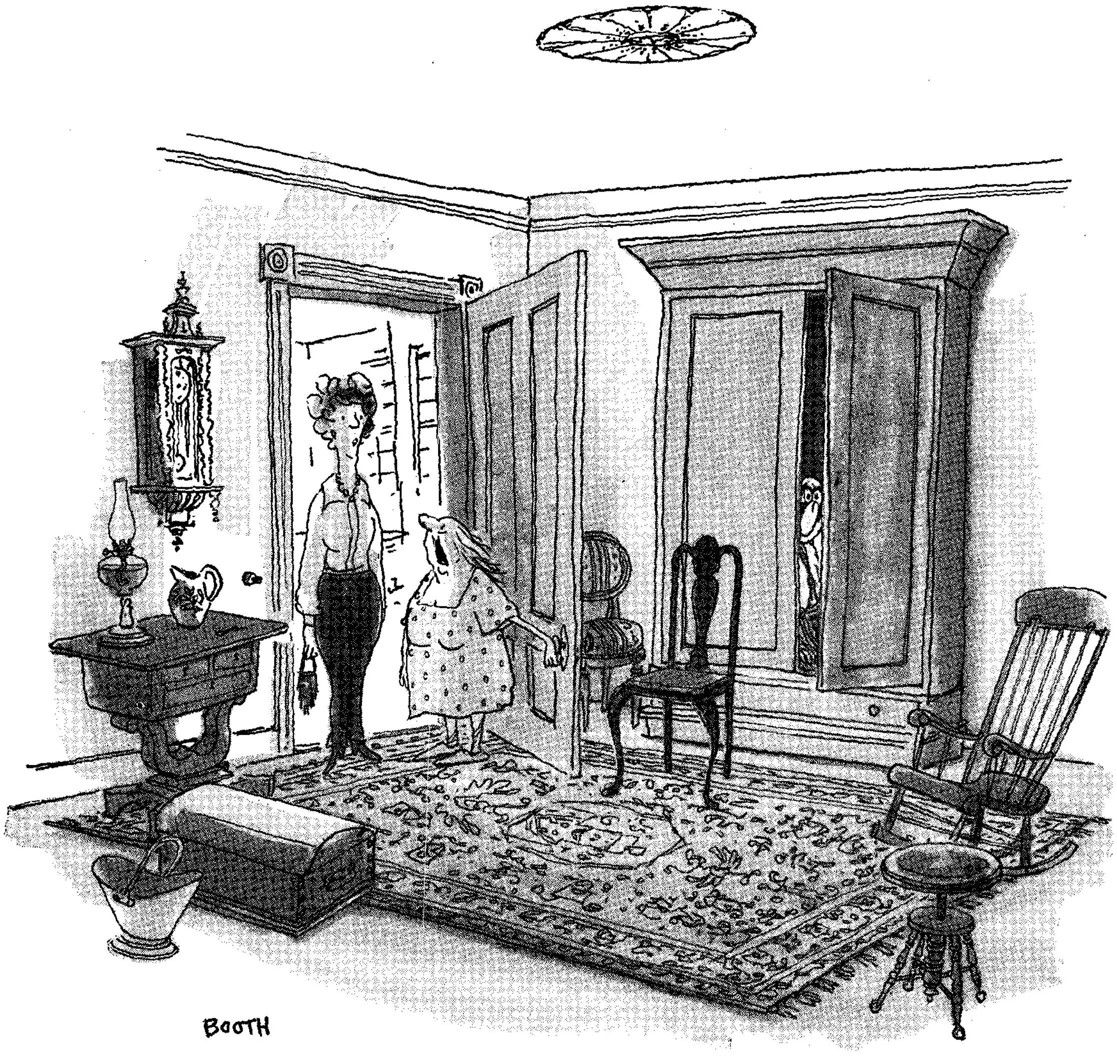
I leave the Waldorf and walk three blocks to the offices of the Washington Star Syndicate, in the Newsweek Building. I go there to write my column maybe six or seven times a year, when I (a) am in New York, and (b) recognize that I cannot postpone by even three minutes more the writing of my column. (The contract says something vague about delivering it in the morning. Actually, I can have it in as late as two in the afternoon and there is still time to stencil it, address it, stuff it into the envelopes, and get it to the post office by late afternoon; but today I have a one-fifteen lunch date.) I go there, too, because (c) there is the further attraction of Harry Elmlark in his lair. Harry is the nervous, extrovert president of the syndicate, who graduated from the University of Virginia many years ago and went during the Depression years into the syndicate business, working for the late George Matthew Adams. It was a small operation: a few comic strips, household-aid columns, and—Harry's most remunerative achievement—Father, then Monsignor, then Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Adams died in the early sixties. Lacking the capital to buy the syndicate himself, Harry agreed to sell it (and himself) to the Washington *Star*.



I say hello to the small staff—the editor, the secretary, the bookkeeper, the typist, the mail boy. Harry takes me into his office, tells me I am the highest-paid typist in the world, asks me what I intend to write about, gives me Frances's phone messages, produces a cup of coffee, describes triumphantly his morning's renegotiation with the Indianapolis *Star*, and moves noisily out of his office, even though I repeat my usual offer to write elsewhere. I make the phone calls, look at my watch, calculate that I must write without interruption, and resolve to write about Dick Gregory. Harry comes in after ten minutes and takes page one for the typist, and in a half hour it is over, there being no extra research that needs doing. (When I go to Harry's to write, I must write about something that has already been researched.) Harry tells me an anecdote or two as I put on my overcoat, asks what are the prospects for the Starr Broadcasting Group, in which he has invested, walks out with me to the elevator. We go down, stopping, it always seems, at a dozen *Newsweek* floors, the ladies and gentlemen of the staff, bound to and from their lunch, shuffling in and out. There is conversation, which I discourage, never having acquired the habit of treating an elevator like a city room, where anybody is free to talk resonantly, never mind that others can overhear. But Harry is oblivious of the other passengers and is perfectly capable of revealing a corporate intimacy in matter-of-fact tones, at conversational level, even as the elevator stops to allow in the eighteenth rider, and we crush together nose to nose. Looking down, I grunt my astringent responses as Harry goes on, while the elevator, SRO, listens silently, intently; and then the doors open. Harry finishes his story as we walk to the revolving door, we say goodbye, I spot my car a few yards away and step into it, making a pass at Rowley, who is sleeping in the front seat. Jerry drives me to Seventy-third Street, where, in one hour, the directors of the Starr Broadcasting Group will assemble. Meanwhile, the mail.

A haunting letter from Maryland about a lecture I gave a couple of weeks ago at the University of Maryland, the same campus that had conducted earlier this year an ugly strike during the Cambodian business. One of those letters I do not feel like answering right away, preferring to think about it, so, for the nonce, I merely acknowledge receiving it. It is from a young man named Herbert, a young teacher who also does graduate work. Along with Herbert's letter, another letter about the speech, from a young historian, who gives his impressions of the event, gently reinforcing my own opinion of my shortcomings as a public speaker:

> Arriving from Washington only half an hour before you were scheduled to appear, I found the hall outside the auditorium crammed with an overflow crowd. The interesting thing about them was not so much their number as their diversity. Few of them were cast in the mold of YAF [Young Americans for Freedom], but your name and personality had attracted hundreds of them, ideologically uncommitted or left-leaning, and there was a genuine air of expectation. They stood patiently in line and then, when it became obvious that there was no more room in the auditorium, filled the corridors of the Student Center to listen to you over the public address system.
>
> And they were really listening. I say this because I ended up in the midst of the great unwashed, and made a point of observing their reactions. It was the first time I have seen that many college students pay rapt attention to the unaccompanied spoken word in quite some time. What struck me about it was their obvious thirst for a coherent set of ideas and, even more important to them, ideals. Their own much-vaunted liberal "life-style" is devoid of both, and this is something they seemed to realize by their presence.
>
> Probably wisely, you kept the tone of your remarks rather low-key. No ostentatious exhorting of the faithful or calling to the colors. Yet I was left with the suspicion that a little more prodding might have turned an interesting evening into a real turning point for quite a few of them. [The old complaint: the failure of the exegete who does not deign—perhaps because he cannot?—to lead.]
>
> As it was, they were very impressed with William Buckley but he was still the exception to the rule for them—an exotic, interesting visitor from another world. You drew them in, captured their attention, and planted a few misgivings about government collectivism coupled with individual license. [I had delivered what I have here designated as my No. 2 speech.]



"All the pieces in this room are for sale except the chifforobe. The chifforobe is ***not*** *for sale."*

• •

But, for most of them, the whole thing will be put back into its "proper" perspective by faculty, friends, media, and intellectual pace-setters in the months ahead. Perhaps this is inevitable, but it does seem a damn shame, and one could wish that after you had made initial contact there were some kind of systematic follow-through beyond the sincere but necessarily limited efforts of local YAF chapters. Whether there is anything more you could have done I do not know. As conservatives I suppose we share a distaste for appeals based on emotionalism. But I am more and more convinced that underlying any deep commitment to conservatism, there is an element of passionate belief (I happen to associate it with certain spiritual values too—hence my revulsion for the Ayn Rand brigade). Can this *feeling* for basic values be articulated before a large, mixed group? I am uncertain, but it has been this sort of shared emotional commitment, admittedly wan at times, that has kept Western civilization going, but seems to be guttering at the moment.

My misgivings were reinforced by a conversation I had with a local YAFer whom I knew from membership in a military history group a few years back. He is now a sophomore at Maryland and, being a student, and about six years my junior, could paint a clearer picture of student life today. The dimensions of the drug situation (he told me that everyone in his dorm was able to buy any type of hard or soft drug they wanted, and usually *did*) seem to be cancerous. Since most of the people in this dorm were engineering and business majors, it is not just a problem with the flakier elements in the philosophy and literature departments. Both authorities and parents are either ignorant of the mess or unwilling to recognize its existence. All very somber.

Still, it was a most interesting evening, and after returning home and putting Handel's ***Messiah*** on, while adding the finishing touches to a Revolutionary War piece for ***History Today***, some of the uneasiness dispersed.

I acknowledge the letter, and go down: Peter Starr and the directors are here.

We have business to transact, a lot of legal this-and-that to pass over, and one or two questions to discuss concerning prospective remuneration for directors, several of whom travel great distances for the board meetings and do the homework hard. They attend because they were, somewhere along the line, caught by the ray of Peter's excitement, and they throb with the energy of the management and want to be in on it. We are acquiring a television station in Virginia, five million dollars, an intricate financing in a seasick market, the banks and insurance companies and the personal underwriters at last lined up, as also the S.E.C., the F.C.C., Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., and, it would not surprise me to hear, the New York *Times*. It is a long meeting, and finally, at seven, I offer them drinks, and they prepare to fan back across the country. At seven-thirty, I go up to dress. Because Pat and I will have dinner with Rosalyn Tureck.

I hadn't seen Rosalyn, to talk to, since the "Firing Line" broadcast. She had invited me (always by hand, always delivered by messenger to Seventy-third) to dine with her after each one of her three concerts, but I had declined, because I had guests at all three whom I wouldn't have ditched, and because I was uncomfortable at the prospect of dining with a superstar after a strenuous performance: What can you talk about? In Rosalyn's case, safely, about the magnificence of her performance. But, after that, one drifts into other subjects, though feeling, somehow, that the great artist who has to listen to talk other than about her performance, while the applause still rings in the ear, is somehow let down. She gave a fourth date, and because it was she, and because we could not say no a fourth time, Pat and I resolved to break our rule, usually sacrosanct, that Friday nights we spend in the country.

She is there, at the Laurent, with three friends—an English painter, and her New York lawyer and his wife—and the evening proceeds rapturously. We talk about everything (except politics), dine wonderfully, everyone enjoying everyone, and Rosalyn tells me that the note I sent her likening Bach's E-Minor Partita to "King Lear" was right on, that she had played the partita a thousand times but always treated it with awe because she could not know what it would say to her this time around, even as "Lear" cannot be

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tuned by stroboscope. I mention that a professor of music history at Yale, rawboned, as tall as Kenneth Galbraith, shy but culturally cocksure, had whispered to me once that that partita was It, and that I had come to its mystery and majesty quickly, ardently, had heard it played a hundred times, but never better done than by her at the first of her series, which as a matter of fact was the truth, and she is glad, particularly because the *Times* had given perfunctory notice to her series. We glow together, and she asks her guests would we care for a liqueur, and I suggest we should have one at Seventy-third Street, wink noisily at Rosalyn, and suggest that, WHO KNOWS, the liqueur might just conceivably give her a hard case of cacoëthes piano-itis, she giggles her aristocratic warm giggle, leans over, and whispers that she will play me the saraband she knows I love, and I have to avoid Pat's horrified stare, because Pat thinks that to ask an artist casually to play for you is like asking Picasso to please come on home and do your portrait, and she thereupon turns the situation uproarious, as is her special skill, into a scenario wherein Rosalyn's lawyer is there and then to draw me up a bill, but Rosalyn and I just coo, and walk into the car. We get home, and I fetch the liqueurs, snapping shut conversational spontaneities, lest Rosalyn should lose her resolution, and nudge her quietly but decisively toward the piano. At which point, just as she sits down and pulls out that talismanic handkerchief, the fondling of which precedes the contact of her numinous fingers with the keyboard, Horrible Foo gets into the act by, I gather, sinking his fangs deep into the forearm of the painter, causing Pat to make all kinds of motions simultaneously—rushing to get blood plasma or whatever, remonstrating with Foo, persuading the lawyer that it is really unprofitable to sue dog owners, fetching extra brandy for the dazed painter—during all of which, or so Pat claims (oh, she would make a good story out of it), I am attempting to exact total silence from the room, so that Rosalyn might proceed; and in due course, Foo having been exiled, the tourniquet applied, the glasses filled, the excitement damped down, Rosalyn plays, and my cup runs over. I hope that on ending the saraband she will decide that she wants to play more and more and more. But she rises, whether because she does not *want* to play more or because she resists instinctively the an-evening-with-Gershwin-is-a-Gershwin-evening temptation I do not know. So there is general babble, and soon I find myself saying, Rosalyn, *I* shall play for *you.* I sit down, and stumble my way through the saraband from the *First* Partita, after which I breathlessly ask her if she is familiar with Anatole France's "Our Lady's Juggler." We laugh on, and after a while I invite Rosalyn to my upstairs study, sit her down, and play her, on my brand-new Sony, a recording of the "English Suites" done by her, and we adore it together. Then I put on another record, done by another artist, of the same music, and we wince together, in which we are joined, presently, by the painter, the lawyer and his wife, and my wife, all of us crowded into the little room. I make one more pass at Rosalyn, hoping to seduce her one more time to the piano, but this time I fail. We giggle down the staircase, collect the coats, and tuck our guests into Rosalyn's waiting limousine. A wonderful evening. Worth the hell Pat gives me, which is made tolerable only because, late though it is, vinous though our condition, I can still draw foggily on the resources of the debater, which I do by haughtily, and indeed just a *little* sadly, reminding her that Horrible Foo has, as, Catonically, I had always warned her he would, proved to be a wicked, wicked dog.

SATURDAY. Very unusual, a Saturday morning in New York. We sleep late, and send out for the New York *Times*, which is not delivered to Seventy-third on weekends. I make my way through it, without any sense of pressure, patting Foo ostentatiously under Pat's glare, and then to my study, and correspondence.

A gentleman from my home town of Stamford is cross, reacting against my defense of Jim which was written in the form of a letter to the New York *Post* a day or two before the election and attempted to answer the attack on him by Pete Hamill. On the whole, though, the letter is routine, except for the English bit ("You masquerade as an upper-class Englishman"). That comes up from time to time. I remember as a junior at Yale visiting in Omaha with my prospective brother-in-law Brent Bozell, whose home was there, and stopping at a roadside stand to buy a kite, only to find, when we attempted to fly it, that the package contained a mere fifty feet of string, which I thought unreasonable. So I drove back to the vender and made my complaint, in what I thought a perfectly straightforward way, to which the proprietress

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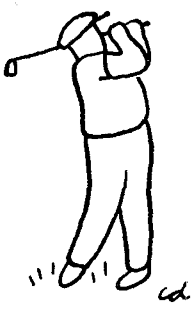
replied, "Why don't you get out of here, with your phony British accent?" I wish I had rolled off one of those nice squelchers that begin with "Madame," but I was simply flustered, to Brent's huge delight, and comforted myself that no one who *knew* England could confuse my "accent" with a British accent, although whatever it is that I do do when I speak is, apparently, slightly different. Yet here is a correspondent who has lived in England who thinks my elocution British. In the Army, at basic training in Georgia, I was simply thought of as Yankee, but, even so, I found myself worrying then, at age eighteen, about the possibility of affectation in speech, and I wonder now why it is that my sister Jane, immediately older, and Trish, immediately younger, are never reviled by kite venders or correspondents-at-large. We should have come out sounding alike; we had identical experience as children.

Two generations ago, Professor William Strunk, Jr., of Cornell was advising his student E. B. White to speak clearly—and to speak even *more* clearly if he did not know what he was saying. "He felt it was worse to be irresolute than to be wrong," White reminisces in his introduction to "The Elements of Style." "Why compound ignorance with inaudibility?" I remember, when I was growing up, sitting with my brothers and sisters at the dining-room table in Sharon and making those animal sounds which are understood only by children of the same age, who communicate primarily through inflection. One day, my father announced, after what must have been a singularly trying dinner, that exactly *four* years had gone by (hyperbole was his specialty) since he had been able to understand a *single* word uttered by any one of his ten children, and that the indicated solution was to send us *all* to England—"where they *respect* the English language and teach you to OPEN YOUR MOUTHS." We put this down as one of Father's periodic aberrations until, six weeks later, the entire younger half of the family found itself on an ocean liner headed for English boarding schools.



Mumbling was one of my father's lifelong complaints, and he demanded of his children, but never got, unconditional surrender. He once wrote to the headmistress of the Ethel Walker School, "I have intended for some time to write or speak to you about Maureen's speech. She does not speak distinctly and has a tendency, in beginning a sentence, to utter any number of words almost simultaneously. Anything the school can do to improve this condition would be greatly appreciated by us. I have always had a feeling [here Father was *really* laying it on, for the benefit of his children, all of whom received copies of his letter] that there was some physical obstruction that caused this, but doctors say there is not."

Frustrated by the advent of the Second World War and the necessity of recalling his children from England before they had learned completely to OPEN THEIR MOUTHS, my father hired an elocution teacher and scheduled two hours of classes every afternoon. She greeted her resentful students (it was during *summer vacation!*) at the initial class with the announcement that her elocution was so precise, and her breathing technique so highly developed, that anyone sitting in the top row of the balcony at Carnegie Hall could easily hear her softest whisper uttered onstage. Like a trained chorus—sitting a few feet away—we reacted: "What did you say? Speak up!" WE DID NOT GET ON. But, after a while, I guess we did start to OPEN OUR MOUTHS.

But all that is to sidestep the animadversion of my correspondent, whose complaint isn't against elocutionary clarity but against a pseudo-English pronunciation. Or are they, in some people's minds, fused? Anyway, John Kennedy, with his very, very broad "a"s, diminished the utility of "an English accent" used as a pejorative. It happens to be true that I learned to speak English in England, six years before Father sent us back there for more of the same. In 1932, my father moved his family from Paris to London. I arrived, age seven, speaking only Spanish and a little French. But the tribal instinct quickly took hold, and I felt ashamed. I remember that the very first sentences I was rehearsed in at Blessed Sir (now St.) Thomas More's grammar school in London, were "Oh, Toby, don't roll on the road!" and "How *now*, brown *cow!*"—the mimicry of my earnest rendering of which, in a morganatic blend of low Spanish and high English, greatly amused my older brothers and sisters, and greatly pained me. Very soon after, we were back in Connecticut, and I strained to speak like Mortimer Snerd, so as to disguise from my friends the ignominy of my foreign experiences. The fashion is to comment on the hauteur of my diction. "After a late-show television appearance, an

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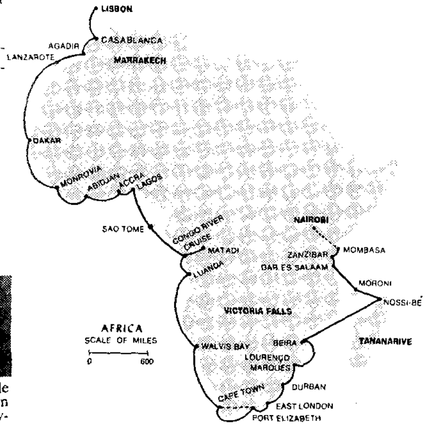

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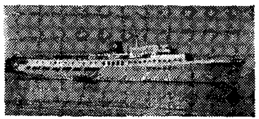

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emcee may importune [David] Frye to reveal the man inside, and he always retreats into an impersonation," a current magazine story reports. "The eyes brighten and he becomes a serenely confident William F. Buckley, Jr., darting out his tongue and wheeling his eyes and speaking in that tone of exquisite aristocratic dismay: 'Ahh, Mayor Daley is, of course, the kind of guy I'd be proud, ahh, to call Daddy.' Frye comes over perfectly as Buckley, and in the general delight generated by this fast act the search for the real Frye is forgotten." To say nothing of the real Buckley.

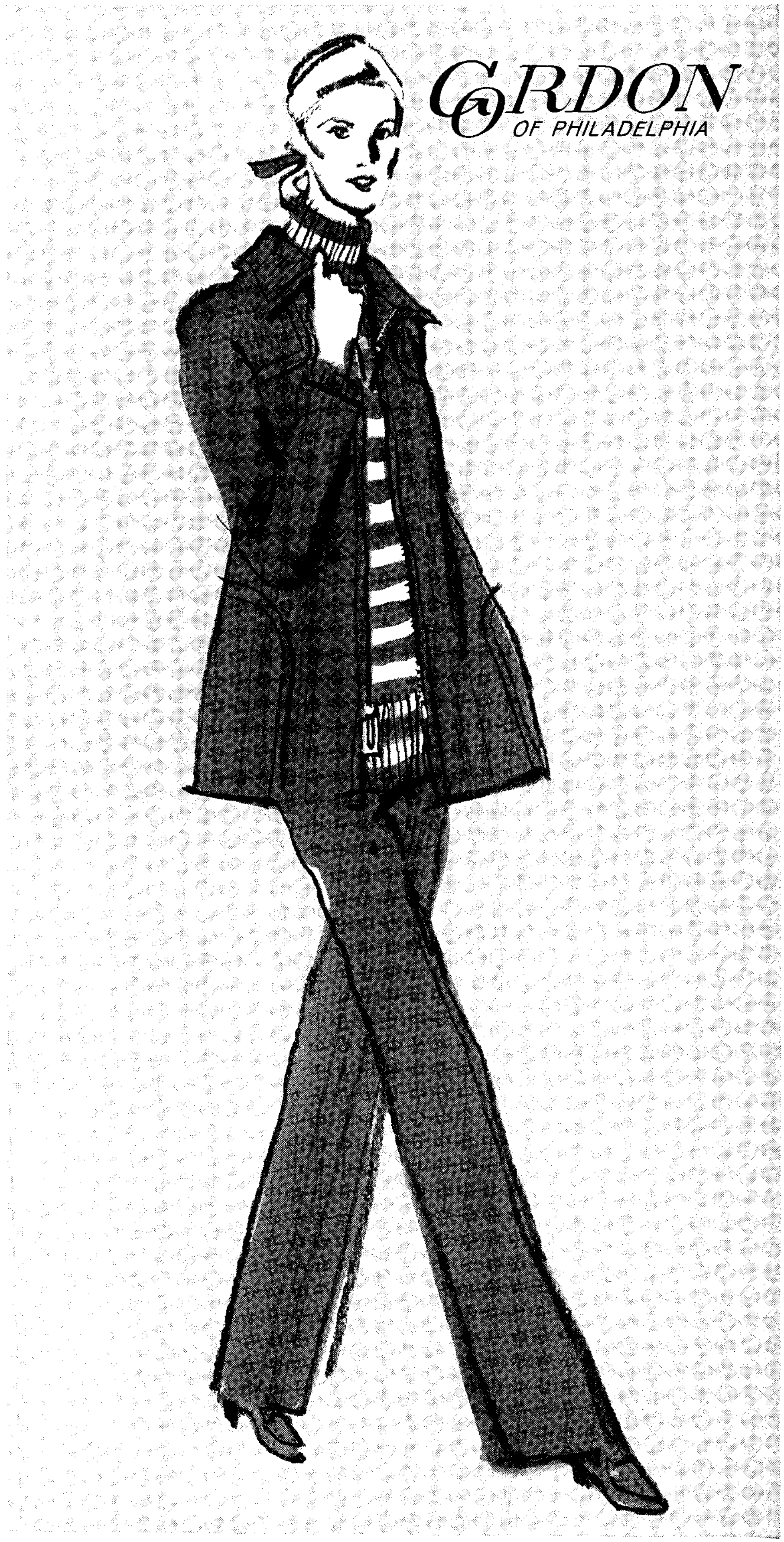
I do not answer my correspondent from Stamford. I think at first to do so, but the pile of mail is high, and in any case I don't see in his abusive letter either one of the two things I do not resist—a trace of (a) geniality or (b) wit. A dentist from California writes to congratulate me on defeating John Kenneth Galbraith in the debate at the Cambridge Union, televised in America a week or so ago. "It must be very gratifying to have had the Union side with your arguments. It's somewhat like having the zoology, geology, and paleontology departments of the University of California give a resounding endorsement to the first few chapters of the book of Genesis." I like that, though I wince at the importance now given to the technical victory I won, recalling that only a few years ago James Baldwin had won a technical victory—and by a much greater margin than my own against Galbraith—before the same forum.

From the Bronx, sustenance: "What I would like to say . . . if I may, is that [your brother's] winning this election is in great part [she means in *some* part, but hyperbole is inescapable in letters thus constructed] due to your integrity."

And a letter from Tennessee, from a correspondent whose name I do not remember having seen before, though I have apparently written to him; such a letter as brings so much into focus, one's conceits especially: "Surveying the new crop of elected officials, I wonder, quite wistfully, if any of them will recall, as did Reagan at the oath-taking ceremony, the words attributed to Benjamin Franklin—that 'if ever someone could take public office and bring to public office the teachings and the precepts of the Prince of Peace, he would revolutionize the world and men would be remembering him for a thousand years.' It is a magnificent remark. I have hopes for Senator-elect Buckley, knowing of his personal commitment to Our Lord Jesus Christ (although he is a Catholic, I a Protestant, I do not presume to rule him out of the Kingdom, as do some of my brethren). Only time will tell. I only hope and pray that your brother, and Governor Reagan, and other Christians recently elected or reëlected, will remember that their first loyalty is to Him, and that conservatism is only a secondary crusade. . . ." Such a letter reminds me of how infrequently one finds the journalistically relevant opportunity to make a simple profession of faith—of how overbearing fashion is in these matters. Who, for instance, can remember a single utterance by Robert Kennedy, say, concerning his faith in Christianity? I mention Kennedy without aspersion of any kind—on the contrary; because his foes and his friends agreed that he felt deeply, and it is at least the public understanding that he was not merely a practicing Catholic but a believing Christian. And he was not afraid to avow his passions, his idealisms. But would he have thought it, well, *proper* to cite the passage above from Benjamin Franklin, let alone from a more orthodox Christian? The best I have ever done (not counting my book on Yale, which was in part devoted to documenting the studied disparagement of religion in the curriculum) is to be on the prowl for opportunities to *notice* the *existence* of Christianity.

It is time to dress, and go out for dinner. We arrive at La Seine more or less expecting that we will be dining alone with Truman Capote, but two other guests are there as we approach the table, a man and a girl, both of them tall and handsome. I recognize him, an anxiety crystallizing as I recall our other encounter, a year ago. He and Pat had disagreed over Agnew, and Pat managed to scale her most objectionable heights, whence she takes to addressing her adversaries as "my good man," which is not the most endearing means of approaching Joe Fox, author and editor (of Truman Capote, among others)—causing, indeed, a certain tension. Well, here we are, and everybody kisses, or shakes hands with, everybody, and I do not catch, as so often happens, the name of the girl, who is young, slender, and beautiful, and we sit down and order drinks. I find her a little formal; shy type, I reason; but things move, as they tend to do with Truman, who is maybe a bit officiously hospitable, acknowledging with his keen social intelligence that there is—if not a *mélange de genres*, which he knows better than to contrive, unless he is feeling wicked, and this is not the night for that sort of thing—at least some impacted static there, which he intends to dissipate, and he succeeds in doing so, little by little. However, Truman is not altogether himself, declining, for instance—though several times urged—to dilate, as under normal circumstances he would do with vivacity and passion, on his recent highly publicized ordeal. Because he had followed—or because, I forget, he hadn't followed—his lawyer's instructions, he suddenly found himself on California's Most Wanted list for contempt of court. He had not appeared in court to give testimony on what it was that he knew, or didn't know, about a condemned prisoner whom he had interviewed in the course of producing a television special on capital punishment. Anyway, he has just come from spending ten or twelve hours in jail—a nasty resolution of judicial rectitude and executive agony, because the Reagans and Truman had become very good friends in the course of Truman's explorations into capital punishment, but it would have been unseemly for law-and-order Reagan to commute a celebrity-friend's sentence. The strain of the experience is palpable, and although from time to time Truman rises buoyantly to describe this or that aspect of his tribulation, he doesn't want to recount what Joe especially wants him to tell us, and I sense that it pains him, so we let it go. Along the way, the ladies go out to the powder room, and Truman tells me that the girl, who is called Lally, is the daughter of the late Philip Graham and of Mrs. Graham, now the publisher of the Washington *Post*.

After coffee, Truman desires that we all should go to a place called the Sanctuary, way over on the West Side—a converted church, now a modish, super-hopped-up discothèque, psychedelic lights, blaring music, the dance floor crowded with homosexuals and lesbians and heteros, in ratio about 25-25-50, who dance with detached expression: I conjure up a vision of the Archduke Otto and his Duchess, unsmiling, frugging there, calmly, serenely, doing as the Romans do—Imperial Breeding. For all the clamor, the participants are marvellously restrained; no one accosts Truman for an autograph or begs him to read a manuscript. We are very nearly alone in ordering our whiskey-and-sodas; everyone else seems to be drinking Cokes, or nothing at all. I suppose that they are also smoking pot, though I am not good at detecting the smell of it. Con-



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versation is impossible, but Truman sits there, or dances with Pat or Lally, and he seems relaxed. I find the rock working through to me, not so much overcoming the resistance that is the conservative's presumptive protection against its licentious imperative as overcoming a different order of resistance: the resistance that collapses when one is cut off, almost absolutely, from any alternative to listening to it, or, better, experiencing it. You can close your eyes at the Sanctuary and spare yourself conscription by the crazy-lights that focus, distort, slither, bump, propel, reject; but the music—the sound—is sovereign, and you do not talk; you dance or sit. And there is Truman sitting, his glasses occasionally refracting the light, his expression resigned, his face reposed, while the bodies, many of them black and beautiful, writhe, the faces always silent, resisting the inordinate, orgiastic demands of the sound: a total break with the tradition of audiences of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. I think back on the night before, Rosalyn Tureck playing the saraband, the excitement that she caused, the strain with which one listens, concentrates to hear the little, noiseless appoggiaturas, and the idea comes to me to write this journal of a week's activity, and I wonder whether tomorrow morning I will remember; whether anything will come of it if I do; whether anything worth the effort will come of it if I do.

It is late. We walk out into Truman's car. We drop off Lally and Joe. We pick up the Sunday papers; Truman is chatting, entertaining us, the constant host, and he drops us at Seventy-third. We say good night and unlock the door, and Pat puts on the leashes and we walk Rowley, and Pepper, and Foo, and then go, silently, to bed.

SUNDAY. Pat hasn't been to Maxwell's Plum, and it is Peter Glenville's current enthusiasm, so we have agreed to go there. We set out, walking (the taxis are on strike) in the bitter-bright cold. Peter is always the (most engaging) conversationalist, and, chatting along, we trail behind Pat, who addresses the cold wind like a dogged serf, leaning against it silently, resignedly, her head muffled in a shawl, looking neither right nor left. There, at Maxwell's, is Rosalyn's painter friend waiting for us, and we while away a contented hour in the crazy-attractive Victorian-modern stained-glass décor. Then we walk to Peter's, on Sixty-fourth, to look at his *Times*, because we have decided to go to the movies, and to invite to join us Peter's friend Bill Smith. Everyone is in favor of seeing a different movie, but we are limited by the taxi strike to what is close by, and finally decide—much against Pat's wishes because she-saw-"Woodstock"-and-hated-it—to see the documentary that opens today on the Altamont festival in California. I note sneakily that it is probably something I can do a column on; it is, and late tonight, in Washington, I write about it.

In case you didn't know it, the important event of 1969 in Kidworld was Altamont. Not because it was a spectacular at which three hundred thousand young people came together to worship the Rolling Stones but because someone was killed there. You see it all in a movie just out which they choose to call "Gimme Shelter"—which, for all I know, means something in Kidspeak. Briefly, when the estimates came in (it was almost exactly a year ago, on December 6th), the Stones faced the problem that the crowds descending onto the Altamont Speedway would rival and perhaps even exceed those that came together earlier in the year at Woodstock, New York. Everyone went into a whirl of activity to put together the essentials for such a gathering. Melvin Belli, the lawyer, seems to have accepted the role of coördinator, and there are bits and pieces of him strewn throughout the picture. He talks into a telephone, and mysterious voices come in from various parts of the world, as the problems are touched upon: how to look after so many kids. It isn't shown just when or why the Stones decided to use the services of Hell's Angels, but use them they did, and before long you see them there, arriving on their motorcycles, bearded (mostly) and beefy, Marlon Brando generation, looking old and jaded, as if they had spent too many years at one of Hitler's torture gardens to take much pleasure in routine sadism. The juxtaposition of the Angels of Hell and the flower people stays in the memory.

Meanwhile, the Stones themselves have arrived, by helicopter, and are shepherded into a trailer, whence from time to time Mick Jagger, who is the Chief Stone, emerges, to vouchsafe an autograph, to chat with the bodyguards, or merely to peer out at the brawly scene. Although there are extensive shots of the other Stones, Jagger is as much the center of attention as Bernadette would be in a movie about Lourdes. He is everywhere, and he is fascinating. Primarily, he is fascinating because one simply does not know what it is that he *does* that is fascinating. He does not play a musical instrument. His voice couldn't be better than that of, say, every fourth person listed in the telephone directory. His features—and, indeed, those of the other Stones—are composed as if they were practicing to make it easy for David Levine to draw them: angular, unanimated, droopy in the philosophical rather than weary sense; homely. He is always heavily costumed, with preposterous pants and shoes, and usually a drape trailing down from each arm. He is in constant motion, and here the movements are electric. He strides all over the stage, head jostling, hips vibrating, hand mike up close to his lips, howling away at songs that are apparently well known to everyone in the audience, which is transported with pleasure, while the drums go crazy, the guitars feel out their dissonances, in search (futile) of Oriental resolution. That's all; and to have one final look at him at the end of his American tour is what Altamont was all about.

So there the Angels were, to keep order. Their principal instrument of discipline is the billiard cue, with which they whack to the right of them, whack to the left of them, attempting to keep the kids away from the hastily constructed stage that was set up in the middle of Farmer Brown's spread, just out from San Francisco. It is mostly unavailing. The kids slurp up over the human barbed wire, and it transpires in the consciousness that they are, at least a great many of them, stoned on drugs. Two or three times, Mick is forced to stop the proceedings and plead with the audience to maintain a little order. "People!" he calls out. "People! Look, cool it! Otherwise we can't play. We *won't* play!" And then the direst threat. "We're going to *split!* Unless you cool it, we're going to *split!*" And then a camera shot of yet another scuffle. Only this one has an air of finality to it, and—flash forward—Jagger, viewing the rushes back in London, solemnly orders the director to run it again in slow motion. Because this is the scene in which one of the guardians of the stage, addressing a tall, slim, hopped-up Negro, brings down a knife, twice, into his back, and kicks him when he is down, and the Negro is dead. The Stones play on for a few minutes, and then they crowd, tightly, like members of their own audiences, into the helicopter, and fly out of the lonely crowd, leaving behind them the corpse of Woodstock Nation.

We walk back to Seventy-third, the senses jaded by the music and the noise,

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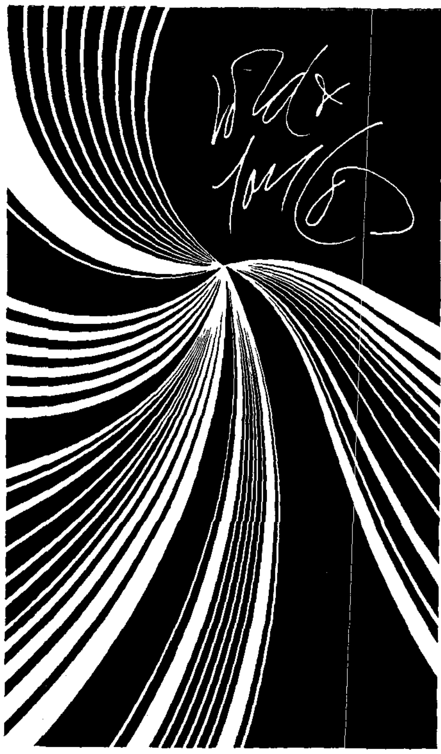
the beatings and the killing. Peter, Bill Smith, and I walk on to St. Jean's, at Seventy-sixth Street, to hear Mass. The church is very nearly full, and I am reminded, as I am every Sunday, of what an aesthetic ordeal it has become, going to Mass, since the advent of the new liturgy: the dread vernacular, the conscripted congregational responses—to think that the architects of this profanation claim to have done it *for us!* At sermon time, the priest announces that he will read a letter from Cardinal Cooke, which is being read at all Masses in New York City today. It is a flat condemnation of abortion, and the priest follows it with a reading of a "diary" recorded by a fetus, which begins by chatting happily about its prospective entry into this world, then chokes off as it encounters the abortionist's knife. The Cardinal's letter is an unadorned homiletic. It is the most emphatic denunciation of abortion I have heard, and I suspect I had something to do with its promulgation, because a few weeks ago I wrote a column on the subject: "It has greatly surprised many non-Catholics, and for that matter not a few Catholics, with what ease the abortionists have succeeded in making their permissive laws . . . which permit, let's face it, abortion-on-demand. It not only *seems* only yesterday, in fact it *was* only yesterday, that the accepted idea was that the Catholic political lobby made it impossible to permit the sale of contraceptives. To have proposed abortions *ad libitum* was, quite simply, unthinkable for a politician." I offered as an explanation for the dispersal of this lobby the latitudinarian effect of Vatican II's statements on pluralism, which was succeeded by "the strange indecision that is the condition of the Church ever since. . . . When [in America] the time came to rally protests against permissive abortion bills, the troops were simply not there. It is very difficult for a Catholic fundamentalist to go on about abortion being tantamount to murder, while his Cardinal is photographed speaking amiably to the leader of the Assembly that passed the abortion bill a few months before. . . . Catholic voters are confused. Their bishops and their priests are complacent, or if that is not the word for it, they are undecided about what ought to be the rights of others, in pluralistic situations. . . ." I learned later that the Cardinal was startled by the column, and for reasons I did not intend. When I wrote that he had been "photographed" *with* the leader of the New York Assembly that passed the abortion bill, I had in mind the receiving line of the annual Al Smith Dinner in New York City, at which the Cardinal is the host, and which national and state leaders regularly attend. I was not present at the most recent of these dinners, but I had been to enough of them to know the procedure: to know that almost certainly the leader of the Assembly was there, and that almost certainly he was photographed—as is every luminary—on passing through the receiving line. Evidently it was as I had surmised. The leader of the Assembly had indeed been photographed with the Cardinal (though it was at a subsequent function), who interpreted my column as a personal reproach for having permitted such a picture—which reproach I had not intended. How *can* a cardinal act as host at a dinner as straightforwardly ecumenical as this one (the proceeds of the dinner go equally to Jewish and Christian charities) and decline to shake the hands of the elected leader of the New York State Assembly? The social problem frames the political problem exactly: If abortion is murder pure and simple, then those who directly expedite murder do not qualify as guests at cardinals' functions. Surely, as John Noonan points out, even Catholics must begin to use a word different from "murder," even as we use an assortment of words to distinguish between, say, what an assassin does to his victim and what a drunken driver does to his. On this point I have become estranged from Brent Bozell, who a few years ago founded *Triumph* magazine, an organ of militant Catholicism which has elided now into an organ of militant anti-Americanism, reflecting the evolving intractability of its editor and his associates. The whole subject weighs heavily, and, for once, I find Catholics to the right of me, notwithstanding my own conviction that abortion is gravely, tragically, wrong.

We walk back from church. Pat has prepared sandwiches and iced a bottle of champagne. Peter and Bill and I continue discussing the abortion question. Peter's first movie was "The Prisoner," starring Alec Guinness, a portrayal of the tribulation of Cardinal Mindszenty, who was tortured by the Hungarian Communists in 1949 and force-fed through a show trial, in the fashion of Stalin-in-stride. Alec Guinness, absorbed by the experience, turned to Catholicism—he Poped, as they say in England—and Peter was his godfather, except that if the convert is over twenty-one years old you use the term "sponsor," even as I was the



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sponsor of Brent Bozell, who joined the Catholic Church during our sophomore year at Yale. Peter's orthodoxy, even commingled with my own, leaves us incompetent to answer self-assuredly the question: What is the proper role of the dissenting minority in a pluralist society when it finds itself face to face with laws that permit what in church a few minutes earlier we had heard described *tout court* as murder? Granted that the frame of the Cardinal's letter was melodramatic, and that melodrama is inhospitable to distinction: even so—call it feticide and calliper as you will the differences exquisite between feticide and murder on the moral scale—what in fact do you *do*? I try out on Peter the arguments distilled by Clare Boothe Luce in a manuscript I read earlier this week, which we will publish in *National Review* in January under the heading "A Catholic Looks at Abortion and the Pluralist Society." Clare, I tell Peter, having reviewed closely the works on abortion by Daniel Callahan and John Noonan, makes most penetratingly the point that the definition of "killing," notwithstanding the categorical Mosaic proscription, has throughout post-Biblical history been explained politically. It has been (by and large) the civil authority that has distinguished between illicit, semi-licit, extenuated, and licit killing, ranging from first-degree murder to warmaking, with so very many shades in between, among them negligent homicide, the cuckold's dispensation, self-defense—the lot. Now the question is raised, by opportunistic advocates of abortion: Whence the *authority* of the *political "authority"* to deny the *authority* of the mother. And that, I think, is a Constitutional-political sequence that needs to be confronted—or is it as simple (I incline to the opinion that it is) as that the mother, while obviously she exercises *de-facto* authority over the survival of the fetus, is nevertheless legally, and *a fortiori* morally, nothing more than the custodian of the fetus, whose insulation against abuse ought to be guaranteed by the state, to the extent (granted) that the state can ever serve successfully as a superintending custodian? This is *Question No. 1*, I insist to Peter, *Question No. 2* being: Which, in the range of available responses by Catholic and non-Catholic anti-abortionists, is the appropriate response? They range, hypothetically, from a forthrightly mutinous relationship between the dissenter and the state, such as we are generally encouraged to believe was appropriate—indeed, ideally, imperative—between the German citi-

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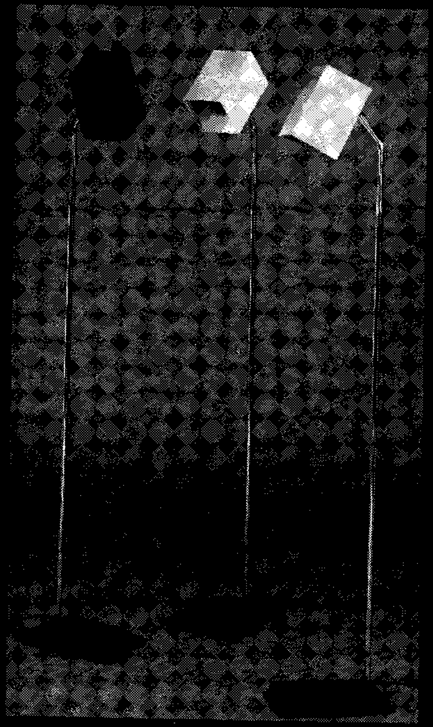

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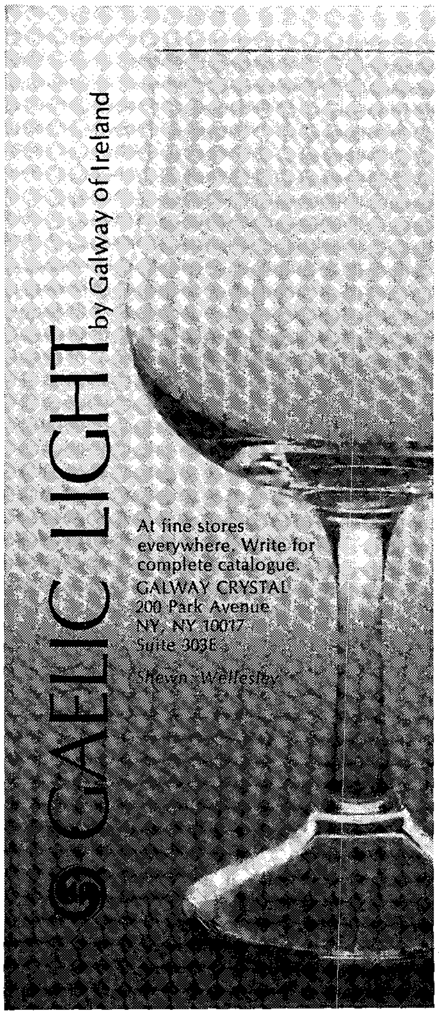

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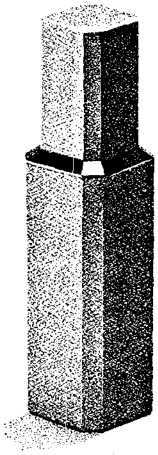
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zen and the Nazi government, and, at the other, placid extreme, mere rhetorical dissent. The range is wide. For instance, any anti-abortionist might categorically refuse to vote for any legislator who had given his sanction to permissive abortion laws. There are many permutations, including, as we approach the drastic, a total boycott of the civil processes. And so on. I insist to Peter, and he agrees, that on such questions Catholics-at-large necessarily depend on the formal leadership of the magisterium. If Cardinal Cooke wishes to inform us—in such unambiguous accents as for instance were used by Pius XII against the Communists in Italy before the crucial election of 1948—that no quarter can be given, that excommunication will inevitably apprehend the Catholic who voted for an abortion-licenser, then— then *let the Cardinal so inform us*. Is it appropriate for the individual Catholic, morally incensed, to prod the Pope toward moral rectitude? History adduces, now and again, a morally languorous pope who was awakened from his slumbers by morally energetic laymen, preferably saints (and many more popes who slept through it all). Is this the current condition? Peter acknowledges the problem, Pat reminds us that the hour is late. At exactly 10 P.M., which is not on Dr. Frank Stanton's clock to be confused with 10:05 P.M., the C.B.S. jet will leave the Marine Air Terminal for Washington, with or without Pat and me aboard. Tomorrow, Frank Stanton will preside over the monthly meeting of the United States Advisory Commission on Information, and Pat is joining me on this trip because tomorrow night Frank Shakespeare, the director of the U.S.I.A., will give a formal (a *very* formal) dinner party at the State Department's dressy quarters, in honor of Stanton and me, who are the surviving members of the old Commission (to which Mr. Nixon will, after meeting with us at noon, announce the appointment of three new members), and the ladies in Frank's party are invited.

We eat, and whisk up the luggage—an inadequate way of describing what one does to accommodate Pat when she is poised to move from one city to another—and then, without Rowley, who is restrained in the hall, we step into the car, having said good night to Peter, who is off to Rome to vet the arrangements for "Man of La Mancha," the movie version of which he has tentatively agreed to direct, and we slide out toward LaGuardia. Frank Stanton is there—courtly, authoritative, warm—and the two pilots. Frank

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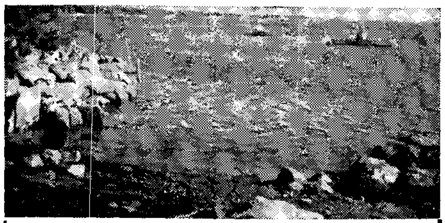
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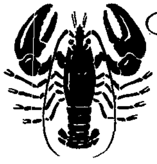
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fetches us up a drink even before we take off in the luxurious Gulfstream, with the wide, wide windows that give us a view of New York on an eye-stopping night, clear as the Arctic air, with here and there sheepish little aggregations of clouds hovering above the ground at a few thousand feet, as if furnished by C.B.S. to give verisimilitude to the flight, which would otherwise be like one of those hygienic fancies one passes through at a New York World's Fair, at the General Motors exhibit. Pat is greatly taken by the plane, advising Frank that his hospitality would be complete if he could manage to devise a formula by which such an airplane might be put permanently at my disposal whenever I travel—or, in any case, whenever I travel with Pat. I begin to shake loose from them when Pat is demanding that Frank instruct her in the use of the telephone she spots at the side of the mini-lounge where she and he are seated, and Frank undertakes gallantly to engineer a call to whatever person she designates. I attempt to restrain her, arguing that the short trip will be utterly consumed with "Do you read me?"s and "Over and out"s. Then I impulsively abandon my role as Frank's protector against the dizzy-blonde who wants to press every stop in the brand-new organ, and go to an easy chair, forward, to read again Herbert's letter, which I had not coped with the other day.

Herbert's reaction to the speech in Maryland, from his position on the left, is strangely harmonious with that of the young historian. He begins by apologizing for the few days' delay in writing, but says he is grateful that he did wait, because he has now seen last Sunday's "Firing Line," which was taped in London—the day before the debate with Galbraith—with three correspondents from the *Guardian:*

> Your speech at Maryland, even though it was probably not the best that you ever gave, was the most brilliant I have ever heard, employing numerous logical and psychological devices to utter perfection. I came away very frustrated that evening; not because I had to stand downstairs and listen over the intercom, but because I knew you were wrong but couldn't quite discover how, at least not until after considerable thought.
>
> When you mentioned that you take your morality from the Catholic Church and that that was why, principally, you were opposed to abortion, I could not reply, within the confines of my thoughts, and find what precisely was wrong with that statement. Now I know. Certainly all people go through the same process as you. Dr. Wallace Culver, one of my mentors and an expert on the authoritarian personality and its relationship to religion, told me long ago that all people search for and accept or reject outside sources for their moral code. Some people accept a single source, this is one of the prime characteristics of authoritarianism, and others compile many varied experiences and sources. The process [you employ] is very much the same [as mine] except *you* defer to the judgment and supposed revelations of the Catholic Church and its thinkers, while I go to other sources, Thomas Paine, Ingersoll, etc.
>
> You have a bad habit of combining one non sequitur after another, in such a rapid manner that they often go unnoticed. At Maryland I heard several non sequiturs that I do not recall at present.... [Herbert nonetheless recalls one, in which the Black Panthers are the beneficiary.] In closing I would simply like to say that I deeply envy your superb talent. I hope that some day I shall possess similar abilities. Unlike you, I shall use those abilities for the good of people. Non sequitur.

But he is by no means through with me.

> I thought your program Sunday night was the best you have ever done and I would greatly like to see many more with similar format [the guests questioning me]. You handled yourself magnificently, so much so that you made one error after another and got away with it. This should be no reflection upon your three opponents as you move so quickly that it is only after careful deliberation that one realizes one has been snookered. A case in point [in which the English, by contrast with the Americans, are the beneficiaries].... America wished to see the preservation of England from German rule only insofar as it would serve America's intentions.
>
> You also mentioned America's role in keeping the "barbarians" at bay. One supposes that this must include the barbarian savages with which this continent was infested when Europeans first set foot upon it and the numerous barbarians of Africa that were later to populate the continent. Another one of your non sequiturs emerges, to wit, that barbarianism is a quality "subsumed into the genus" Soviet or socialist—and certainly never American or capitalist—a very ingenuous assumption. A question arises: Is it "barbarian" to sit about weaving baskets and hunting with arrows—or would a more precise definition of the term include what occurred at Sand Creek, during the Chivington-Black Kettle massacre? [I confess that I am, until I reach the encyclopedia, unfamiliar with the event.] To be sure, barbarianism no longer means, or is equated with, primitive technology, but rather with cruel and inhuman behavior of which we, as Americans, are equally as guilty as the Soviets. There is nothing in our historical experience, that I have ever run across, that would suggest that capitalism has *any more restraining an influence* upon human excess than socialism or communism. [A lengthy passage follows in which the architects of our Vietnam policies are the victims.]
>
> Another error I believe you committed was when you implied strongly that everyone has equal freedom of expression in this country when indeed they do not. To be sure, all varieties of thought are present; but it becomes a question of degree. Allow me to expand that concept. Wheth-

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> er or not a Panther can go out on the corner and sell his newspaper is not disputed. However, you will not disagree, your philosophy has a wider distribution than does Robert DePugh's [Robert DePugh is the chief figure in the crazy-right Minuteman movement], not due to any inborn truth in your ideas, for ideas are not born true but rather proven, but due to [your ideas'] greater degree of respectability. So, extreme opinions *can* be found in America, but if you are respectable, or at least acceptable to large numbers of Americans, you will naturally have, do I dare say so, MORE freedom of expression. To be sure, among the general population Hubert Humphrey has greater exposure than, say, the late George Lincoln Rockwell. Also, there are occasions when freedom of expression for extreme ideologies is absent. A case in point is police harassment of radical groups, particularly the Black Panthers and, I suppose it can be argued, Panther harassment of police. To the extent that such harassment does occur, there is a proportional decrease in the harassed groups' freedom. I recently witnessed police officers in Silver Spring, Md., arrest a Black Panther who was distributing the Panther newspaper on the corner of Colesville and Fenton Streets. It so happened that I went to school with one of the officers (I never use the term "pig" as it sets fire to reason and has the same characteristics as the term "nigger," which is probably the single most destructive word in the English language), and played in a band with the other. Some days later I had occasion to speak with them about the arrest and I conducted myself in such a way as to lead them to believe that I was in complete agreement with their treatment of the Panther. It came out that they were told to arrest the "—— nigger" under any pretext just so long as he was off the sidewalk, "not causing any trouble." Now, of course, it does not matter one jot whether you agree or disagree with a man; you must, in a free society, accord him the same rights and freedoms that you accord yourself. To do otherwise is, to paraphrase Thomas Paine, to make a slave of yourself to your present opinion because you preclude yourself the right to change it. A society that allows freedom only to those individuals and ideas which it already accepts as truth is not a free society. The real proof of a free society is that society which not only tolerates diverse opinions and the expression of them, but is genuinely appreciative of their existence. As Walter Lippmann once said, we all have an obligation not merely to begrudgingly tolerate other opinions but to accept them with open arms and gratefully for it is these opinions that should be a free country's showcase. I will make no speculation as to the extent of police harassment of radical groups. I deem it sufficient to simply say, to the extent that it exists, there is a corresponding diminution of freedom in America. Point having been made, I won't bore you any longer.

Thus far, what has Herbert given us? A sincere and moving effort to put forward a very familiar philosophical position. Notwithstanding the manifest callowness of the presentation, it is by no means naïve; sure, William Douglas could do it better, but he would be saying essentially the same thing, in the enduring effort to harness America to the epistemological skepticism of Mill, and Holmes, and Dewey—and Ramsey Clark. Here is an exquisite demonstration, in fact, of where the implacable logic of relativism can take you: Herbert finds no ground for significantly distinguishing between the historical performance of the United States and that of the Soviet Union. No more does Noam Chomsky. So much for Robert Conquest. So much for the crushing historical rebuttal of the defecated rationalism of Mill. But then, having flapped his wings in the sludge of a century's ideological effronteries, Herbert rises, to speak out in flute-tones, achieving a pure innocence, and authority, and from the heights he attains he spots me, a speck on the landscape, and I am his victim, defenseless:

> I have written this lengthy diatribe in the hope that I might set some long-forgotten principle ringing in your mind. I feel that you are probably facing a problem that I am just beginning to face to a lesser degree; to wit, mental stagnation. I once knew a golden period when I believed that the greatest of all possible virtues that could be conferred upon a person was an open mind. I still believe that, but I am beginning to practice it less and less. I entered the educational experience with many deeply held misconceptions and it took me long to shake them off and it was not always a pleasant experience. Now I am again resisting change as I once did. I think you do much the same thing. Having expressed your beliefs so articulately and so strenuously for such a long time, you have become intellectually as rigid and inanimate ["inanimate"!] as those Soviet impolicymakers you constantly inveigh against. You are a symbol, and, so the legend goes, symbols never change. Conservatism in America, in my opinion, owes everything to your efforts alone. If ever a movement depended for its continued growth upon the energy and boundless dynamism of one ["inanimate"?] man, constructive conservatism's dependence upon you is it. But meditate upon this: What will be your thoughts if when you come to your deathbed you look back and realize that all your life amounted to no more than one big highly successful game of power and self-glorification? I would never mention this or be so bold as to suppose that I, Mr. Ordinary, could offer you, William F. Buckley, any usable advice; but I have perceived the tendency in myself to play at games and have observed many of the same characteristics in you, and, since it can make a life so meaningless, I thought I might just offer my thoughts, with the best of intentions, that you may nod in agreement and maybe get something out of them. My biggest fear is that you will not read this letter, or dismiss it as cute. I hope not.

One wishes for the powers of John Henry Newman. But, assuming that one possessed them, are the certitudes worthy? The certitudes of a middle-aged mid-twentieth-century American conservative? John Kenneth Galbraith, who is my friend, has approached me—Forgive my presumption, he begins, and I forswear the equal-and-opposite-reaction that the laws of mechanics and debate prescribe—and I listen. . . . *Give it up*, he says, seated next to me in the Volkswagen as we head out from Gstaad toward the Rinderberg, which is where I like most to ski. *The whole thing. "National Review," journalism, television, radio, lecturing.* Come to the academy, and write *books*. It is only *books* that count. *I* did it. I left *Fortune*, and went to Harvard. The break must be absolute. You will need the *trauma*. Then—only then—you will discover the means to give a theoretical depth to your ideological positions.

But—I answer, in hindsight—the theoretical depth is *there*, and if I have not myself dug deeper the foundations of American conservatism, at least I have advertised their profundity. How can I hope to do better against positivism than Voegelin has done? Improve on Oakeshott's analysis of rationalism? (How does one illuminate a sunburst?) Rediscover orthodoxy more engrossingly than Chesterton did? What does it take to *satisfy*, to satisfy *truly, wholly*? More than Herbert's open mind, much more. More than Galbraith's theoretical depth. A sense of social usefulness . . . Herbert is hauntingly right—*ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse*—what are my *reserves*? How will I satisfy them, who listen to me today, *tomorrow*? Hell, how will I satisfy *myself* tomorrow, satisfying myself so imperfectly, which is not to say insufficiently, today; at cruising speed?

Frank Stanton's car is there, and the bags (of course) materialize, and he drops us at the Hay-Adams, where Pat's sister is waiting for us—in from Pasadena for a Red Cross meeting—always for me and others a source of joy and stability. We chat noisily for an hour, and then I retreat to a corner of the living room to write my column on Altamont, which is due in New York in the morning, so I'll have to ask Miss Fahl, at the Commission, to phone it in tomorrow; early, so Harry won't be nervous.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

There was in Brendan, even as a child (an astonishingly precocious one, not surprisingly), a fractious insistence on having the center of the stage.—*Saturday Review*.

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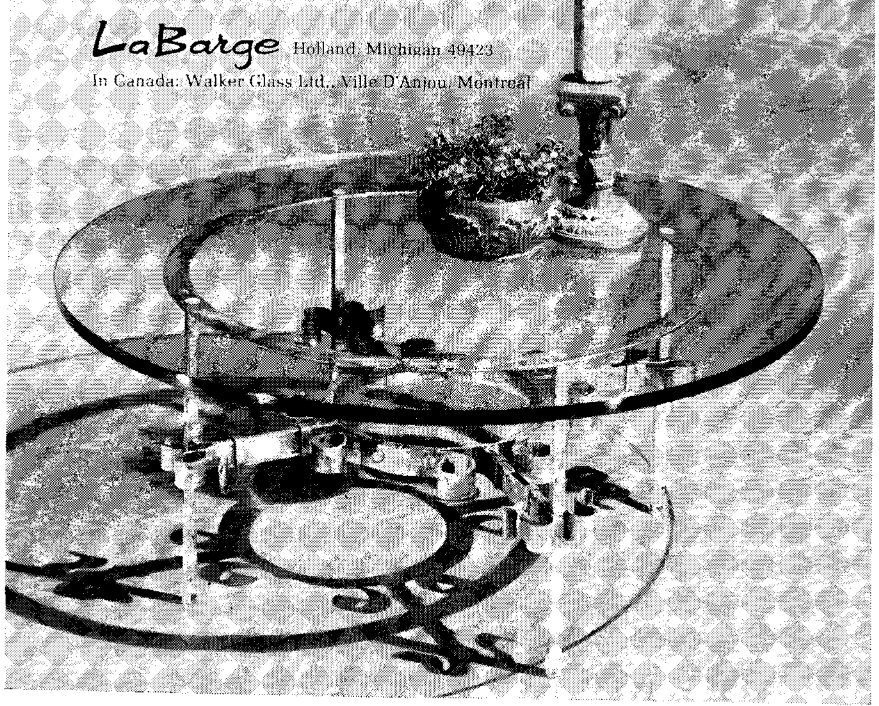


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Jacques Tati

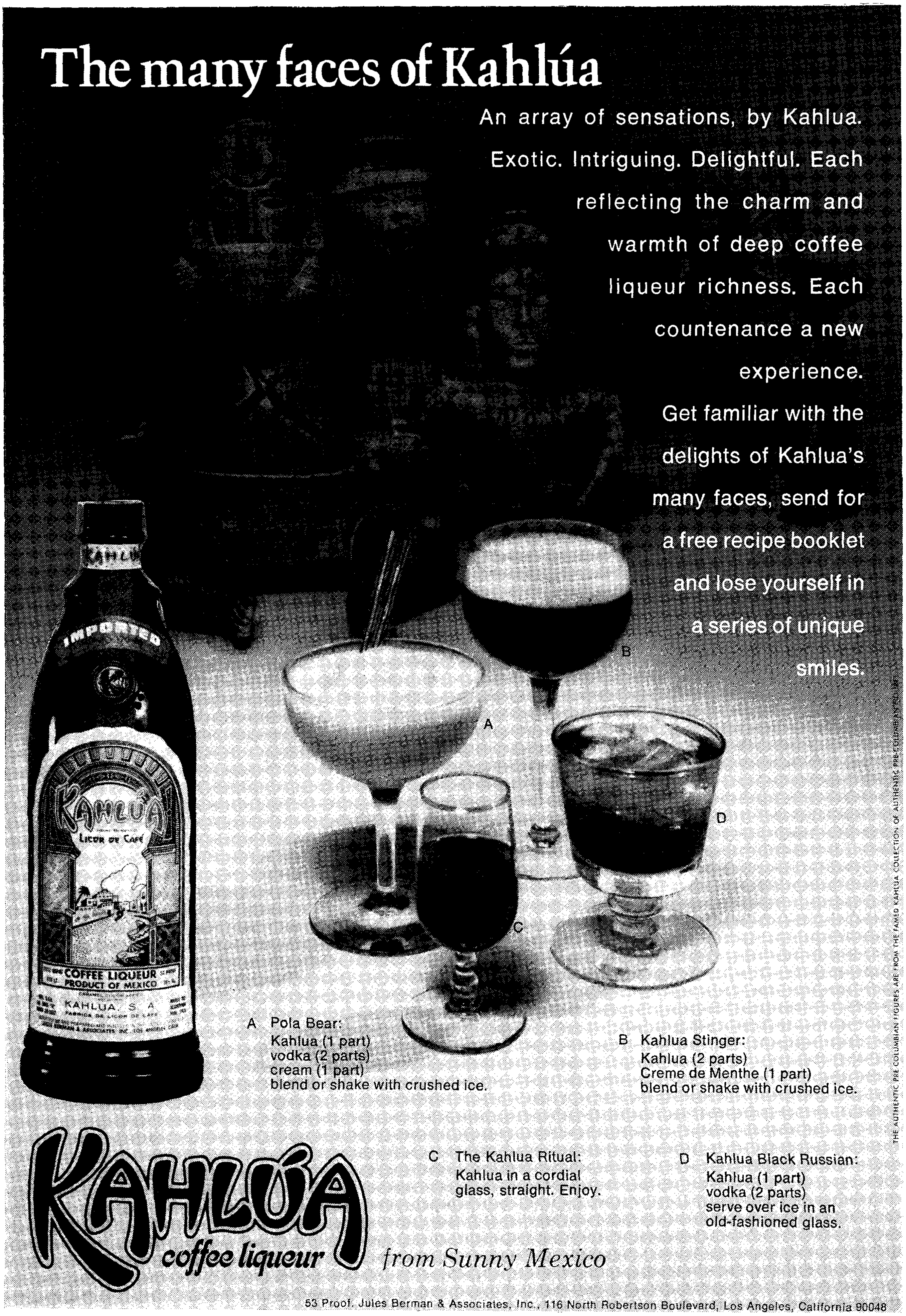
THERE is a particular mutinous mumble in the ordinary course of events which can suddenly sound like W. C. Fields; there are debonair acts of stoicism which evoke Keaton; and there is an overweening electronic buzz which reminds you of the films of Jacques Tati as strongly as a particular kind of starched lope summons up Tati himself. When M. Hulot's author balances a sound track, the human voice plays a small and outclassed part in the din of the inanimate. A while ago, at some stiff dinner party on the beach in California, where the outdoor ping-pong table was made of marble ("Because marble doesn't warp in the sea air," said the owner gravely), I remember a nearly unnegotiable ten minutes when the roar of twenty-four people's chicken bones being ground up by the garbage disposal in the grandly enlightened open-plan living room was entirely victorious over the twenty-four brave souls who went on pretending to be able to hear each other. The sound track was Tati's, by any right, and so was the politely programmed lunacy of the people ignoring the racket. No other director has ever pitted the still small voice of human contact so delicately against the nerveless dominion of modern conveniences. Some noisy hot-water pipes become a major character in "Jour de Fête." In "My Uncle," which is revived now in New York, the buzzings and hissings and gulpings of peremptory gadgets are prodigious.

1.25
NOW PLAYING

Tati's father originally wanted him to be a picture-framer, in the family tradition. He riposted with Rugby football. Between games, he filled in with what were, by all accounts, some marvellous mimes of athleticism. It would have been fine to see him on the field: six foot four of him, apparently always with a way of being able to lean alertly in any direction, as though he were balanced against a gale. The tilt is generally forward, exposing an eager five or six inches of striped sock, but it has been known to go just as far to the side. There is a sweet minute in "My Uncle" when, without interrupting the talk he is having with someone ahead of him, he keels neatly to the side to hear his four-foot nephew mutter something into his ear, and then quickly straightens up again to get some money out of his pocket so that the boy can buy a supply of crullers. The famous figure with the umbrella makes the stances of other and more ordinary people—and, indeed, of other and more ordinary umbrellas—look rather peculiar after a time. The umbrella, which he sometimes holds like a low-slung rifle, can also suggest the taut string of an invisible helium balloon or the company of a thin aunt sprinting ahead. Now and again, he will hold it by the ferrule and seem to have to tug against it, as if it were a leash with a hidden dog straining on the end. For himself, he seems to have learned nothing from the gait and posture of others. He is not one of the upright bipeds, because he slants; he doesn't so much walk as get ready to dive. And he hardly ever seems to sit. There is too much leg around, perhaps. Or maybe his hip joints have never taken to the suggestion of the right angle. Sometimes—very occasionally—he will lie down, and the effect is spectacular. He tends to do it in his hat, with the jutting pipe remaining in the mouth. To my recollection, none of his films show him lying on anything so commonplace as a bed, although he has been seen supine on a road in "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," and curved amazingly along the serpentine front of a tormenting modern sofa tipped over onto its back in "My Uncle." This is no ordinary man. He can make asphalt look quite like an air mattress; on the other hand, he can make it clear that a modern piece of furniture feels uncommonly like asphalt.

"My Uncle" is an attack of blistering docility on the generally unadmitted discomfort dealt out by house pride, contemporary design, and high standards of dusting. Hulot's sister, called Mme. Arpel, who is seldom seen without a duster, lives in a balefully mechanized and hygienic house where a speck of dirt would be like an oath in the Vatican. Her husband, who is in plastics, is a quail-shaped man who wears thick clothes however bright the sun. They live a life of unvarying merriment and pep. The front gates open by remote-control buzzer, and at the same time, if the company merits it, a sculptured fish in the middle of the unnatural little garden starts spouting water. For trade deliveries, and for her brother, the fountain subsides. The Arpels live in a world of ceremony but no actual fun, of regal fuss with two convoluted chairs that are placed in throne positions for the Arpels to watch mere television, of flavorless steaks cooked in two seconds by infrared rays, of high heels clicking on polished floors. Clothes are like the poor in the New Testament—always with them, and quite a trial. A severe-looking guest whom Mme. Arpel casts as a splendid possible future wife for Hulot, and as a certain admirer of the house, is dressed in a sort of horse rug or table runner. A dog leash then gets impossibly tangled in one of her long earrings. The women in the Arpels' world are perpetually harassed by their bags and stoles and hobble skirts, and M. Arpel throws his wife into a panic by nearly forgetting his gloves when he drives to work. Hulot, on the other hand, is curiously absented from his clothes, which regularly include the familiar short raincoat and ancient hat whatever the weather. He also seems agreeably unemployable. His natural allies are mongrel dogs and dirty children, who follow him in droves. His nephew, Gérard, adores him. Gérard's chirpy mother tends to sterilize the boy out of existence; Hulot is a comrade, being muddle's natural kin. The uncle lives on the top floor of a charming, ramshackle house in an old part of Paris, with windows that he arranges carefully before leaving every day so that his caged canary will get the sun's reflection. Until the last shot of the film, one never sees the inside of this house. All one catches are glimpses through half-open stairways and hall windows of people's heads and feet, or a segment of a girl lodger in a bath towel waiting to scuttle across a corridor when Hulot's legs have disappeared downstairs. Tati is visually very interested in bits of people. If he were playing the game of pinning the tail on the donkey, I think he would tend to find the dissociated tail too engrossing to go any further.

Maybe all funniness has a tendency to throw settled things into doubt. Where most people will automatically complete an action, a great comedian will stop in the middle to have a think about the point of it, and the point will often vanish before our eyes. In "My Uncle," Hulot has this effect very strongly about the importance of holding down a job. His sister, who is bothered by his life as if it were a piece of grit in her eye, has put him to work in her husband's plastics factory. The place produces miles of red plastic piping, for some reason or other. Various machines pump out rivers of it. Hulot is mildly interested. "Keep an eye on No. 5," says a workmate mystifyingly,



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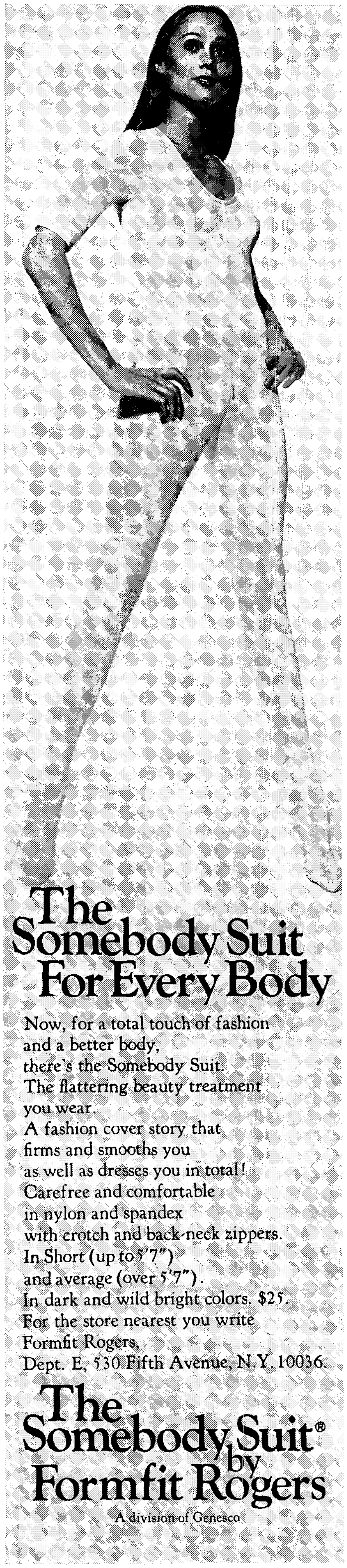

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wrapped up in a piece of cellophane like a sandwich in an automat, and taking *no notice of the fact that* Hulot is slumped over a table and half moribund because of a gas leak. No. 5, a rebel machine, starts to produce piping with occasional strange swellings in it, like a furlong of boa constrictor that has slowly eaten its way through a flock of sheep. The thing then takes it into its head to start tying off the piping every few inches, as if it were a sausage machine. Hulot goes on manfully keeping an eye on it, which is all he has been told to do, and quite right. Care for plastic can go too far. His sister is a living witness to that. For her wedding anniversary, she has given her husband an automatic and doubtless plastic garage door that opens when his car goes past an electric eye. M. Arpel is overjoyed, in his plastic way. "No more keys. Happy?" his wife chirrups. Their dachshund then sniffs the electric eye and shuts them in the garage, yapping amiably while they try to persuade him to sniff again. The new door, like the bedroom floor of the house, has two round windows near the top: the Arpels' disembodied faces appear, yelling inaudibly for help, and bobbing about behind the windows like air bubbles in a bricklayer's level.

Husband and wife are content, mostly. They represent a new order of happiness. Hulot represents the old disorder. The Arpels, who rather grow on you, are funny partly because they treat themselves as if they were machines and partly because they have lost the defining human sense of relative importances. Trotting around with their gadgets and their dusters and their plans for tea parties, they have no grasp of their scale in the universe; they are a counterpart of the sort of endearing Great Danes who will try to fit all four legs onto a lap in the delusion that they are the size of Pekes. These proud owners of this awful model house, tripping around on an artistic but farcically unwalkable pattern of paving stones and being careful not to put a toe to the grass, conduct themselves with a sober sense of import and duty. When they entertain, they might be the President of the Republic and his wife welcoming the signators of a peace treaty. The difference that they are only having some neighbors to a paralyzingly difficult tea party at which everyone is spattered by a minor debacle with the spouting fish destroys no one's aplomb and no one's sense of occasion. It is part of Tati's humor that the Arpels' perception of things is fastidiously concentrated and only a trifle off the point. Who is to say, in fact, that their absorption is not the norm, even if it does screen out what seems more fascinating to the casual observer? They are in the same comic position as the plumbers in one of Robert Dhéry's films, who stalk backstage through hordes of stark-naked showgirls without paying them the slightest heed while talking only about tap washers. In "Jour de Fête," the postman played by Jacques Tati is entranced by the idea of Americanization of the mails through speedier transport. Speedier transport means, to him, bicycling instead of walking. The bicycle suits Tati. He uses one in "My Uncle"—a rather dashing one, with a puttering little motor. The shape of the thing fits his legs, which are long enough to turn the bike at will into a quadruped. Bicycles also meet a certain stateliness in his style and a certain disinclination for any vehicle that outsizes the human frame. You feel that he much detests the shiny cars in "My Uncle." He prefers doughnut carts and horse-drawn wagons. The failed plastic piping is hurriedly taken away in a cart drawn by a strong-minded gray horse that exerts a will of its own about going to the right when the driver wants the left; its mood is not so unlike the recalcitrance of the obstreperous plastics machine, after all. Hulot has his own rules about mess. When he trips his way through the rubble of his part of Paris into the antiseptic modern quarter, he is careful to replace exactly a dislodged piece of wreckage as he goes.

Tati's droll, elegant films (there are two more to come here—"Playtime," long since seen in Paris, Rome, and London, and held up in the United States only because of wrangles about the cost of importing an ambitious picture made in seventy millimetre; and "Traffic," brand-new) establish that one doesn't have to be a comic to do a gag. There are plenty of professionally uproarious people who come on signalling that they are *funny men, that they* are the life of the party. Tati seems to believe that it is in the nature of all mankind to be funny. High dignitaries have committed some of life's greatest physical gags. Hulot himself—like Keaton's heroes but unlike Chaplin's—is the least patently comic character in his author's scheme. In fact, he is extremely serious. His style is the inversion of the circus tradition, and of that silent-film tradition in which a normal world is ravaged by a comic personality; in Tati's case, the world is made comic by the sobriety of Hulot.

The films express the subtlest sympathy for other people's moods. In the company of the decorous, Hulot is as correct as a furled umbrella. With someone scared—like the maid in "My Uncle," who is petrified by the electric eyes in the place and backs away from them as if they were basilisks—you can see him slowly submerging in fellow-cowardice. With dogs, small shopkeepers, and kids, he starts to borrow jauntiness. Everything in the films is meticulous and spare; nothing is pushed, and there are no set pieces. Some of the prettiest moments in Tati's work vanish as fast as a scent, recollected but not recoverable. In "My Uncle," there is a marvellous beginning to a comic sequence when a long, shiny car is trying to back into a space between a ramshackle lorry and a vegetable cart. An old, old man carrying a bag with a French loaf sticking out of the end of it shuffles backward and forward with the car two or three times to signal the driver in, courteously shifting the bag from the left hand to the right as he changes direction. And then he simply gives up, and shrugs a mild "The hell with it," and leaves the sequence gently in the air.

—Penelope Gilliatt

◆

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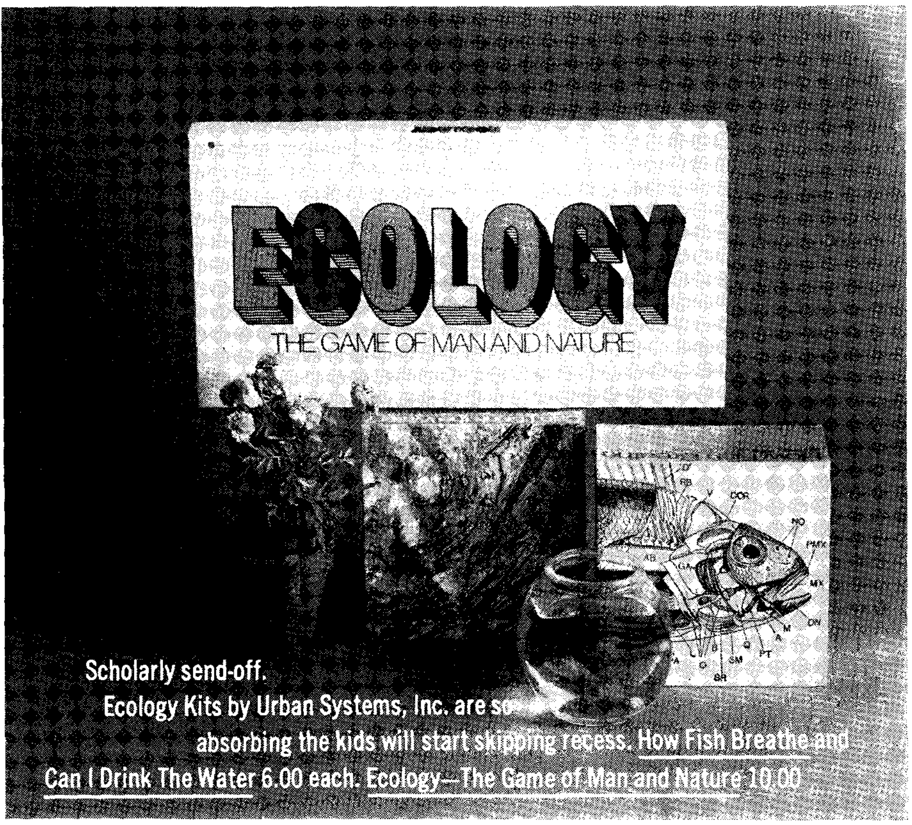

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LETTER FROM LONG ISLAND SOUND

A MAN who is about to meet a woman he once loved but has not seen for years can have mixed feelings about the encounter—a hope that old embers of passion may flare up again, together with a fear that seeing what time has wrought may spoil his memories of what has been. This is much the way I felt not long ago while I was planning a week-long cruise in a chartered sailboat on Long Island Sound. I had not sailed the Sound since the summer of 1963, at which time, exploring it from end to end during a fifteen-day cruise, I marvelled that one could still find so much beauty and such restorative simplicity so close to the great city, while I also grieved at the increasing inroads of overcrowding, filth, and squalor. New York's tiny Mediterranean and man's varied activities upon and around it seemed to me a microcosm of America—a hundred-mile-long world in which one could see the inherent loveliness and generosity of the earth and the many ways in which modern man, using it greedily, is permanently destroying the very things he most needs and enjoys.

For a variety of reasons, I had not been back, and now felt apprehensive about it, unsure about how disfigured or alien the Sound might seem to me. Since the summer of 1963, America had grown by seventeen million people, had acquired thirty million additional automobiles, buses, and trucks, and was being overrun by greatly increasing numbers of malodorous powerboats and racketing motorcycles; air-pollution-warning bulletins had come to be part of the daily news in cities; many of the country's lakes and streams had become undrinkable, unfishable, and unswimmable; and hundreds of thousands of acres of agricultural land and simple countryside had been permanently interred under new superhighways, shopping centers, and suburban road networks. Sundry revolutions—by blacks, New Left militants, Chicanos, and women—had been raging in the city slums, on campuses, in California farming country, and in conjugal beds. City streets and the remaining countryside alike were everywhere strewn with innumerable plastic bags, pop-top cans, no-return bottles, abandoned cars, and other detritus of a society unequalled at consuming and therefore unequalled at producing noxious waste matter.

How much effect all this had had on and around the Sound I didn't know, but I knew that that body of water was bound to have changed from what it had been those few years ago. Historians and others, of course, have pointed out that changes in our culture and in our environment have been constantly accelerating in recent decades—doing so, in fact, at a rate that continually doubles and redoubles. According to many indicators—the crime index, the size of the world's population, the yearly increment to the store of scientific knowledge—radical changes can now occur not over centuries, over a lifetime, or even over a generation, but in a mere five or ten years.

ON a Monday morning in mid-July, with two old friends, Leonard and Sondra Nones, I drove to Huntington, Long Island, to board the boat I had chartered, a thirty-six-foot Pilot-class sloop. Her name, I told the others, wincing a little, was Edna, and, as I had anticipated, they were amused in a slightly scornful way. Sailboats have traditionally had elegant and poetic names, and when Leonard and Sondra last cruised with me, some years ago, it had been on a yawl named Cynara. But what Horace said long ago is far more conspicuously true now—things are not what they were in Cynara's goodly reign. Perhaps we will soon see the America's Cup defended not by a Valiant or an Intrepid but by a Babs or a Shirley.

The Three Harbors Marine, where we went to pick up Edna, was like nothing I could remember; the quick camaraderie and willing helpfulness I had always experienced earlier in small-boat harbors had been replaced by the surliness and suspicion that seem inevitable wherever human beings are too closely crowded together, since the crowding leads them to regard each other as nuisances, or even as threats. We became aware of this when we turned into the Three Harbors parking lot and were stopped by a sour, elderly guard who forbade us to stay there because our car had no Huntington parking sticker. We explained that we had chartered a boat moored at the Three Harbors Marine, and so must have *some* right to enter, but he remained dour and unyielding. (I learned later that although the Marine—a part of the harbor occupied by a dock and three hundred moorings for boats, and served by two launches—was a commercial concession, its moorings, dock, and parking area were governed by a town stipulation limiting their use to residents.) Only after we had pleaded for some time, hinting broadly at a suitable tip, did the guard grudgingly allow us to unload down at the dock, and, at that, he told us we must get the car back outside within ten minutes. On my last visit here, I had been unaware of the exclusion of outsiders from some of Huntington's marinas be-

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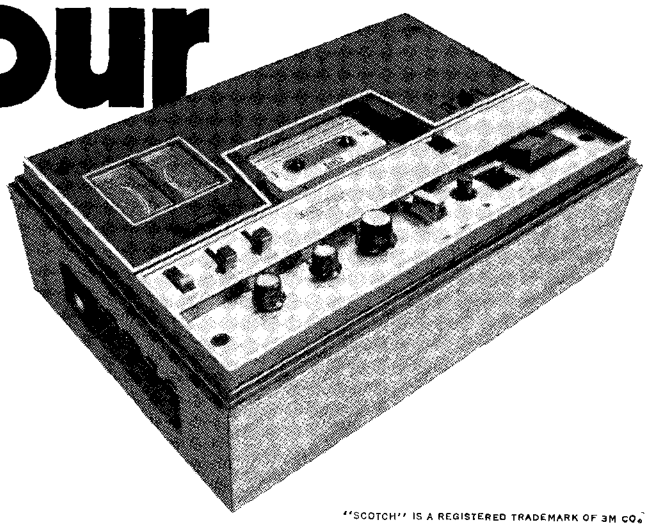

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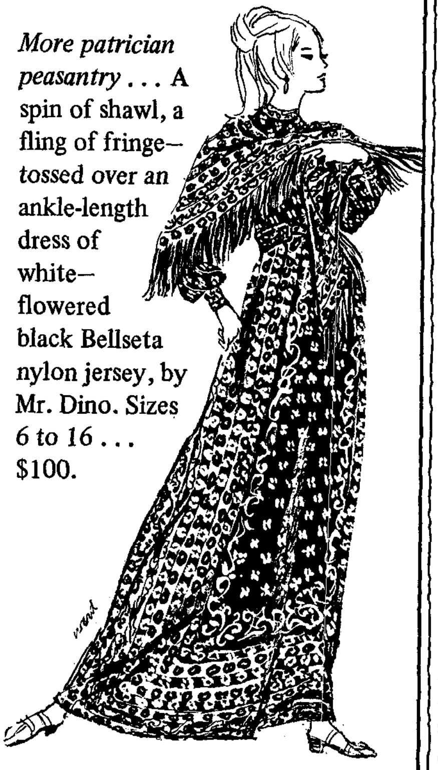

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cause I had stayed at a yacht club, but the restriction, I now realized, was doubtless inevitable: the harbor, only about thirty miles from New York City limits, had been inundated in the fifties by city boat owners looking for cheap mooring space, and the taxpayers had at last grown righteously wrathful and reserved certain facilities for themselves. The same sort of problem is now besetting town beaches, parks, and harbors—and being dealt with in the same way—in many other parts of what once seemed a limitless land.

Dockmasters and launch boys, as I remembered them, were invariably young, tanned, and amiable; the ones we met at Huntington that day were as young and as tanned as ever but about as amiable as garage attendants in midtown Manhattan. Even the handful of people on the dock waiting to be taken out to their boats avoided our eyes and each other's, like city dwellers standing in line, while the boating people I had known in the past, even if unacquainted with each other, would smile and chat like members of some close-knit order. That was true of motorists once upon a time, too, and of air travellers up to perhaps fifteen years ago.

While we were waiting for the launch, I looked around the harbor and found it colorful—the way a teeming native slum may seem colorful to somebody who needn't live there. The harbor, an inlet at the south end of Huntington Bay, is about a quarter of a mile wide and nearly a mile and a half long, and was once an expanse of open water nestled among green hills, with scattered clusters of boats moored here and there at yacht clubs and commercial boating facilities. By the time of my previous visit here, the green of the hills was beginning to give way to roads and houses, and the water was a clutter of boats from end to end, with scarcely any open space between the various mooring areas. This summer, the hills were still more thickly built upon, and the density of boats was far greater—perhaps twice what it had been in 1963. The harbor now seemed to be given over to one single, vast fleet of two to three thousand boats, which filled the entire mile and a half of water solidly, except for a single narrow, winding channel, not unlike the exit aisle of a city parking lot. The last time I was here, I had sat aboard my boat in the evening and had a long, confidential talk with a friend who was crewing for me; now, I imagined, on a fair summer evening an above-decks talk would be about as private as a conversation in a department-store elevator.

After we had loaded and stowed all our food and gear and were under way, on the motor, for our first day's journey, things began to look better. The day was hot and sunny, and outside the harbor mouth, in the broad reaches of Huntington Bay, there was a light northwest wind; we cut the engine, hoisted the mainsail and the jib, and glided silently off, past Eaton's Neck, into the openness of the Sound. Here we took up a heading of seventy degrees for Stratford, Connecticut, some twenty-five nautical miles away, and the Long Island shore fell behind us and quickly faded in a bright haze. There were few other boats on the water that weekday afternoon, and soon we were alone and felt very remote from the land. Good Edna gently rollicked along on a smooth, lightly crinkled sea, the foam of her wash whispering softly alongside the hull. We stripped down to bathing suits and submitted ourselves to the sun, munched slabs of Swiss cheese and washed them down with frosty beer, occasionally retrimmed the sails or peered knowingly ahead through binoculars, and felt, all in all, both intensely alive and deeply peaceful. The Connecticut shore became faintly visible after a while, but we kept well off it, so that the distant wooded hills, the gleaming tips of church spires, and the occasional glint of sunlight on some unseen window all remained dreamlike and unreal; even the smokestacks and tall buildings of Bridgeport, seen from a few miles offshore in the haze, were mysterious and romantic, looking a little like the crenellated towers of some castle seen from afar. We smiled at each other and agreed that we had escaped from a false and perverted way of life into a true and natural one; we loved each other, the earth, and, for the moment, all mankind, so comfortably removed from us.

MAN, like several other species of social animal, is impelled by a multiplicity of needs to congregate and huddle with his fellows; unlike almost any other social animal, he also needs to get away briefly from his own kind now and again, and to reëxperience that part of himself which thrives upon independence, self-sufficiency, and solitude. For a long while, city dwellers have satisfied this need by seeking out deserted beaches, country lanes, remote lakes, forest trails, or even isolated park benches, but in recent years all these have become less and less satisfactory, for, wherever one goes to loaf and invite one's soul, numbers of other people seem to have arrived a little earlier, to loaf and invite their own.

Sailing had long seemed to me the ideal form of temporary escape from the pressures and complexities of New York life, and Long Island Sound the ideal place to escape to. When I first sailed the Sound, in 1953, I thought it a vast open sea. Except at its narrow western end, hemmed in by City Island, Manhasset, and Larchmont, with their heavy boating traffic, one could sail for hours, especially in midweek, without seeing more than half a dozen other boats or being intruded upon by the civilization all around. Even when I sought shelter at the day's end, it did not mean a return to modern times, for there were dozens of harbors, mostly on the Connecticut side, that looked much as they must have in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: a handful of squat, homely fishing boats next to a dock, their nets strung up to dry; a score of assorted boats at anchor, including sleek sailboats, trim racing craft, and stout workaday dories; seagulls perched on weathered pilings near a clam shack; and a flotilla of ducks paddling around, muttering to themselves—the whole scene framed by a shoreline cloaked with vivid green marsh grass or hummocks covered with dense, bushy beach plum or bayberry.

In the late afternoon, my sailing companions and I could ease into such a harbor, choose a sheltered area away from traffic, and drop anchor without asking anyone's leave; we could jump over the side for a swim, dry ourselves and get dressed, enjoy a leisurely drink while studying the harbor activities through the binoculars, and eventually make dinner aboard and go to sleep content—wholly self-sufficient, wholly our own men. In busier places, the harbor master of the town or the dockmaster of the local yacht club would always have a vacant mooring available, on which we could lie overnight for the asking, well away from the dock and comfortably apart from neighboring boats. Best of all, however, were a score or so of "gunk holes," or totally untouched anchorages—small basins left by sand mining, creeks surrounded by undeveloped land, or areas of sheltered water among islands—into which we could cautiously feel our way, finding a safe place to drop anchor and settling down for the night with nothing around us to reveal that man had yet come this way; at worst, there might be a boat or two a good distance

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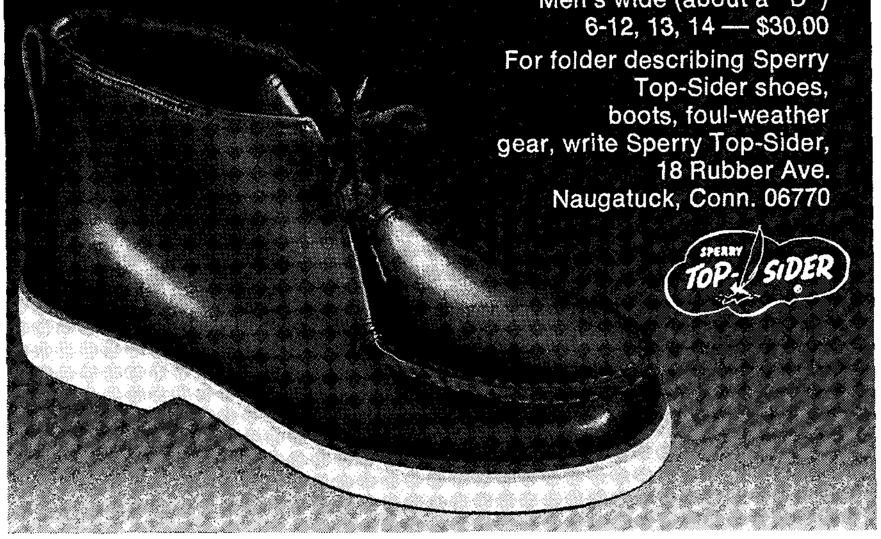

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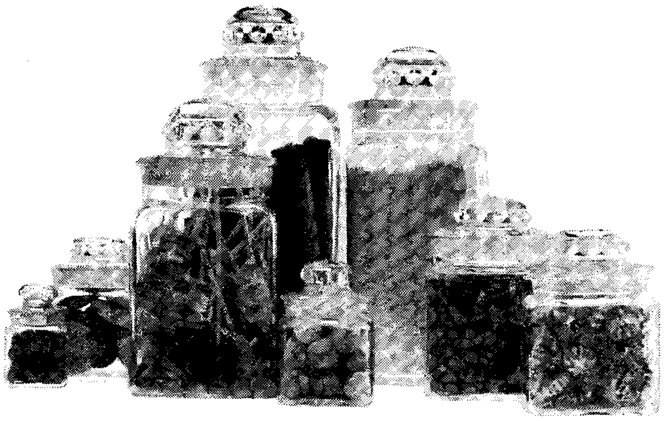

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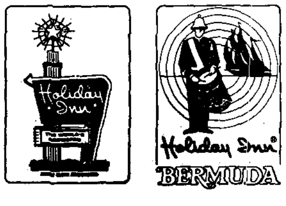

off and a few houses nestled among trees on the shore.

By 1963, things had changed considerably. The harbors fairly close to New York were becoming as tightly packed as public parks, and even in the old Connecticut fishing ports it was getting hard to find room to drop one's anchor. What had been virgin beaches along the Sound were sprouting houses, cabañas, parking lots, and comfort stations, and the untouched harbors were crammed with boats every weekend. On a fine Sunday afternoon, dense swarms of small sailboats milled about outside every port along the Sound, hundreds of powerboats urgently churned this way and that along its shores, and at its western end mile upon mile of water was perpetually roiled and choppy from thousands of intersecting wakes, and contaminated by oil slicks, floating garbage, and waterlogged trash. Despite all this, I had still been able to experience many of the old delights. But now all the processes I had seen under way in 1963 were much further advanced, and the syndrome they produced had spread like a systemic infection, erupting at various places—Stratford, Clinton, Essex, Mystic, and Mattituck, among others—all the way to the eastern end of the Sound, and even beyond it, to the harbors of the South Fork of Long Island and of Block Island. Much that I had found beautiful and restorative had been irreparably uglified, and many of the joys that the Sound had yielded were no longer to be experienced within its confines.

What I felt to be most distressingly diminished was the sense of independence, of escape from the constrictions of contemporary urban life, that cruising in the *mare nostrum* of New Yorkers used to afford. For although few of the harbors I saw on this trip were as badly congested as the one at Huntington, in many of them much of the adequately deep and sheltered anchoring area had been preëmpted by expanding town facilities, commercial marinas, and yacht clubs. As a result, one could no longer count on entering a harbor and choosing a place to drop anchor, but, more often, had to ask the town harbor master or a marina dockmaster to assign one to a mooring—or, more likely, to a slip where one could tie up alongside a dock. This would be a convenient arrangement if one wished to go ashore, but was scarcely more private or independent than a guided tour of Versailles.

Nor could one be sure even of finding a slip in whatever harbor one had reached or sought refuge in. For, increasingly often, one was apt to hear what we heard at the end of our first day, when, weary and hungry, we eased alongside the gasoline dock of the Stratford Marina, three miles up the Housatonic River, and asked the dock attendant for overnight space. The attendant, a pleasant lad of eighteen or so, looked worried, shook his head dolefully, and asked, "Did you have a reservation?" A *reservation*? I would as soon have thought of making one to walk in a park or to sit on a beach. But I was a nautical Rip Van Winkle. In a mere eight years the number of registered powerboats and sailboats in Long Island Sound (so I later ascertained) had increased by about forty per cent—to around two hundred and seventy thousand craft large enough to require permanent dock space or moorings. And there had been an even larger increase in the number of small, unregistered boats of all kinds, making a grand total of somewhere around four hundred and fifty thousand pleasure craft. To be sure, some of the smaller boats are pulled or hoisted onshore when they are not in use, but runaway growth in craft of all kinds had filled many harbors and marinas to capacity, and had transformed the habits of the boating public. Almost all the space in the better-equipped marinas is now reserved in advance for every weekend from Memorial Day to late September, and the improvident mariner who arrives late in the day, unexpected, is likely to find that he must look for makeshift accommodations elsewhere in the harbor, or even go outside again. That first night at Stratford, the dockmaster decided that since it was nearly eight o'clock, his closing time, he could let us stay at the gas dock overnight if we would promise to be up and off by 8 A.M. Even in the ample reaches of the Sound, then, society is closing in, and I, for one, feel that something renewing and enriching has been lost from my life.

Not everyone feels the same way, however. Indeed, there is a new and seemingly dominant breed of boat lovers who are bent on duplicating in their boats and boating the neighborly, acquisitive suburban life they live onshore. They prefer the square, high, houselike comfort of cabin cruisers to the sleek, austere, cramped quarters of sailboats; they like powerful engines, with which to get where they are going swiftly and without the challenge and the difficulties of sailing; and, having got somewhere in a couple of hours of high-speed travel, they enjoy spending their leisure time tied up alongside scores, or even hundreds, of similar boats, all umbilically attached to the mother dock by fat yellow power lines, which nourish all their household organs—refrigerators, freezers, hot-water heaters, toasters, television sets, and even air-conditioners. Surrounded by other people's radios, children, dogs, conversation, galley sounds, and cooking odors, they sit in their wide cockpits as if they were on the patios of their homes, chat with their neighbors or play cards, and saunter along the docks to see how other people's boats are furnished. The word "furnished" is no joke; since powerboats do not heel over, as sailboats do, and are far roomier, they are filled with conventional household furnishings—aluminum or rattan porch chairs, coffee tables, Naugahyde-covered settees, wall-to-wall carpeting, record-players, playpens, Venetian blinds, chintz curtains, and framed nautical prints. The names of these boats often have much the same aura of the unimpeachably wholesome, the conspicuous but unpretentious. Where many sailboat owners (though not Edna's) strive for poetic effect (Allegro), a touch of learning (Invictus), or a hint of sentiment (Mon Petit), owners of powerboats seem to shun poetry, mistrust any show of learning, and feel uneasy about revealing sentiment unless it is cloaked in jocularity. Accordingly, they give their craft homey or familial names (Hildy, Sweetie, Mildred Ann), or use clichés safely free from any trace of intellectuality (Cloud Nine, Holy Mackerel, Rockin' Chair), or conceal their pride and pleasure behind hearty, T-shirt-and-beer-bottle humor (Excedrin IV, Gatz Meow, C-Gal, No More Golf).

Although boat lovers of the new breed usually have expensive navigational equipment—depth finders, speed indicators, radar—most of them prefer to remain snugly in harbor in anything but fine weather and a smooth sea. They don't mind being tied up, for what they enjoy most is not going somewhere in their boats but *being* somewhere—at whatever marina they have chosen to visit, particularly if it has amusements and activities to offer. The bigger marinas now provide many such attractions: swimming pools, char-

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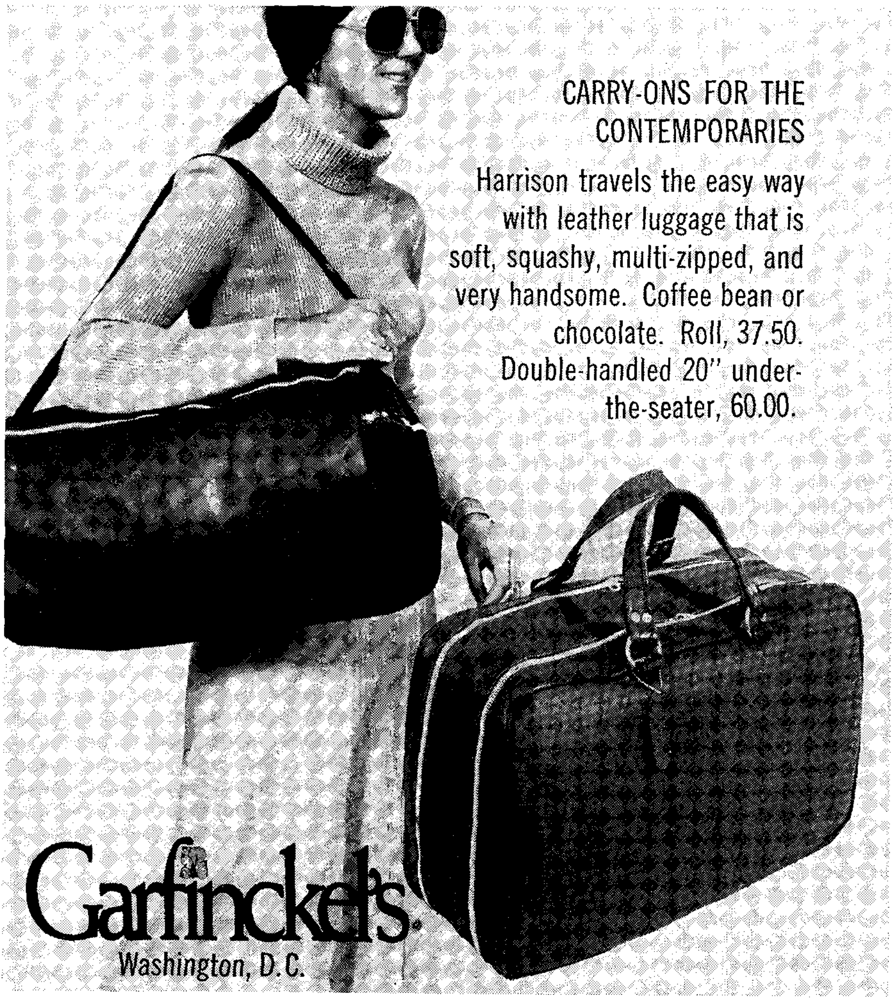

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coal grills, picnic tables, snack bars, restaurants, boutiques, and even dance halls. At Essex, formerly one of the most charming and tranquil of the old New England sailing ports, we found the marinas greatly expanded, with innumerable powerboats chugging up and down the Connecticut River and the main dock—where there had once been a fine old marine-supply store full of bronze fittings, coiled ropes, and charts—now graced with a discothèque, complete with rock group. At Block Island, once the simplest of sailing harbors, we found the old Champlin's Marina boasting a swimming pool, a laundromat, and a restaurant, with a new marina right next door offering the perhaps inevitable boutique. At Clinton, Connecticut, the stout new docks of the Cedar Island Marina housed a veritable city of three hundred boats and included a messenger service reaching every dock and a lobbylike lounge onshore for socializing. This, however, was only the beginning, we were told. In the next few years, the marina's owners plan to build a restaurant, a pool, tennis courts, condominiums, a small shopping center, and a professional office building.

The most significant fact about the new breed of boat owners and their boats is, in brief, that they *consume* all kinds of goods and services: gasoline and diesel fuel, electric power, shore-prepared meals, recreation, and a prepackaged social life. The operators of the newer marinas are happy to supply these, at overnight wharfage rates that have tripled since I last cruised the Sound. When one wanted only a mooring or a place to tie up, the rate was ten cents a foot, or even less; nowadays the big package deal runs thirty cents a foot, or even more, which means about ten dollars a night for a boat of medium length. Moreover, powerboats burn up large amounts of fuel—ten, twenty, even a hundred dollars' worth in a day—and, best of all from the viewpoint of the local merchants, powerboat owners spend much of their time in port and like to while away part of it wandering around town and shopping. (I was told that the boat owners spend upward of half a million dollars yearly in the shops at Clinton.) By comparison, sailboat owners seem an anti-social, stingy, and ungrateful lot, and one marina operator told me, "Frankly, I think the commercial marinas are going to close out sailboats someday soon. Those people seem to think that because the wind is free everything else should be. They hate to pay for dockage. They like to tell us we can't sell them any gas.

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They don't need electric power and hate being charged the same rate as anybody else. It's a psychological thing with them. They just don't understand the way it is in marinas nowadays."

The way it is in marinas nowadays is working baleful wonders upon zoning boards and town councils, and leading them to do things (or to permit entrepreneurs to do them) that are changing harbors radically and permanently—turning them into busy, profitable resorts complete with services of all sorts and with all the concomitant traffic, noise, gasoline fumes, and water pollution. The tranquillity and loveliness of tiny ports and fishing villages is being forever erased by "improvements" and developments that mean profit. Conservationists, though they fight all such changes doggedly, nearly always lose, for the towns of New York and Connecticut are run by local businessmen, who know the value of a dollar, and who regard anyone fighting to preserve wetlands or the beauty of old harbors as some kind of nut, if not a pot-smoking radical given to unspeakable sexual practices.

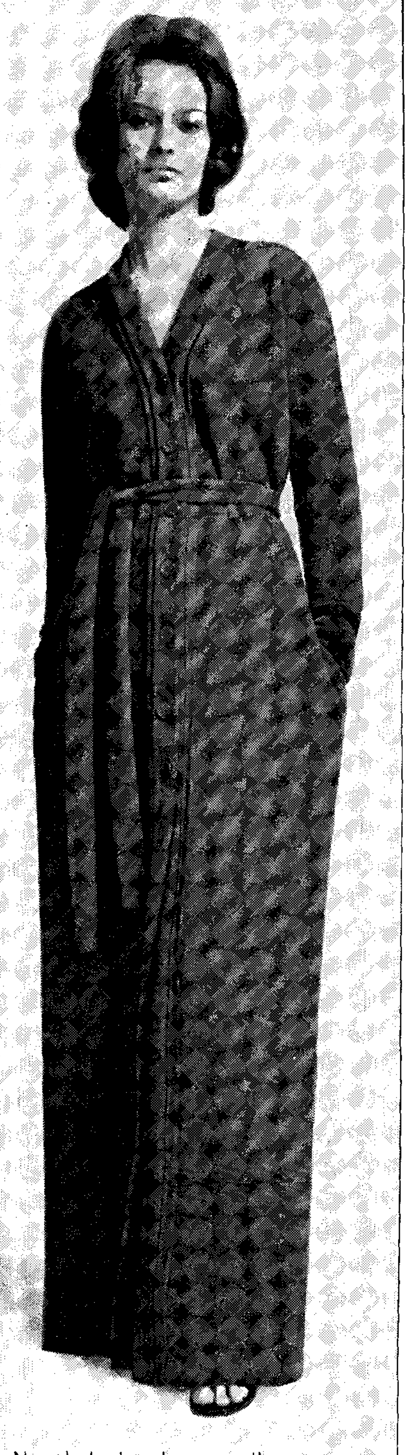
As for pollution, the several marina operators I asked about it scoffed. Every marina now has a few toilets onshore, and it is the firmly stated position of marina owners that all their customers use the shore facilities, not the toilets on their boats. This is palpable nonsense; in a marina that has half a dozen public toilets for hundreds of human beings, people are going to use the facilities on their boats and are going to pump out the wastes into the harbor water. New York State recently issued a regulation requiring the installation of a holding tank in every boat with a toilet—the tank to be pumped out by sanitary-disposal stations at the various harbors. Only a minority of boat owners have complied with the law thus far. Connecticut has a weak, unenforced law concerning the discharge of wastes; Rhode Island and many other states have none. Congress has authorized the Environmental Protection Agency to set up nationwide standards for the control of human wastes from boats, but the standards have not yet been announced. Fifteen years ago, I unhesitatingly jumped into the water of any harbor I anchored in; seven years ago, with so many more boats afloat, I was choosier; and this summer, with hundreds of boats in nearly every small harbor we put into, I no more considered swimming in such waters than I would in the East River or the Hudson. Ducks still paddle around in the small harbors and fish still leap, but the water does not bear close inspection. Most of the Sound's beaches are a good deal cleaner, though, and are still swimmable—at least by health-department standards, if not by one's personal aesthetic standards.

Not all the pollution in the Sound and its harbors comes from boats, of course; much is contributed by the communities onshore and upstream, which pour forth incalculable amounts of treated—and even of raw—sewage, to say nothing of tons of detergents, fertilizers, and assorted chemical wastes. The effects of pollution (abetted by other factors) upon marine life have been disastrous, though how much of this is the fault of pleasure-boaters and how much that of the people on land is hard to say. In any case, the commercial shellfish yield of the Sound has dwindled steadily, amounting last year, on the Long Island side, to only about a quarter of what it was in 1963.

Whatever part the pleasure-boat owners have played in this, they are definitely responsible for the most visible aspects of pollution in the waters of the Sound; even out in the middle of its widest part we rarely managed to sail for more than a few minutes without seeing at least some floating trash or garbage, although almost nothing of the sort was visible on the waters ten or fifteen years ago. It is a curious and disheartening fact that although nearly everyone today is aware of pollution and is concerned about it, the awareness and concern have not yet affected inner feelings enough to make restraint and self-discipline automatic.

In no harbor did the changes of the past eight years astonish me as much as they did at Mattituck, a small North Fork agricultural town on Long Island six or seven miles east of Riverhead. I remembered very well what it had been like in 1963, when I came up the winding two-mile creek there, curious about what lay ahead, and was delighted to find myself entering an irregularly shaped basin, about a sixth of a mile long, that was almost wholly unspoiled and primitive, being bounded on all sides by banks of tall, waving marsh grass, which bordered the flat tree-covered land. The only signs of man's hand were a few other boats anchored in the creek, a few houses around the shore, and, at the far end of the basin, two small town docks and a little white comfort station. Whether

Overgrown cardigan



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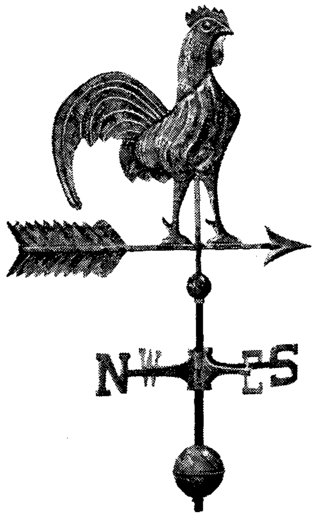
one tied up at one of the docks or anchored out in the middle, the harbor was a quiet refuge, a hideaway seemingly overlooked by the modern world.

On my latest trip, I found the entire east bank of the harbor solidly packed with cabin cruisers at the Matt-A-Mar, an extensive marina that had materialized since my last visit. It was late on a Saturday afternoon, so the center of the basin was also jammed with anchored boats and the town docks were solidly filled. This meant we had no choice: Matt-A-Mar it was—if possible. It *was* possible, but only thanks to someone's last-minute cancellation. Matt-A-Mar, though not the ultimate in luxury or ostentation, proved to be a perfect example of the new boating culture and provides a clear picture of the future of Long Island Sound harbors: nearly a hundred boats lay side by side, sucking in fresh water and electric power; crewcut youngish or middle-aged men, wearing Bermuda shorts, street shoes, and dark stockings, rather than boating clothing, were cooking over charcoal grills onshore, the air around them rank with the smoke of burning fat; in the late-afternoon sunlight, children shrieked in a swimming pool while their mothers lounged watchfully nearby; a couple of teen-agers bicycled along wooden pathways laid over the sandy ground; and dogs on board boats barked at passersby on the docks just as they bark at people on the sidewalks at home.

Later, when it grew dark, women with sweaters flung over their shoulders walked around in twos and threes, peeping into boats and whispering about the décor; a few late diners sat at picnic tables; on a number of boats people sat around tables in the cockpit, playing cards; on others they watched television, and in one instance camp chairs were lined up on deck in two rows, as if in a theatre, and the people in them were drinking beer and watching a situation comedy; a few impatient mothers struggled to get children into bed; here and there little knots of people stood on the dock and gossiped in neighborly fashion. *De gustibus:* there is nothing intrinsically bad about any of this, or intrinsically good about lying at anchor in a secluded harbor. But it did strike me as strange—and sad—that so many families should spend ten, twenty, thirty thousand dollars or more for a boat and use it to reproduce, at Mattituck or wherever, the urban or suburban living conditions from which they were supposedly taking a vacation.

I sought out the owner of Matt-A-Mar, in an effort to learn a little more



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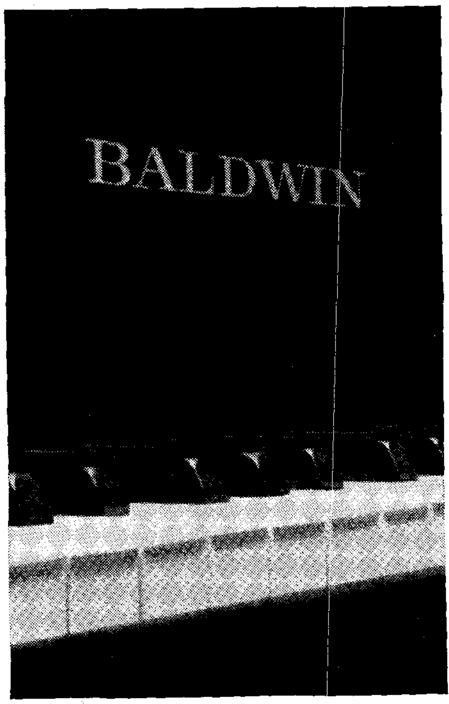

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about how so swift and so major a change had come about. I found him at the gas dock—a barrel-chested, red-faced man in his early fifties, white-haired and crewcut, affable and open. His name was Frank Nowak, he told me, and he invited me aboard his own boat, introduced me to his wife, Millie, and talked with pride about the transformation of the harbor. "I and one other guy designed and built this whole thing, starting six years ago," he said. "I used to be a general contractor, working out of Huntington—I built schools and dormitories and such—and I knew how to operate the equipment and do the job myself, with some hired help. I even built the Olympic-size swimming pool on my own. I'd been boating for twenty-five years, and I could see that Mattituck was an ideal spot for a marina. We bought nine acres on this side of the basin, but ran into a lot of opposition from some of the townspeople and from nearby home-owners—we had to fight for two years before we got zoning approval. I ran the dredging operation myself—it was all salt marsh along here—and built bulkheads and a dozen slips at first, but I've expanded it every year. I have nine hundred amps of electric metering here. I've got three wells pumping water. And it's still only the beginning—we'll be building a restaurant and a motel soon, and who knows what else? There's a great future in this thing." He beamed, looking around at his handiwork.

"We draw a fine crowd in here, mostly family people, and we try to get them to know each other, so they can talk and kid around. They love it, and they come back again and again. Even during the week, we're about three-quarters full. Weekends we're booked solid, and for holidays every slip is reserved two or three months ahead."

A couple of other sailboats lay at slips in Matt-A-Mar, and I asked him what percentage of his trade involved sailboats.

"Not too much," he said. "Maybe fifteen per cent, over the season, maybe less. Most sailboats seem to like to anchor in the middle of the basin, if there's any room. Anyhow, our setup here is designed for the convenience of the powerboats."

I asked what part the sale of fuel played in all this.

He declined to tell me what the gross sales of fuel at Matt-A-Mar came to, saying instead, with a satisfied smile, "Let's say this—we pump a lot of fuel, a *lot* of fuel. We have a contest going for the boat that takes on the most fuel at one time, and at the end of the summer the gasoline winner and the diesel winner each get a magnum of champagne. You'd be amazed how these guys come dragging up the creek, almost bone dry, to see if they can win that bottle of champagne." He chuckled. It was obvious that he liked his customers and their habits. "They're nice people who come here, decent people. They needed this marina, and as fast as I've built it up I keep having to add more space. Before next summer, I'll dredge over there where you see that marsh grass, and put in another twenty slips. Every year, we get bigger. It's been a great thing."

EVEN so, many of the experiences I had valued in cruising on the Sound were still to be had. For one, I found boat handling as challenging and rewarding as ever, whether it was a matter of coaxing Edna along in a breath of air over a glassy sea or straining to control her as she leaped and raced wildly through tumbling waves in a fresh breeze. Each day, I once again felt astonishment and delight at being able to make this seven-ton vessel take us where we wished, despite contrary winds, unfriendly currents, and lurking hostile shoals. I renewed acquaintance with the sky, again getting to know it more intimately than one ever does on land, reading its moods, seeking to ferret out its intentions toward us from the faint frown of distant cirrus, the ferocious scowl of scudding storm clouds, or the gradual smile of sun burning through morning fog.

Gulls still wheeled over the boat looking for handouts or flapped along slowly near us, their wing tips almost but never quite brushing the water. Neat, agile terns folded their wings on high and plummeted into the sea, popping up with silvery, wriggling things in their beaks. In one harbor, morning fog cut us off from the whole world, except where, on a distant jetty, we could make out the tiny silhouettes of a man, a boy, and a dog walking on the rocks. Even in the harbors with enlarged and populous marinas, we enjoyed many hypnotically beautiful sights: the great red bowl of sunset over the water on a clear evening; a gleaming sheet of water reflecting trees and clouds; a marshy shore on the other side of the water, where tall grass shone silkily in the sunlight; a stately schooner gracefully making her way up a channel; two

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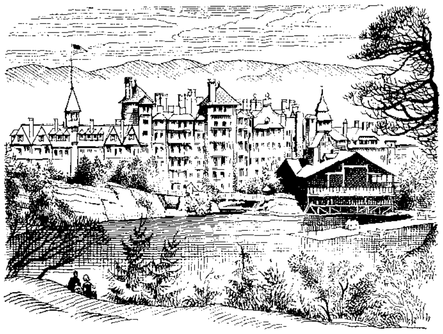

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bright-blond small boys stoutly rowing their little cockleshell across a harbor on some urgent make-believe errand; slow, deliberate clammers, straw-hatted and sunk in water to their chests, diligently stroking the unseen bottom and hopefully bringing up their clamrakes again and again to see what they had gathered.

Solitude was delicious, but so were our encounters with other boats: tiny Sunfish skittering by us near a harbor mouth; homely outboard motorboats drifting miles offshore, with sunburned fishermen in them waiting, forever waiting; sails tiny and white upon the horizon, then growing slowly larger and revealing the boat beneath them, which finally passed near enough for us to see the crew and wave to them; cabin cruisers, oceangoing yachts, and great dirty freighters crossing our path at sea, all as curious about us as we were about them, all quick to exchange smiles and waves, our distance from shore erasing all differences and making us brothers. The shoreline, too, though it had become far more urbanized, was an ever-fascinating panorama, which we saw as from some secret vantage point. People-strewn beaches, mansions with immaculate lawns sloping down to the water, abandoned lighthouses, somnolent villages, bustling commercial ports, rickety beach houses clustered down by the water—all these lay open to our gaze as we passed by. And we felt the same excitement and sense of achievement that sailors have felt for many thousands of years when first we saw some vague, low outline on a theretofore naked horizon and watched it grow higher and darker, finally becoming green and distinct—the very island or promontory we had been sailing for, which had now materialized out of the sea just as it was supposed to. And we rediscovered the full meaning of the word "harbor" each afternoon when we came upon whatever opening in the coastline we had been seeking, made our way into its shelter, dropped our sails, tied up, and sank back, tired, pleased, and safe for the night. Eating and drinking still seemed more intensely gratifying on board boat than they did on land; fatigue was delicious rather than distressing; and sleep had an animal immediacy about it, overtaking us sometimes in bright sunlight and sometimes in the middle of an evening's conversation in the cockpit.

We even found some of the old-time fellowship and courtesy. On our last evening, we reached the mouth of Black Rock Harbor, a couple of miles west of Bridgeport, and approached the dock of the Black Rock Yacht Club.

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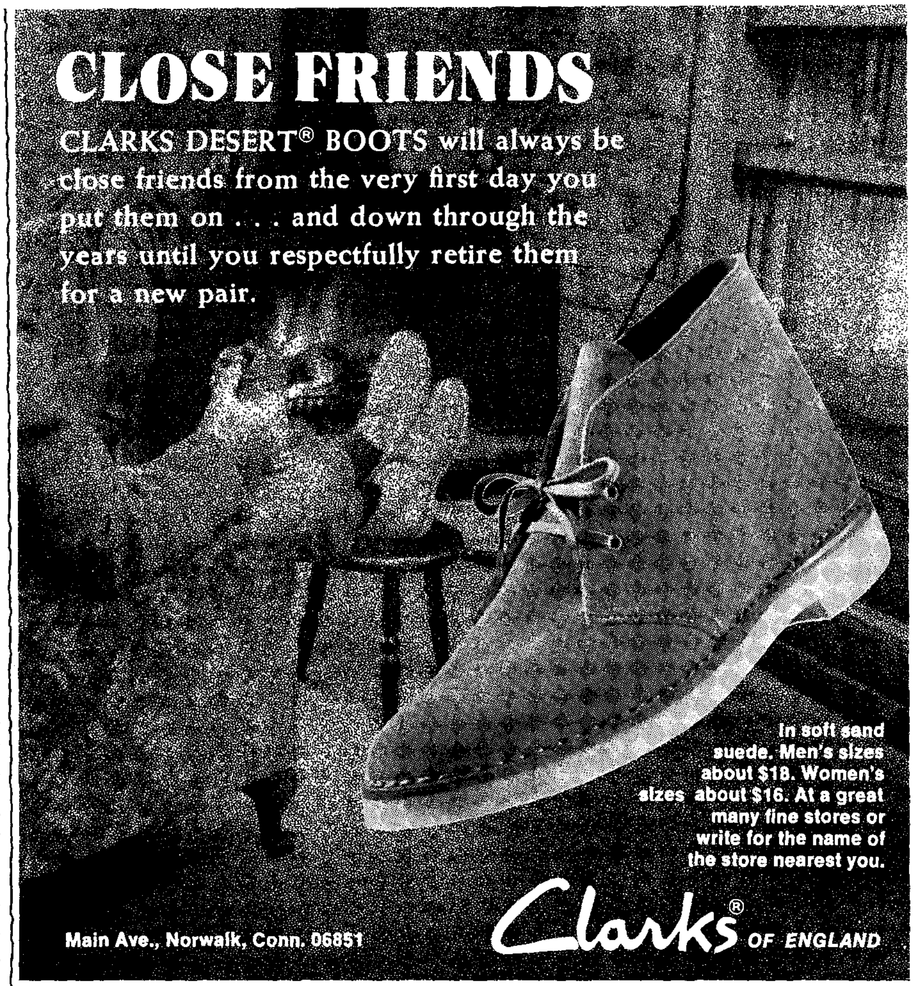
A launch boy called across the water to ask if we were looking for a mooring for the night, and when we replied that we were he started the launch and guided us to a mooring a quarter of a mile from the dock and well away from almost all the moored boats of the club fleet. The overnight fee, he said, would be three dollars. He returned for us shortly and took us to the clubhouse, where we showered, put on clean clothes, and went out to the broad veranda; there sixty or seventy people, unpretentiously dressed and in family groups, were having a Sunday-night buffet supper. An affable man of about forty in plaid slacks, the vice-commodore of the club, welcomed us and bade us make ourselves at home. We headed for the buffet table, gathered up fried chicken, baked beans, cole slaw, aspic salad, fruit compote, and coffee—at a cost of around seven dollars for the three of us—and found a vacant table, where we sat in the light of the setting sun and ate gazing out at water almost purple in hue. At dusk, the launch boy ferried us back to our boat, and we sat out in the cockpit, splendidly alone and yet close enough to see the lights of the clubhouse and the remote headlights of cars soundlessly moving along the shore road. We watched occasional boats feeling their way up the channel in the dark, and talked about many things; felt chilly and put on sweaters; hated to leave the stars and the black water; but grew sleepy, and tumbled below and went to bed, snug and safe, our good boat bobbing lightly in the chop rolling in from the Sound, the waves gurgling and lapping on the hull as we fell asleep.

The morning was foggy, hot, and nearly windless. We crept blindly down the channel and eased along the shore for some miles, navigating with great care from buoy to buoy; then, just off Sheffield Island, near Norwalk, we headed south. On the flat, unrippled water all along the Norwalk Islands, and even midway across the Sound, we saw more paper labels, beer cans, plastic bags, miscellaneous bits of garbage, and algae scum than we had seen anywhere else, partly because we were in a high-density boating area and partly because we were seeing what is often present in such waters but is tactfully hidden by the waves. The fog slowly turned into dense, humid, glaring haze, through which, eventually, Eaton's Neck appeared dead ahead. We proceeded down the bay, dropped sail, and motored on into Huntington Harbor, astonished once again at the jam-packed, seemingly endless mass of boats stretching out



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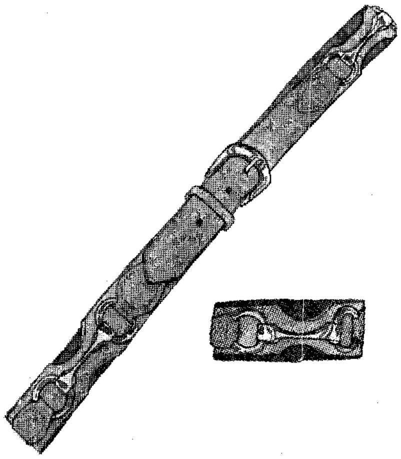

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farther than we could see. Cautiously working our way through them, we pulled up at the dock of the Three Harbors Marine and let Sondra off to go retrieve the car, which we had had to park a mile away. I told the launch boy—not one we had dealt with here earlier but one who was equally young and tanned, and equally surly—that we would blow the horn for him after we had moored Edna, packed our things, and made her shipshape.

"I'm not supposed to take care of anybody but people who have moorings," he said. I pointed out that, as charterers, we were guests of such a person. "Makes no difference," he said. "That's the rule." I asked just how we were supposed to get ashore, and he shrugged. Then, grandly relenting, he said as he sped away, "Blow when you're ready and I'll see what I can do." It was, of course, a familiar performance; we were back in the land of incivility, tipping, and bad service.

"You going out?" someone shouted at us from a boat coming in toward the dock and eager for our space. We hurriedly pushed off, threaded our way back to Edna's mooring, and made fast. When we had packed up all our gear and padlocked the boat, we blew the horn. After an interminable wait, the launch boy came alongside, and readily accepted my tip. At the dock, half a dozen people were waiting for him to ferry them out, but although we had a number of bags to unload onto the dock, no one helped us with them, as boating people used to do—and still do in some places. Struggling and sweating, we carried all our bundles to the car and drove off, not looking back at the Sound, preferring to remember all that had been beautiful and that seemed destined soon to be gone forever.

—MORTON HUNT

•

> Julia Child in a long evening gown? On a stage, instead of a kitchen? With Arthur Reciting the tale of Tubby Offenbach. And as a smash American in Paris," and Bizet's the Tuba?
> —*Rochester* (N.Y.) *Times-Union.*

Tubby Offenbach was a contemporary of Fats Moussorgsky.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6 (AP)—U.S. officials said today that they had no information to confirm the report.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Cape Cod Notes

AUGUST 4TH: Cape Cod has everything but mountains, and it is all Grade A: diamond ocean beaches; clean, icy, booming water; monolithic dunes; grandmotherly bayside beaches inhabited by hermit crabs and whitebait; pine barrens and elm-locked avenues; warm, clear, sandy-bottomed ponds; ancient, beetle-browed houses; manicured meadows and great, woolly, striding humpbacked hills; dreaming salt marshes; and skies big enough for moonrise and sunset to do duets in. Indeed, it has so much natural music that one is always startled to come upon any man-made music, which is what happened tonight when I was heading down Route 28 from Orleans to Chatham and saw a roadside sign outside the Wequassett Inn saying "Bobby Hackett." I turned in and, sure enough, found the Master in a glass-enclosed room adjacent to the main building and called the Outer Bar. He was wedged, in his diminutive way, between a bassist and a wall, and he was playing "A Foggy Day." A small floor was ablaze with beefy, parrot-colored dancers. Hackett went on to "Louise" and "Frenesi" and "If I Could Be with You," and then he played "Sleepy Time Down South" as a tribute to his great friend Louis Armstrong. This was followed by "You Do Something to Me" and an intricate "I Can't Get Started," in which every phrase was hammered silver. There was a resounding, accelerando "I Found a New Baby," a tune that has a mysterious manic effect on the steadiest of drummers, and the set was closed by two flawless, geometric Hackett hymns—"Moonlight in Vermont" and "Nice Work If You Can Get It."

Hackett sat down and had a cup of coffee, and I told him how astonished I was to find him on a Wednesday evening in August in the middle of Cape Cod. (Hackett, with his dapper clothes, patent-leather hair, and small, sharp features, resembles a stoolie in a nineteen-thirties gangster movie, and it is always surprising to find him outside a city.) He said he had played most of the winter in Hyannis with a tuba-and-banjo band and expected to be in the Outer Bar until October. More than that, he had sold his house in Jackson Heights and moved to Chatham. He looked the way a man who has just moved to Cape Cod from New York should look: peaceful, pleased, and rested. He said that he hoped in time to have his own group, and that he would use "the world's best pianist," Dave McKenna, who is also a Cape resident. I asked him about the trio he was with, and he said that things had about come full circle. He had joined it in July at the invitation of its leader, Payson Ré, a society bandleader and pianist who has graced the likes of the Stork Club and the Drake, and who, thirty-seven years before, had given Hackett his first chance to play cornet on a job, at the Megansett Tea Room, in North Falmouth. (Hackett, who was born and grew up in Providence, was then mainly a fiddler and guitarist, and he remains an exquisite guitarist today. But he plays only in private.) Ré, who is courtly-looking and in his sixties, began playing, and Hackett told me that McKenna was working at the Columns, in West Dennis, and that while I was on the Cape I should also look up a fine Fats Waller pianist named Marie Marcus. He also asked me if I'd like a copy of his new record, and, Hackett jazz recordings being rare items these days, I said I'd be delighted. He was in the middle of "New Orleans" when I left.

The record turned out to be of a concert given last January at the Overseas Press Club. Called "Giants," it is on the Perception label (PLP-19), and it has one of those wild and improbable personnels that one dreams up while driving on expressways. Hackett is joined by Dizzy Gillespie, Mary Lou Williams, George Duvivier, and Grady Tate. It is a loose, driving, frequently spectacular recording, and it is absolutely honest: there are clams, stewed ensembles, and rhythmic hassles. (Such recordings are generally edited and polished before they are released.) Hackett and Gillespie have, for whatever reasons, been thrown together several times in recent years, and the results have been interesting. It is like putting a baroque church (Gillespie) and a classic saltbox (Hackett) side by side. The two men complement (and compliment) each other, and they also seem to ignite each other. Gillespie is brilliant, and even breathtaking, on the record, and Hackett, though he stands politely to the side some of the time, is not far behind. Listen to the first eight bars of "Autumn Leaves," where Gillespie, muted and with only Duvivier accompanying him, goes through some unbelievably subtle and adroit rhythmic juggling, and listen to his stunning solo in "Caravan"—a display of acrobatics that matches anything he has recorded. And he is equally imposing in the verse of "My Man" and in his solo in the same number. Hackett, too, is perfect in "Autumn Leaves" and in a leisurely "Willow Weep for Me," which he has mostly to himself. But perhaps the high point of the record comes in the coda of "My Man," where Gillespie and Hackett exchange four-bar breaks, which include such things as Gillespie mimicking Rex Stewart followed by Hackett mimicking Gillespie mimicking Stewart. It only lasts a few seconds, but it's one of those great, funny moments that happen only in jazz. Mary Lou Williams is completely caught up throughout, and she takes several solos ("Autumn Leaves," "Caravan," "Birks Works") that rival anything *she* has done. Duvivier and Tate never let down; in fact, Duvivier, largely hidden in the studios the last couple of decades, may be the greatest rhythm bassist who ever lived.

AUGUST 6TH: It is a month since Louis Armstrong died. We handle death dismally in this country (one great exception is the unique but rapidly disappearing New Orleans funeral, with its raucous wakes, its marching bands, and its perfectly balanced salutes to sorrow and joy), and poor Armstrong, the least sentimental of men, got the full treatment. The climax was his widely publicized funeral, where the politicians (I wonder if Armstrong, a totally apolitical animal, ever voted) and come-lately show-biz types got pretty much what they deserved: Peggy Lee groping through "The Lord's Prayer" (the version she sang, with its long notes, creeping tempo, and serpentine melody, has floored divas) and Al Hibbler converting the sunny "When the Saints Go Marching In" into a histrionic dirge. (Hackett told me the other night that Armstrong, whose musical tastes often ran counter to everything he stood for, admired Miss Lee greatly. Hackett also said that he had not even been invited to the funeral.) This morning, a Victor reissue set arrived—"Louis Armstrong: July 4, 1900/July 6, 1971" (VPM-6044)—and it is more of the same, for it is a ragbag memorial album that includes eleven generally indifferent sides from two of his noblest years (1932-33) and twenty-three sides from some of his most indifferent years (1946-56).

Armstrong recorded mainly for Victor, Columbia, and Decca, but none of

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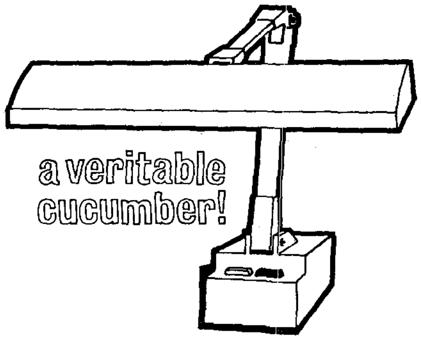
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them has ever put out an Armstrong collected works on the order of the Bessie Smith project that Columbia has nearly completed. They have reissued countless aimlessly chosen selections in which no attempt has been made to improve the sound. (Columbia did put out a workable four-album collection twenty years ago, and in the late fifties Decca issued a mammoth affair made up of old and new material, the latter including a small-band side called "King of the Zulus," which is one of the finest things Armstrong ever recorded.) The present Victor hotchpotch is no exception. The sound is poor, some of the sides have been reissued before and some have not, and some don't deserve to be reissued at all. And no personnels are listed. The early numbers are notches below such classic efforts made at the same time as "Basin Street Blues" and "That's My Home," but, unavoidably, there are sterling moments: Armstrong's marvellous ad-lib introduction to "You'll Wish You'd Never Been Born," in which he essays one of the bravura one-man-band flights that he perfected at the opening of "West End Blues;" the ingenious, seemingly-oh-so-simple way he plays the melody of "Hustlin' and Bustlin' for Baby;" his dark, spacious final bridge in "He's a Son of the South;" and the beautiful, stately, meditative opening solo in "Mississippi Basin." He sings on every side, and his voice is in its prime. Then there are four listless numbers made with a studio band in 1946, the year that marked the end of a four- or five-year period when Armstrong, boxed in by bebop and other changing musical fashions, had, for the only time in his life, been labelled old-fashioned and shelved. Four pleasant numbers done by a group including Barney Bigard, Vic Dickenson, and Zutty Singleton are followed by more studio-band sides and then by nine tunes made with the celebrated All-Stars, in 1947 and 1948—a band that had Jack Teagarden and Bigard and Sid Catlett. There are excellent moments. Armstrong and Teagarden sing separately and together (they do a duet in "Fifty-Fifty Blues" that sounds like a bullfrog and a nightingale in tandem), and Teagarden solos well on nearly every side. Four of the numbers were recorded at a Town Hall concert, in 1948, and they have Bobby Hackett obbligatos and, in "Ain't Misbehavin'," a climbing, ringing Armstrong solo. (Hackett is also given a short solo in "Ain't Misbehavin'," a mark of respect that Armstrong showed to only one other trumpeter—Red Allen.) The album shuffles to a close

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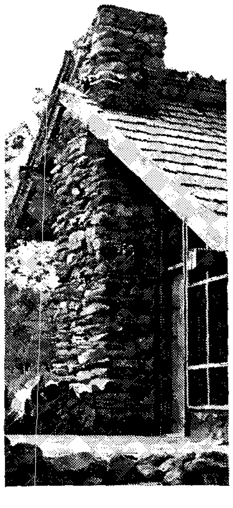
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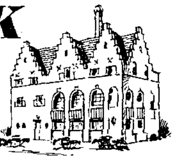

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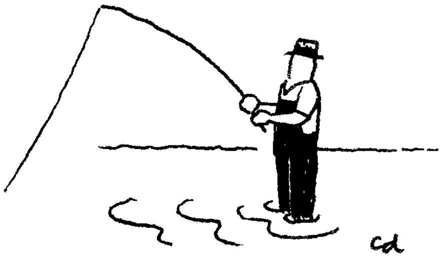
with two more studio-band numbers.

Reissues aside, the record companies did little with Armstrong in the last decade of his life. Why, for instance, weren't Earl Hines and Zutty Singleton and Armstrong brought back together (they had played as a trio in Chicago in the late twenties as well as on the Hot Seven sides) while they were all hale? It might have been a celestial occasion.

AUGUST 7TH: When I arrived at the Columns, a restaurant and bar in a big Victorian house in West Dennis (West Dennis and Dennis Port are on the south shore, but East Dennis and Dennis are on the north shore), McKenna was standing in shirtsleeves on the porch fanning himself. He said he wished he could give up playing the piano and go into some other line of work—a plaint he has aired before, and one that generally signifies that his morale is high. McKenna has played with every sort of group in the past fifteen years, but he has never got his due. He is a fleet, sure graduate of the Art Tatum academy, and, like Tatum and John Lewis and Billy Kyle, he transmits emotion readily through his instrument. He does this by coming down hard on unexpected notes just a fraction ahead of the beat—the lead-in note of a phrase, or one about halfway through, or both—and then falling softly away into quick, neat runs. And he does it with his left hand, which moves through a steady parade of often basso-profundo nudging chords, floating tenths, and occasional oompahs. He is a heated pianist, but his passions never run away with him; each chorus emerges whole and flowing, each note locked perfectly in place. (This is all the more remarkable when one considers his size. He is a huge man, and when he sits down at the keyboard it appears to shrink to about half its usual length.) When he had finished fanning himself, McKenna put on his jacket and went back into the bar, a small, dark room between two sizable dining rooms. He had mumbled something about "the Italians" having arrived, and he duly played "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" and "The Impossible Dream." It was good cock-



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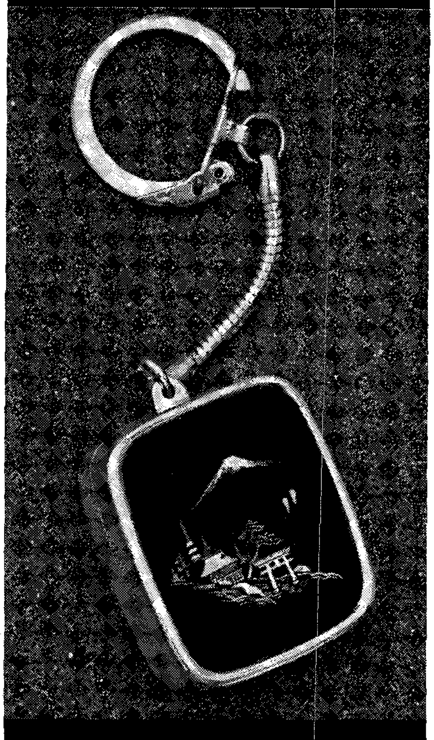

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tail piano, but then he went into a medium, rocking "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now" and souped-up versions of "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" and "Sunny Side of the Street." A lovely Debussy-like medley of three ballads followed, and he accompanied a pretty, vivacious singer named Shirly Carroll, who showed a genuine affection for Billie Holiday. Miss Carroll retired, and McKenna suddenly roared into "I Want to Be Happy." It was a fast, furious, priceless performance.

August 10th: Marie Marcus is the best-known jazz musician on the Cape. She plays piano in bars and lounges with the bassist Carl Germaine, and she leads a Dixieland band in weekly jam sessions and at outdoor summer concerts. She is also famous because—a kind of Ruth Gordon—when she was eighteen she went to New York from Boston, where she was born, and took lessons from Fats Waller in the Brill Building, where he had a studio. (That was in 1933, when female jazz musicians were still almost unheard of.) It was the cornerstone of her life, and afterward she worked on Fifty-second Street. In the late thirties, she had her own band, and after the war she worked with Preacher Rollo and the Five Saints, and with Wild Bill Davison. She is a handsome matron who talks steadily to her hands while she plays. Her style is Wallerish. She favors a stride bass, and her right-hand figures depend largely on spare single notes and plump, blocked-out chords. She never hurries, and her solos have a serene, homey texture, as if she were crocheting them. I learned most of this tonight at one of her open-air concerts at the Middle School, in West Yarmouth. (Last night, I stopped in to hear her at the Steak Pub, in Dennis Port, but, except for a brief Waller medley, she played cocktail piano.) It was the sort of apple-pie occasion I didn't know existed anymore. The band played in a small shell facing an oval dell dotted with pines. It was twilight, and several hundred people of all ages were on hand. Three-quarters of them sat on their own portable chairs, and the rest stayed in their cars and beeped their horns at the close of each number. Mrs. Marcus's band is made up of middle-aged men who hold day jobs, and it is an uncommonly homogenized one. It plays quietly and smoothly and without any of the steamy self-consciousness of most semi-pro bands. There were creditable versions of "Oh, Didn't He Ramble" (for Louis Armstrong), "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Baby Face," and "Ugly Chile," and then Mrs. Marcus, an introverted pianist, came to the fore in a solo rendition of "Liza," which was peppy and even, and in a medium-slow "Satin Doll," where she got off some subtle and affecting chords. During the intermission, Mrs. Marcus, seemingly leaning comfortably on her back fence, patted children on the head (she has raised four) and talked amiably with the grownups. —Whitney Balliett

ROCK, ETC.

Their Generation

SOMEONE was waving a large pink-and-white sign that read, "Don't Worry. Be Happy." I was trying, and so were at least thirty thousand other bodies waiting, with varying degrees of post-Aquarian patience, to see the Who for the first time in a year. Though the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs is designed for classical concerts and ballet, its schedule includes a series of pop "special events." Above the five-thousand-seat amphitheatre is a grassy slope that accommodates an elastic number of general admissions; to get to either, much of the audience has to funnel through several turnstiles on a bridge. This arrangement may be ideal for the Philadelphia Orchestra, but the Who caused a predictably gigantic bottleneck. For two hours or so on a warm Monday evening, we all squeezed toward the gate and debated the merits of sticking to the middle of the mob versus attempting an end run. Though our collective body heat soon became unbearable, the mood remained cool and good-humored. A lot of beer and wine circulated; people were finishing up whatever they had, since no booze was allowed inside. "Where's the Hell's Angels?" someone wanted to know. It was just a typical pack-'em-in, getting-there-is-half-the-trip rock concert; once the Who started to play, everybody would forget about the hassle quicker than you can say Bill Graham.

After most of the reserved seats had been occupied, the general-admissions crowd overflowed into the theatre. This set off a mild class conflict between those aristocrats who had paid as much as six dollars for tickets and the two-fifty-a-head proles who now filled the aisles, stood in front of the stage, and wandered through the rows obstructing the view and appropriating latecomers' empty seats. The frustrated aristocrats yelled "Sit down!" until Mylon, the supporting act, drowned them out; after that they threw wadded-up paper torn out of their programs. Mylon's

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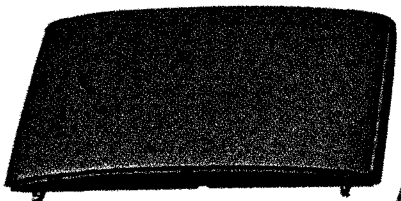

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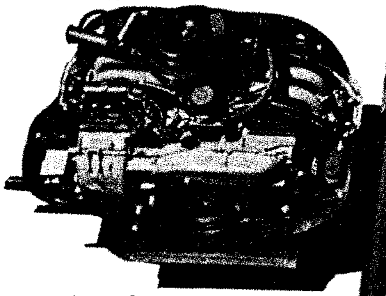

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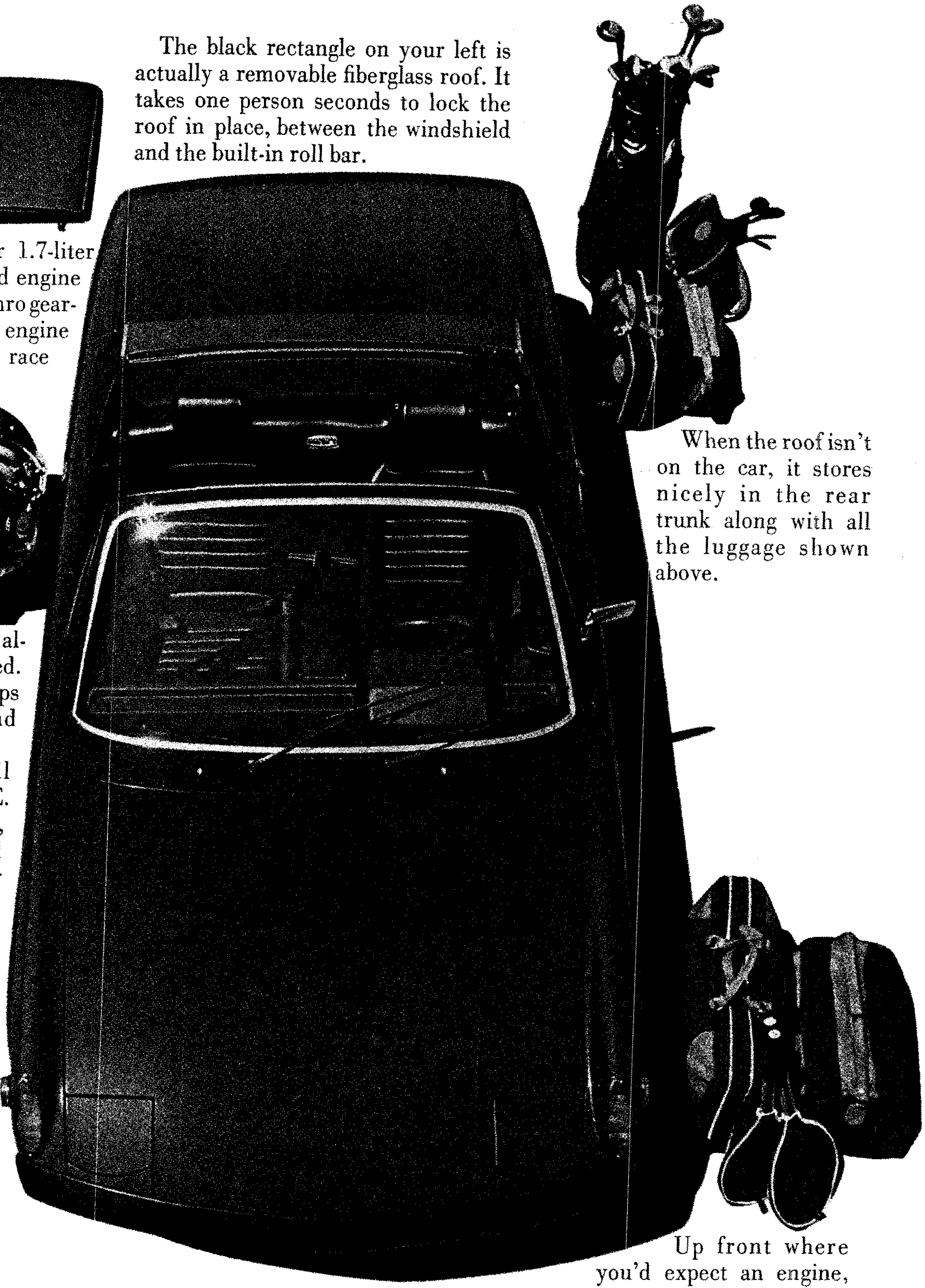

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lead singer kept trying to establish himself as a man of the people ("If we seem confused—well, we came here in the same shape you did, heh heh!"). He went into a long stoned rap—something about how if we were sincere enough and smart enough and *together* enough . . . "Just make sure you *sit down* before the Who come on," the kid in back of me warned the kid next to me.

During intermission, the management, with awesome optimism, announced that because of fire regulations the aisles would have to be cleared before the concert could go on. Naturally, nobody moved. After ten minutes of face-saving delay, the Who made their entrance, causing an immediate escalation in the conflict between sitters and standees. Hundreds of programs were sacrificed as the Who began singing "Love Ain't for Keeping," a song from their new album, "Who's Next." (I had received the record that morning and played it all day long. And to think I'd been wondering what the Who had done for me lately!) Pete Townshend and John Entwistle really had little beards, just like on the album cover, and Roger Daltrey was sporting muttonchops. They were even more manic than usual, kicking dead mikes, stamping on imaginary cockroaches, exaggerating their accents, parodying and teasing each other. Keith Moon was having a hard time maintaining his status as the group's chief clown—Daltrey was having a great time coming on like Screamin' Jay Hawkins, and Townshend kept tantalizing the audience by pretending to go into his old guitar-smashing routine. At one point, a freak in a motorcycle jacket jumped onstage; as he was hauled off by the security people, Townshend pantomimed kicking and punching him, then turned and gave us a coy grin and the V sign. The music reflected this mood; it sounded harder, younger, and more pop than the last time around. The concert included very little of the Who's quieter stuff and none of the flirtation with piano and organ that mellows the overall effect of "Who's Next." Most of the Who's new material is closer in spirit to their early hits than to "Tommy" or the songs on "Happy Jack" and "The Who Sell Out." (Even "Behind Blue Eyes," a classic middle-Townshend character sketch, is about a psychopath rather than the usual harmless eccentric.) Apparently, the Who have discovered—or rediscovered—that they, too, are working-class heroes, or, rather, working-class saints: one of the most interesting cuts on "Who's Next" is called "Baba O' Riley." Maybe it's just that they were so much older then; they're younger than that now—introducing "My Generation," Townshend quipped to his college-age audience, "This song could be about *you*." ("Don't cry, don't raise your eye," mourns Baba O' Riley. "It's only teen-age wasteland.") At any rate, their performance of "Won't Get Fooled Again," their current hit single and Townshend's answer to "Street Fighting Man," was the high point of the show, as violent and electrifying as "My Generation" used to be before it became so familiar. The synthesizer track—taped for the purposes of live performance—projected alienated energy the way feedback once did. And, oh, yes: Townshend did total his instrument during his last song. It was an anticlimax, after the will-he-or-won't-he tension he had been building all evening, but it said something. Baba O' Riley says some other things, like "Let's get together before we get much older," and "I don't need to fight to prove I'm right,/ I don't need to be forgiven." Where this new synthesis leads I'm not sure.

Back at the parking lot, a girl who looked about thirteen asked my friends and me if we knew where she could find the people she had come with. She explained that she was tripping and had been waiting by their car "for hours and hours, since they smashed everything in there." We persuaded her to go on waiting; it had been about twenty minutes. She stared at the crowd that kept coming, and asked, "Is this Woodstock?"

"No," I said. "But it's more or less the same thing."

We got into our car, ready to face the traffic jam. —ELLEN WILLIS

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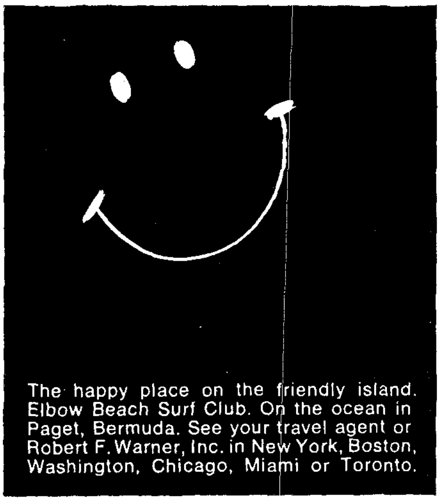

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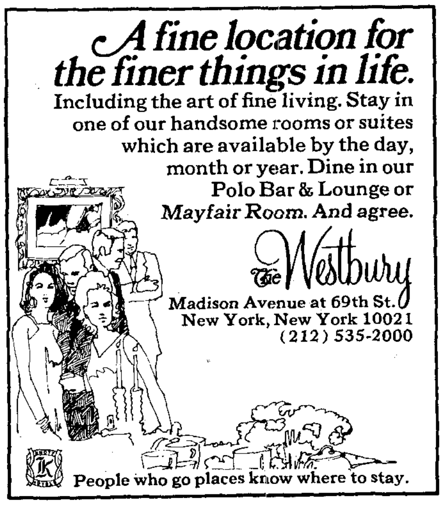

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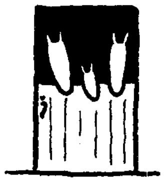
THE RACE TRACK

Reason Enough

THE Travers Stakes is Saratoga's most cherished fixture and also the high point of the meeting. Last Saturday, a crowd of thirty thousand—the largest ever at the old course on Union Avenue—saw Bold Reason run his winning streak to six straight in it, beating West Coast Scout, Good Counsel, and five others in a mild drive. At the break, the Canadian Queen's Plate winner Kennedy Road tore off in front, bent on stealing the race. At one point, he was ahead by eight lengths, but then he ran out of speed and Bold Reason took over. That night, the canoe that floats on the little lake in the infield was painted gold and blue—the racing colors of William A. Levin, who owns the colt. It wouldn't be too much to say that Bold Reason is our best three-year-old. In addition to the Travers, he has won the American Derby and the Hollywood Derby. Incidentally, he's been syndicated for $3,200,000, but he will continue racing and may run for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in October.



There were plenty of surprises at the Spa last week. The stunner, of course, was the suspension of Frank J. Caldwell, Long Island furniture manufacturer and stable owner, by the New York State Racing Commission, which charged that he, "acting in concert with others, attempted to and did conceal from the commission the interest of an unlicensed person" in horses stabled and raced at the New York tracks. The authorities also let it be known that the entry of Jim French, whom Caldwell had owned and had sold recently to Mrs. George Sarant, would not be accepted for the Travers. (It seems that she didn't have a license to race in New York; in fact, she hadn't applied for one.) As this is written, an investigation by the Racing Commission is in progress. It would be improper for me to comment further on the case.

To complicate the situation even more, Jim French has been impounded on a writ of attachment obtained by a bank in Lexington, Kentucky, because of a loan made to Caldwell, and the horse must remain within the jurisdiction of the sheriff of Saratoga County until that matter is cleared up. Well, Jim, who in my book is one of our better three-year-olds, has had a busy season. He was ninth in his last start, the Monmouth Invitational—in which, by the way, he ran in the name and colors of Mrs. Sarant—and I fancy he could do with a rest. The Spa's the place for it.

A BIGGER shock to the talent than the Caldwell case was the defeat of Numbered Account in the Adirondack Stakes. To the bettors, the odds of 9–10 against her looked like money from home. But she couldn't catch Debby Deb; in fact, Dance Partner nosed her out of second place. Heigh-ho; Saratoga closes this weekend. Colonel Martingale says that the way the two-year-olds have been running, he couldn't pick the Hopeful Stakes with a divining rod.

FARTHER AFIELD: The Hobson Handicap, at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park, was a gala affair, from all accounts. It was Pennsylvania's first $100,000 race, and a big and enthusiastic crowd in the stand saw a smashing performance, in which Hobeau Farm's Peace Corps romped home eleven lengths ahead of Never Bow, Jontilla, and five others. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01⅘—two and two-fifths seconds faster than the old track record. Altogether, it was a fitting windup of a successful meeting. . . . At Atlantic City, there were so many runners for the Ventnor Handicap on the grass that it was run off in two sections. Speedy Zephyr, winner of the Manitoba Derby, down from Canada for the race, won the first by six. Barbizon Streak, a Jersey campaigner, took the second. . . . Delaware Park reopened for the continuation of its meeting—which will run through September 26th—with the Endine Handicap, which went to Royal Signal. . . . And Princess Pout, who won the Sheepshead Bay Handicap at the Big A and an overnight at Saratoga, took on the boys in the Benjamin F. Lindheimer Handicap at Arlington Park and beat them in that gallop on the grass.

BELMONT PARK next week. I can hardly wait. —AUDAX MINOR

•

They can take a limited number of guests. The address is Beginish House, Dingle, Co. Kerry, Ireland. Children are very welcome and yours I'm sure will—like my own—enjoy gathering the cookies on the seashore there.—*Amy Vanderbilt in the Staten Island Advance.*

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Of course you can always try to change the subject.

But one answer you can't give is that you weren't in it. Because in this war, there are no 4F's and no conscientious objectors. No deferments for married men or teen-agers. And no exemptions for women.

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The fact is that companies and governments are made up of people. It's people who make decisions and do things that foul up our water, land and air. And that goes for businessmen, government officials, housewives or homeowners.

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Above all, let's stop shifting the blame. People start pollution. People can stop it. When enough Americans realize this we'll have a fighting chance in the war against pollution.

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BOOKS

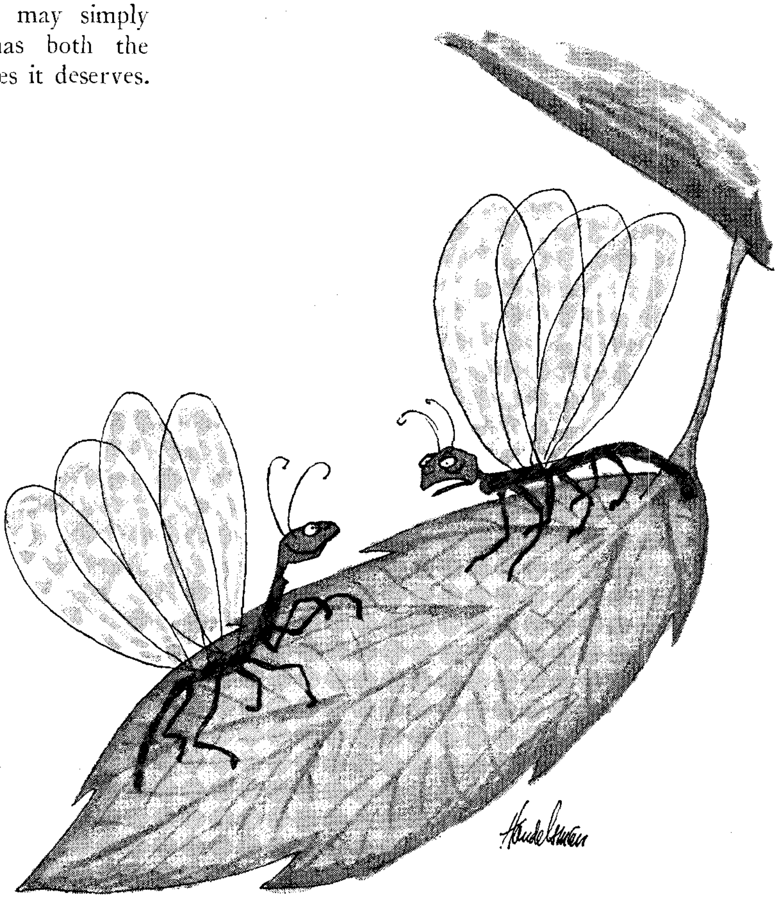
The Corn Is Blue

BECAUSE it is a topic at once stale and feverish but also filled with psychological and philosophical traps, pornography generates a special brand of solemn silliness. This has been demonstrated once again at the so-called *Oz* trial that has just ended in London. The three defendants, editors of an underground paper, were convicted of having published an obscene article. The harshness of the prison sentences, which are now up for appeal, stems immediately from the fact that the issue of the magazine chosen for prosecution was directed at young people. Though extremely difficult to define, the question of "corruption of the young" is one on which the law, certainly since Socrates, is justifiably touchy. Whatever the demerits of the case, the arguments urged on both sides were uninspiring. Once again we were told of eros as the last and decisive frontier of political emancipation. Once again psychologists displayed their occult expertise about the health and infirmities of the soul. Outside the court, the flower people chanted that all was beautiful save the judge and his black heart. It may simply be that pornography has both the accusers and the advocates it deserves.

To be fair, Mr. Peter Michelson is a good deal more scrupulous and sensible than most. There are acute observations and suggestions in "The Aesthetics of Pornography" (Herder & Herder). On Sade, a subject that has of late inspired reams of nonsense, he is wholly balanced: "He is not, as some of his enthusiasts claim, a great novelist, a great philosopher, or a great psychologist. But he is a prodigious figure in our cultural history nonetheless." Mr. Michelson makes sound points about censorship: "We don't suppress bad, crude, exploitive books or movies or television programs that deal with politics, or marriage, or religion, or war. But we suppress sex, which is every bit as fundamental to our lives and every bit as in need of investigation—both documentary and imaginative. We will simply have to allow for bad investigation there as we allow for it elsewhere." He argues, perceptively, that there is a fundamental and demonstrable distinction between "hard-core" and "soft-core" pornography, between the whips, writhing flesh, and oral techniques on Forty-second Street and those same whips, contortions, and practices in "Histoire d'O." To Mr. Michelson, "high pornography" is genuinely radical. It explores "the moral recognition that necessarily precedes and informs true ethical instruction." The great tide of trash, on the other hand, is conservative: it nourishes fantasy at the price of maintaining the social and ethical status quo. Thus the tolerance in many authoritarian societies of "hard-core" erotica and the contrasting prosecution of such obviously serious work as "Last Exit to Brooklyn." Mr. Michelson is scathing and funny on the topic of feminine pseudo-pornography in ladies' journals, and he harbors few illusions about the underlying power relations: "Sex, having so long been culturally hidden and sublimated, has become associated with the many other hidden and sublimated things that make our society run, things like violence, greed, and injustice."

The main thesis of the book is that serious pornography is a distinctive literary genre. It has its own conventions, history, and legitimate domain. Long under threat of suppression, it had to assume a clandestine and mendacious guise. Now that it can operate in daylight, "pornography has taken on the moral and artistic 'high seriousness' necessary to make it a properly artistic genre." If so much of the new erotica is shoddy, brutal stuff, the reason is that the form itself is young and that it has so ambivalent a past. Inevitably, pornography "at its most ambitious"—in Burroughs, Genet, "Pauline Réage," Henry Miller—will attempt to fuse traditional and subterranean modes of erotica with the moral claims and serious style of the modern novel. Give it time, give it the scope of free, informed critical response, and pornography will fulfill its artistic potential. By seeking to suppress it or drive it underground we not only inhibit a unique literary genre but cut ourselves off from insights into human nature which the pornographic writer alone can provide. The anarchic springs of human nature, the demonic shadows which can spur the mind to supreme energy will not be uprooted. Pornography explores them, lightens them with laughter, offers them accommodation in reason and social order as no other art form can.

The trouble with Mr. Michelson's advocacy is that it overlooks so many difficulties. The best evidence we have is that almost ninety per cent of pornographic literature contains a dominant strain of sadism. Not for any accidental reason but in essence, the pornographic attitude toward the body is one of "objectivization." Viewed concentratedly as a source or receptor of sexual action, the human person



"What do kids like you know of life? Wait till you've lived four hours, like me."

is used. The instincts of subjugation, the tactics of power on which pornography is based undoubtedly reflect fundamental truths of human nature. As Freud grimly reminds us, all externalized love is a retreat from narcissism and has in it an aspect of frustrated vengeance. Compassionate or purely humorous erotica is exceedingly rare: "Fanny Hill" is a minor masterpiece precisely because it avoids the sadism that conditions the whole genre. The torture scenes in "Naked Lunch," the hysterical chastisements and humiliations of "Story of O," Genet's savagery are not atavisms from an unseemly past. They are an inevitable and basic part of pornography. The question is not, as Mr. Michelson archly puts it, whether we can "make the world safe for pornography." The problem is whether the flood of sadistic erotica now upon us can do psychological and social damage. This is a far more complicated question than Mr. Michelson begins to suspect. The evidence of the Moors case in England, with which he appears not to be acquainted, leads firmly to the conclusion that sadistic fantasies as they are rendered in books *can* induce imitative action. They need not, of course. They can lead to sublimation or relief through autoerotic practices. But, injected into the confines of semiliteracy, into a social situation already under severe stress of overcrowding, and disseminated in millions of cheap copies while the realities of Belsen and Hiroshima are still recent, the fantasy bestialities of Sade or Burroughs *may* increase the reservoir of cruelty, of authoritarian compulsion, which already threatens us. Here the distinction between "hard" and "soft core" is all too vague, and the evidence far too problematic, for confident cheeriness. The experience of Denmark, to which Mr. Michelson blithely alludes, is in fact contradictory. If the number of certain minor sexual offenses has declined since the repeal of all laws against public pornography, the likely reason is that these very misdemeanors (exhibitionism, in particular) are no longer reported. The bullying vulgarity of certain quarters and kiosks in one of the world's more civilized cities is something to see. But far more significant, and as yet unexplored, are the effects on those actually engaged in purveying public sex.

This is the vital issue. Mr. Michelson's argument breathes freedom. The world of pornography not only is very largely concerned with servitude but is based on it. As far as we can document this murky field, a great many of

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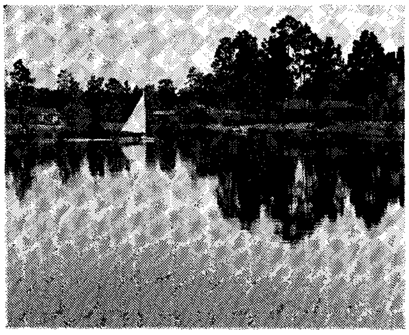

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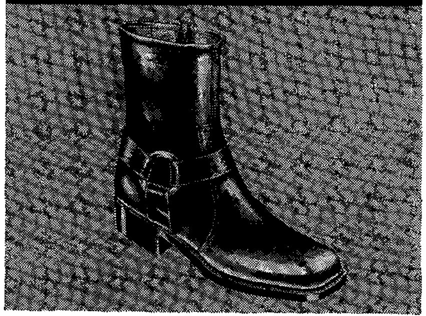

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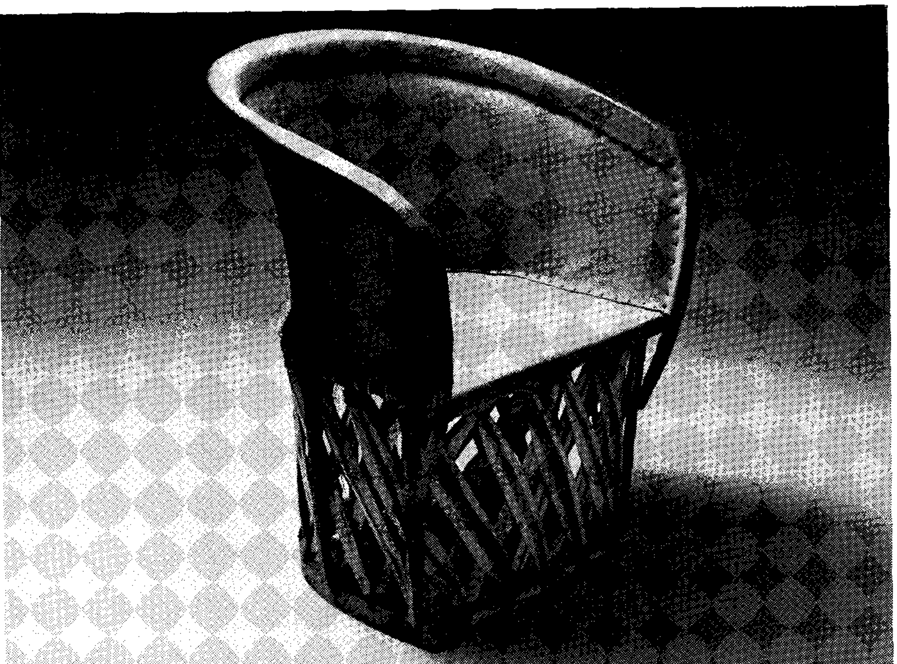
the performers in "blue" movies and "live exhibitions" have been, from the start, men and women in extreme material need or with psychological infirmities. The trade is aware that addicts will perform sexual and sadomasochistic acts before the camera or the audience to earn money for drugs. A vulgar hell of exploitation lies behind the black leather and pink frontages of the new freedom. Far more directly than he realizes, Mr. Michelson's star exhibits of "high pornography" are tainted by the same power relations. Even when that which the scene depicts is not explicitly sadistic or masochistic, the focus of the pornographer is total control. The characters are stripped naked, they are made to perform the most intimate acts before the reader, the final roots of their privacy are laid bare. The affinity of sexual publicity and the writer's exploitation of his characters is a powerful, at moments subtle, instrument. (It is used with brilliant self-consciousness in the opening sections of Mailer's "An American Dream.") But it is also destructive. The wonder of autonomous life as we find it in great literature hinges in part on discretion of insight, on the novelist's or playwright's respect for the core of inviolate being of the men and women he creates. We have the writer's own witness to this: Tolstoy confesses to being bewildered by the changing directions of life in Anna Karenina, Proust did not know of Saint-Loup's cruel flaw until the evidence, by some gradual proceeding of imaginative apprehension, burst upon him near the end of the novel. Mr. Michelson contends that "high pornography" will evolve into better things. I doubt it. The genre is based, inevitably, on a contempt for privacy—for the irreducible enigma of individual consciousness—of a kind that differentiates it, fundamentally, from the liberality of great literature.

There are other questions worth asking. Does pornography have any but the most occasional, fitful appeal to women? If it does not, could it be that the whole enterprise of verbally induced imaginings is deeply masculine? It may point to the fact, itself of very complex anthropological and social implications, that in most men autoerotic practices release greater energy than does intercourse. What are some of the crucial relations between eros and language? By and large, verbal stimuli seem to be more incisive and longer lasting than pictures or live representations. Proust's simple tag "*faire cattleya*" remains sexually charged and suggestive beyond any episodes in "Oh! Calcutta!" What correlations are there between the decline of religion, with its vague but compelling notion of a divine similitude in the human person, and the new nakedness? Between the decline of magic and the impulse to use taboo words in the loudest ways? Despite Mr. Michelson, it could be argued that pornography does not explore the demonic depths of man at all but explores only his surface. It is not an advance into the unknown but an assertion that the interior was a wicked fiction, a rummage room of nursery ghosts. There is more inwardness and more vivid intimation of anarchic potential in any character of Stendhal, one of the chastest of great novelists, than in the whole of Genet or Burroughs. Each of these questions requires both more psychological and more sociological data than we possess, and quite exceptional philosophic tact.

MR. WILLIAM HANLEY takes a lighter view. His novel "Blue Dreams" (Delacorte) provides an irreverent, often hilarious survey of the joys and bruises incurred by a volunteer on the erotic front. Walter Hartman is a Manhattan television man on sabbatical. He is trying to hammer out the next "Lolita's Complaint" on his recalcitrant typewriter. He is an aficionado of old movies, and organizes much of his day around the delights of the Late and the Late Late Shows. He tipples a shade more than most. He is happily married, though not quite as ecstatically as the couple upstairs, whose noontime encounters make the ceiling quiver. Yet everywhere around him, on bookstore shelves, under the large, tilted mirror in the Apthekers' bedroom, in the strident whispers of the young, the grass is bluer. The world is swinging. Why not the Hartmans? It is time we moved beyond Don Ameche and Dana Andrews into the great unknown of conjugal lust. Of course, there's Mrs. Hartman, Miriam, to consider: " 'We shall wake to music and live our days dancing,' he smiled. She turned to him with a distracted look. 'Hm?' " But a sex manual can be bought and a mirror provided. And if Miriam does not at once embrace the strenuous nirvana, there are other savory creatures. Soon Walter Hartman is enacting the wildest reveries. Voyeurism, experimentation, group sex, the lot. The end is raw. Walter is in the hospital, sick in the brain, muttering obscene words, a casualty of the sex war in which he was so utterly victorious. The intelligence, the provocation of the fable lie in Mr. Hanley's idiom. His hero's fantasies and adventures are couched in exactly the terms of current sexual writing. Every ecstasy is a cliché, every string of four-letter words a plagiarism from the nearest paperback. The celluloid vacuities of the old Hollywood world counterpoint the alleged adultness, no less empty, no less false in its saccharine promises, of the new erotica. The congruence is often brilliant. It will not be easy after this to think of "Knute Rockne, All American" and "Let's win this one for the Gipper" as anything but a secret, prophetic recipe for an orgy. And who before Mr. Hanley had tapped the full hidden resources of Mr. Ronald Reagan's film career?

One is grateful for Mr. Hanley's wry detachment. But the scent of boredom and of vague menace seeps through. Where everything goes, there is little left for the vulnerable, often inarticulate longings of the individual. Even our dreams come off the neon hoarding prepackaged and shampooed. I offer the following motions, though there is not even hope of a quorum!

Let there be a moratorium on graphic descriptions by novelists of sexual acrobatics, not because these gymnastics and excavations offend but because the injunctions to erotic virtuosity and mind-blowing orgasm are, to most ordinary human beings, not a promise but blackmail. As St. Augustine and Freud knew, most of us just aren't built that way, and the stars don't explode from our loins. Let there be a rationing of four-letter words and anatomical minutiae. Again, not because these facilities affront but because it is the writer's job to create metaphor, to make our own imaginings the accomplices of his suggestion. I move that we reclaim the liberty of embarrassment when naked bodies lunge at us in a theatre and when educated men and women proclaim their emancipation, their trendy coolness, by foul talk. They are free to say what they will, but why should reticence be made mock of? And can the proposal be allowed that sex is not, or not always, or not for all human beings, what Henry Miller and Mr. Michelson call "the way, the Tao" but, in far more instances than not, a rather vexing, hurried muddle and remembrance of small defeats? Individual and social existence are far more complex and fascinating than pornography admits. There are finely balanced, creative men and women for whom studying medieval plainchant, mimeographing tracts for the Vegetarian Party, becoming a proficient skier, or fretting over the decline of Joe Namath are pursuits richer, more life-enhancing than the abbreviated paradise of orgasm. Let



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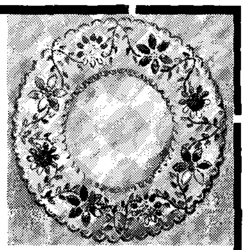

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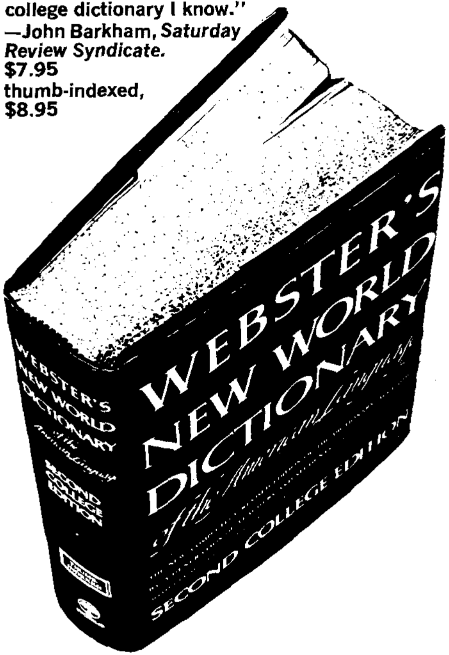

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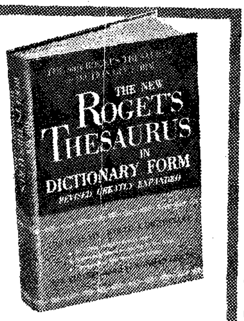

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these shadow voices be heard. Present literature has nothing to lose but its boredom. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL, by Frederick Forsyth (Viking). Mr. Forsyth gives us a robust world that is seldom startled into feeling by a really human word or gesture, but his writing is so intense and flat, and his attitude so blindly self-serving, that we are fascinated to see how the Jackal, a hired assassin, pursues his quarry with the horrid efficiency of a super-automation. The Jackal is indeed a "gun." The year is 1963. The quarry is General de Gaulle, and the scene is France, with many asides in England, because England is where the Jackal hails from.

GENERAL

CONDEMNED TO FREEDOM, by William Pfaff (Random House). The author is as elegant and eloquent a diagnostician of American society and its maladies as anyone practicing in this country today, and this book is as full of insight as anything he has written. His view of the New Left, for example, as an essentially conservative criticism of the accomplishments of the Old Left is a stunning piece of analysis, as is his suggestion that the C.I.A. is a structural "legacy" of Trotskyite Communism—a suggestion that happens also to be rather funny. As social criticism, his work should delight readers of almost any persuasion. But it is not the "manifesto of a new radicalism of reason" that its publishers proclaim it to be. Much as Mr. Pfaff may dislike certain contemporary developments, he remains essentially an old-style liberal, insisting that the "liberal political order has been an astonishing human accomplishment," and that bringing it closer to the heart's desire remains largely a matter of shoring it up here and there with money and large applications of common sense. One chapter of the book first appeared in this magazine.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF LT. CALLEY, by Richard Hammer (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). This is a talented work of journalism and a thoroughly heartbreaking book. The author has no doubt of Lieutenant Calley's guilt in the massacres at My Lai or of the justice of Calley's conviction, and he leaves the reader none, either. Mr. Hammer does not rely merely on our horror at atrocity but follows meticulously the prosecution case that attributed these crimes to that man. His book is both narrative and descriptive—how the case arose, the legal steps before the trial, the trial itself, and the people (witnesses, jurors, lawyers, even newspapermen) who figured in it. Mr. Hammer argues only in the last chapter, objecting to two sets of Calley's partisans: those who, supporting the Vietnam war, unthinkingly equate his actions with patriotism, and those who, opposing the Vietnam war, insist that massacre in Vietnam is routine. Mr. Hammer effectively rebuts both contentions, but the reader's respect for his judgment does not cure the heartache.

MARTIN BUBER: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT, by Aubrey Hodes (Viking). The author tells us that when he was a youth in Israel (he came from South Africa) he went through a painful emotional crisis and telephoned the famous philosopher and religious thinker (Hodes had read Buber's books but had never met him), asking for help. Buber told him to come right over. That kind of spiritual generosity may be one reason that Buber's influence has steadily grown since his death in 1965. Mr. Hodes tells about their relationship, and also about Buber's efforts for Arab-Jewish reconciliation, his plea that Eichmann not be executed, and his refusal to bear a grudge against all Germans—acts and attitudes that were unpopular in Israel. On the other hand, in Germany, Buber—until his friends practically dragged him out of the country, in 1938—went on making public speeches attacking the Nazis; courage was an important element in his goodness. In short, Buber was a great man, and Mr. Hodes' book reminds us of that fact.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "Upstate," Edmund Wilson's diary of the years between 1950 and 1970 that he spent at his family home in Talcottville, New York. Most of the contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "In the Village," Anthony Bailey's account of life in Stonington, Connecticut, has been published by Knopf. Again, most of the book first appeared here.

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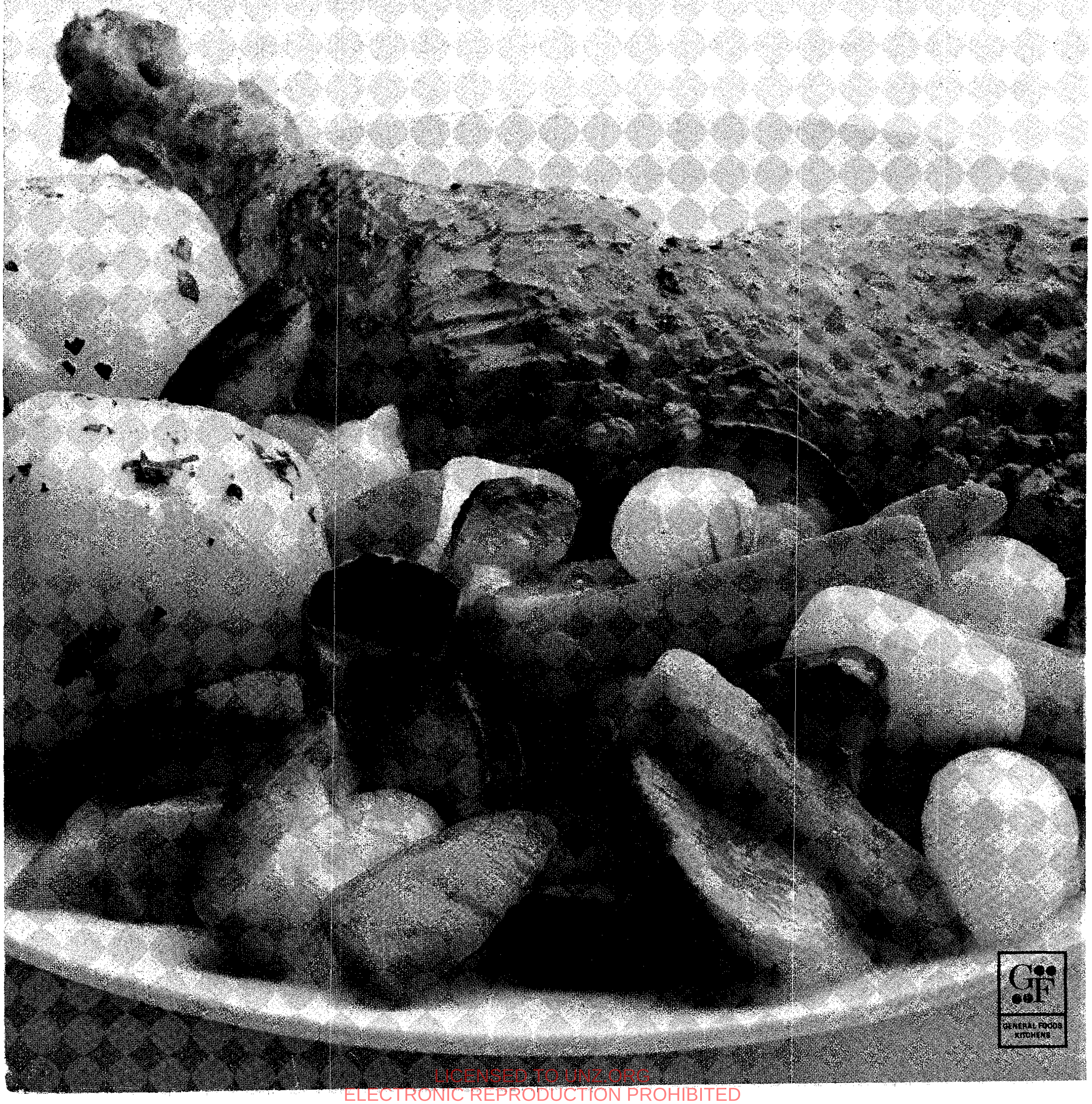

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